CHATTERBOX.

1915.

DANA ESTES & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS BOSTON, MASS.

A TRIBUTE TO NELSON.

Chatterbox

FOUNDED BY J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A.

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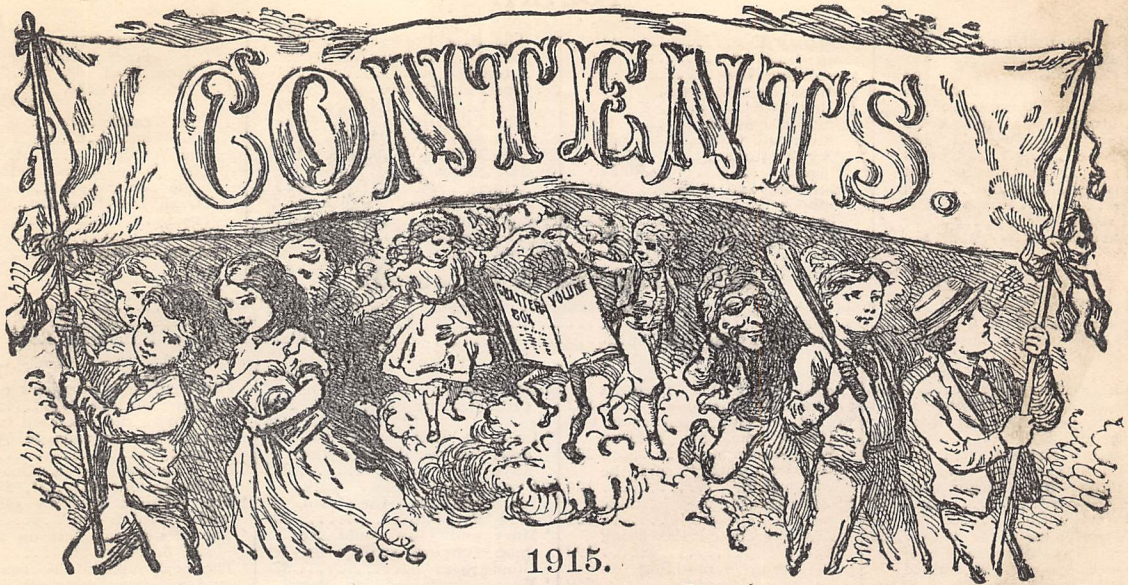

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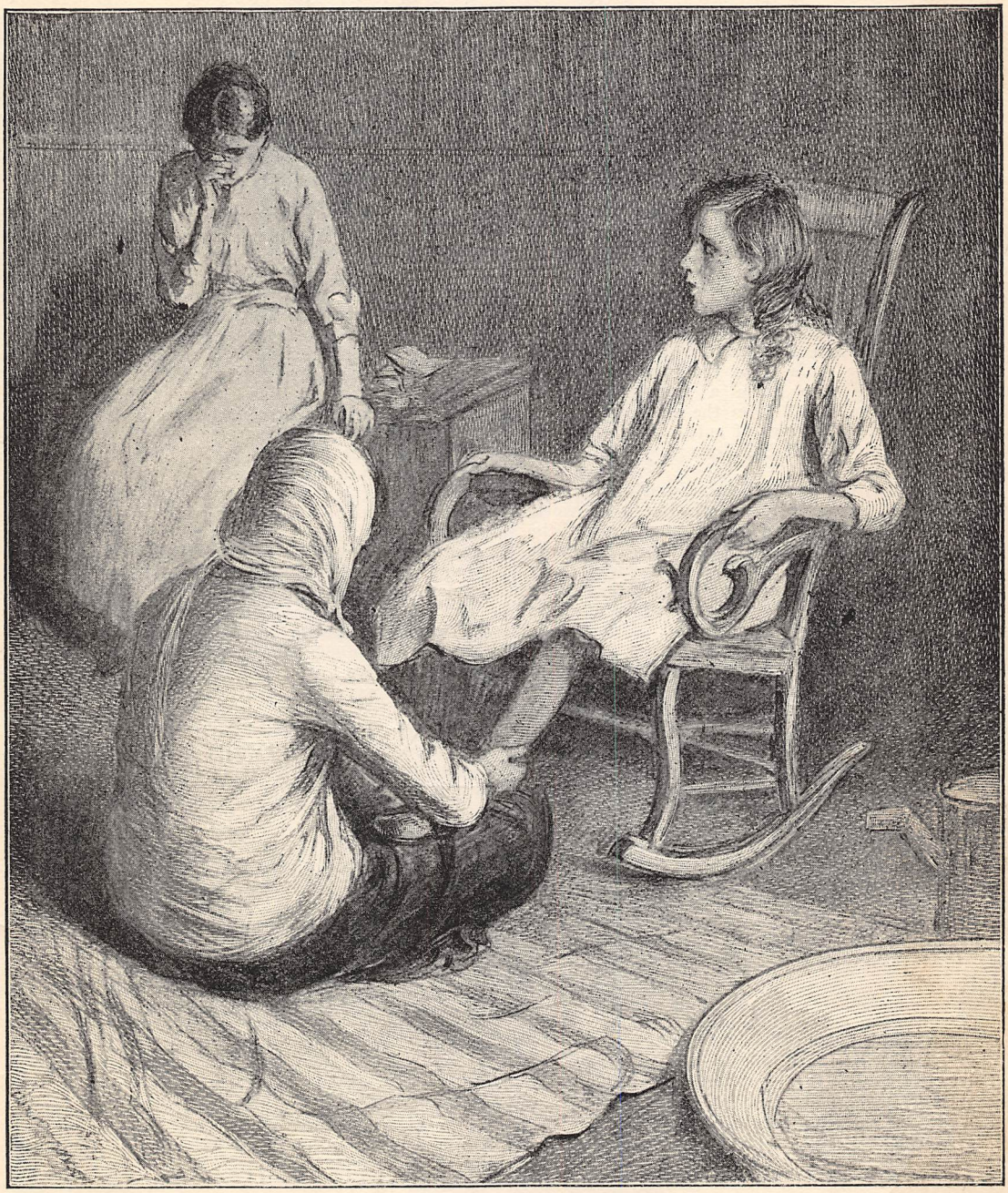
CHATTERBOX.



"'Oh, Mary! Oh, you naughty girl!' With each sentence the tears flowed faster."

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,

Author of 'Tota,' &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

MARY sat in the verandah of a little bungalow in the very heart of an Indian forest. She sat cross-legged, her arms on her knees, and her battered sun-hat, which was made of pith and covered with white muslin, lay on the ground beside her. Mary was tired, for she had ridden eight miles on the back of an elephant that morning, and her arms and sides ached with the jolty motion.

All round her was the forest. The trees crept down close to the little bungalow as though they grudged it even the small space it occupied. In front only was an open plot of grass, and this ended abruptly in a cliff, below which lay the river.

There was little water in the river at the moment compared to that which it held in the rainy season. The stream was about a hundred yards wide and quite shallow. The sand which lay exposed was dotted with moving figures, for there were to be found in it here and there a few grains of gold. Tucked under the cliffs were the huts of a little colony of people who made a scanty living by separating this gold-dust from the sand. The river itself was called 'The river of gold,' and possibly in some far distant time it had been very rich in the metal.

But Mary was not so much interested in the gold-seekers as in a gang of men who were at work, under the orders of one of their number, on the patch of grass in front of the bungalow. There were a dozen of them at the most, and they were busy pitching a large white tent, and in that tent Mary was to sleep that night with John, her brother, Miss Gomez, the nursery governess, and Arnold, the baby.

She watched now as the big tent-poles were tugged erect amidst a chorus of shouts; the tent-pegs hammered in turn with a wooden mallet. And next she looked from the tent to a couple of camels who knelt, groaning and protesting, on the edge of the plot of grass. On their backs was tied the furniture which would presently be placed inside the tent. Mary could see a piece of Arnold's cot, and she noticed that the bars of this were much bent. She wondered if the camel had fallen, and its load thus been damaged; and she rammed her hat on her head and ran across to Julfu—the man who was giving orders—that she might question him on the subject.

'The bars of Arnold's cot are bent, Julfu,' she said. 'Did the camel fall, then, and what made it fall?'

'It was an elephant, Miss Baba, a wild elephant which trumpeted suddenly, and the camel, frightened, slipped and fell.'

Mary glanced quickly behind her as though she expected that the elephant would trumpet again. But the forest lay asleep in the sunshine in a green, unbroken peace, and the people of the forest slept also.

'Was the elephant angry?' Mary asked.

'I do not know,' said Julfu. 'But it belongs to no herd; it feeds alone, and these solitary elephants are ever fierce of temper. I know this one of old. For long he has roamed this valley—its lord and master and fears neither man nor beast. Maybe he was displeased that we should now make our camp here.'

Mary walked back to the bungalow rather quickly. She knew Julfu well, and knew also that he dearly loved to make much of little; but she was somewhat alarmed at the thought of this solitary elephant. It seemed so powerful, so fierce a creature. As she reached the verandah, John came forward to meet her. He was dressed in clean khaki coat and knickerbockers, and his hair, which usually stood on end, had just been brushed with so much vigour that it lay almost flat.

'You had better be quick, Mary,' he said. 'Gummy is in a hurry to-day, and that always means that she's cross.'

Mary nodded as she pushed aside the curtain of split bamboo which hung across the bungalow doorway. In the room it screened were Miss Gomez, Arnold, and the Ayah. Miss Gomez was small and thin, and her skin was just the colour of coffee which has been mixed with milk. Her large dark eyes were full of tears, and tears were also streaming down her cheeks. Arnold watched from his seat on the floor with lively interest.

'Oh, Mary,' wept Miss Gomez. 'Oh, you naughty girl! It is almost breakfast-time, and you are not yet dressed in your clean frock—and your bath all cold, and your hair not brushed.' With each sentence the tears flowed faster.

Mary held out one foot to the Ayah who was waiting to pull off her shoes and stockings. Instead of answering the questions of Miss Gomez, she asked another in her turn: 'Have you had a letter from your Sebastien, Gummy? And is that why you are crying?'

'That is why,' said poor Miss Gomez. 'When I had my tooth pulled out the other day I sent it to him that he might have it set prettily in a ring and wear it always in memory of me. And now comes a letter to say: "I will certainly do no such thing."'

'Perhaps he does not like teeth,' said Mary.

'If he loves me he would love my teeth,' Miss Gomez wept. 'My heart is broken. My heart is surely broken.'

Arnold's attention had wandered from the tears and fixed itself instead on one of Mary's shoes which lay close beside him. He reached out a fat hand and grabbed it. Then he prepared to fling it gaily into the bath which stood near. Miss Gomez forgot her sorrows and flew to the rescue.

It did not take Mary many minutes to bathe and dress. Very soon Father and Mother would come riding into the camp, and she wished to be ready to welcome them. John shouted to her from the verandah as the last button slipped into place: 'Here they are, Mary. Come quickly!' And she was just in time to see her father dismount from his horse, and help her mother down in turn.

'Are you very hungry, children?' he asked. 'We are late, but we stopped for a little while to fish.'

The saises, or native grooms, came running up at this moment; each carried a few small fish, rather like English trout.

'Take us to fish this evening, Daddy,' Mary coaxed,

'If I can spare the time,' Father answered.

He was always so busy. From every other point of view he was the most satisfactory of fathers. And as for Mother, Mary and John were very certain there was no other such mother in all the world. She understood not only what they said, but what they left unsaid. She did not think that they meant to be troublesome when they were merely trying something new. And she was interested in everything they did, and all the time she loved them with a love that was like something very soft and very comforting wrapping them round.

(Continued on page 14.)

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

1.—CHARADE.

1. They met and fought, two mighty men,
For honour—so they said,
At that sweet hour when daylight dawns
And night has hardly fled.
But so well-matched were they for skill,
That, though they did their worst,
'Twas nought remain'd in after days,
To witness—but my first.

2. A Mayor and Corporation too,
A fully fledged M. P.
Must all appear, with shops and streets,
Ere you my second see.

Go, where the fresh sea-breezes blow,
For a delightful stroll,
And praise the more, the more you know,
The beauties of my whole. C. J. B.

(Answer on page 35.)

THE LOST PENKNIFE.

'WHICH of you boys has taken my knife?' A hush fell upon some thirty boys as their form-master spoke these words. Mr. Brown's desk was situated on a small platform at one end of the large schoolroom. He had been sharpening a lead pencil with his penknife, which he had left on the top of the desk before going to speak to one of the boys about his work. Now, on his return, the knife was nowhere to be seen. A proposition of Euclid was being gone through on the black-board, and several boys were standing near the desk, and it would not have been very difficult for one of them to have taken it.

'Which of you boys has touched my knife?' said Mr. Brown again, a frown gathering on his face as he received no answer.

'Chetwood, have you? Waugh, have you? Lawson, have you?' Mr. Brown went through them all, but they all denied having taken it. Mr. Brown felt in all his pockets, but to no purpose. He was positive that he left his knife on his desk, and he made up his mind to get to the bottom of the matter.

'Each boy go to his seat,' he said, and he walked across the schoolroom to where the first boy of the first row was sitting.

'Stand up, sir, and turn out your pockets.' The boy obeyed; but, although a strange mixture was brought to light, the knife was not found amongst them. Mr. Brown passed to the next, and the next, going through each boy's pockets carefully, particularly Chetwood's and Lawson's, and the other boys' who had been standing near his desk. But no discovery rewarded his efforts, and he was obliged to return to his desk completely baffled. He was not a harsh man, and he would not take extreme measures immediately. No, he determined to give the culprit until the afternoon to confess his fault.

'Boys,' he said, 'you may go now. This afternoon I shall ask, once and for all, for the boy who has taken my penknife to come forward and own it like a man, and, if he fails to do so, there will be nothing left for me to do but to take summary measures.'

At afternoon school every boy was punctually seated in his place, and a subdued hum was speedily changed to silence as Mr. Brown strode into the room, and a general sense of uneasiness prevailed as he arranged his gown and placed his mortar-board on the desk.

'Well, boys, I'll make one more appeal to you, and, if you refuse to respond to it, you know what to expect.'

There was no reply. Mr. Brown waited one—two minutes, and then he took his bunch of keys out of his pocket and unlocked his desk. Every boy in the room knew what was coming. Right at the back of Mr. Brown's desk there was kept a birch. Mr. Brown was reaching his hand towards it now, but what is this which he is touching? The lost penknife is in his hand again! It was at the very back of his desk, resting upon the twigs of the birch. But how could it have got there?—that's the question. Mr. Brown is puzzled. He surveys the desk on all sides to try and find a solution to the problem. At last a light dawns upon him. The china ink-pot had been taken out of the hole in the top of the desk to be washed out and refilled, and the penknife must have accidentally fallen through.

'Boys,' he said, after explaining it to them, 'I think we have done enough work for to-day; you may have a half-holiday this afternoon.'

J. H. E. V.

QUITE NEW.

A GENTLEMAN who was fond of curiosities, had, among other things, a gun that had been used at the battle of Waterloo. One day he was showing the gun to a friend, who remarked that the barrel of the gun seemed to be new.

'Yes,' the owner of the weapon replied, 'I have had a new barrel put on.'

'The stock of the gun does not seem to be very old either,' his friend continued.

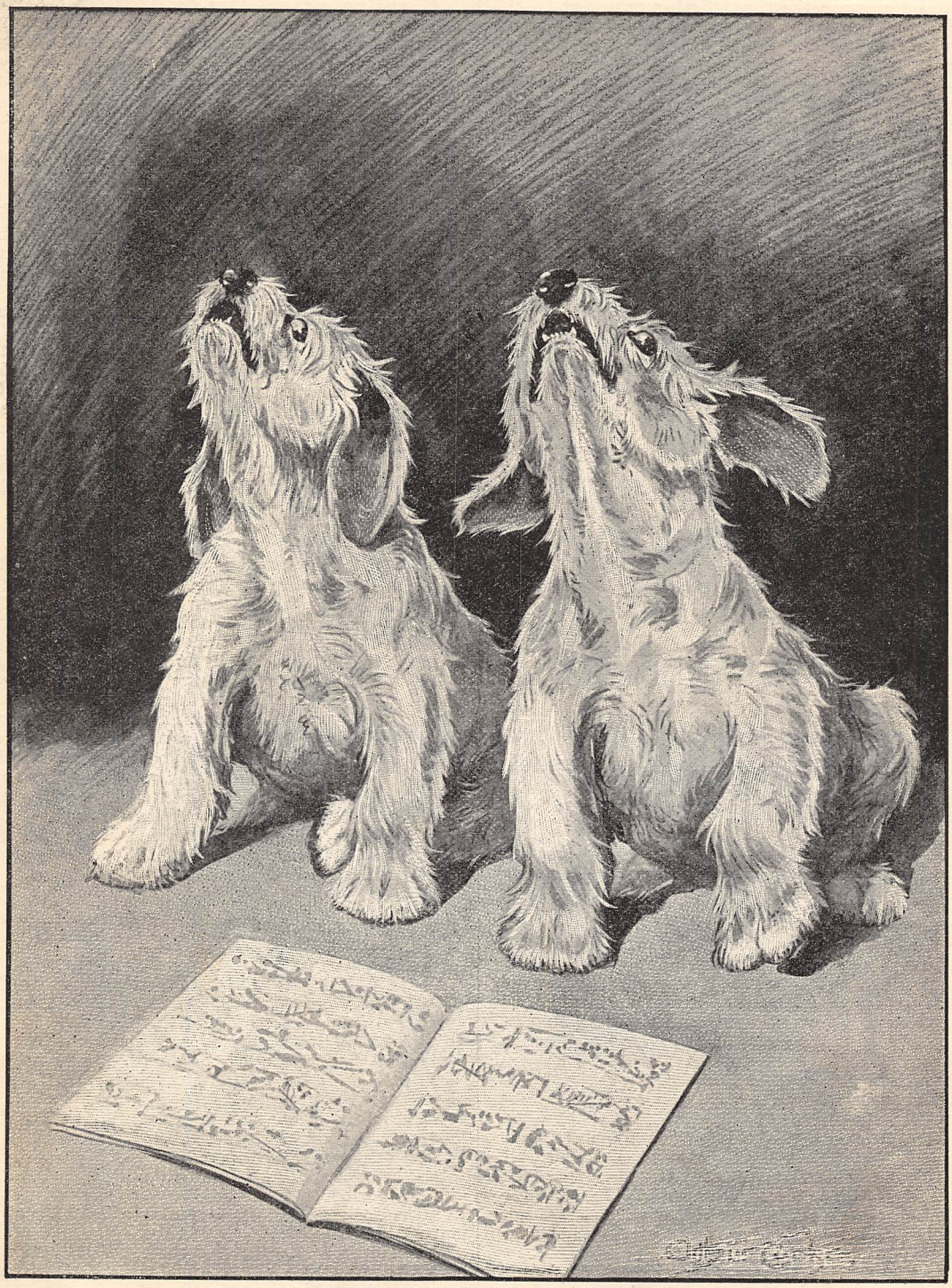
The owner said it was not very old, the original stock had got broken in his father's time, and he had had a new one put on.

'The lock of the gun seems to be of modern manufacture, too,' said the visitor.

The owner was obliged to confess that it was.

'Why, man,' the visitor exclaimed, 'there is nothing old about it except the touch-hole.'

A. H. B.



A DUET WITHOUT WORDS.

The Gleaners. By J. F. Millet.
(*Photograph by Richgitz.*)

BOYS WHO MADE A MARK.

I.—THE PEASANT PAINTER.

(Jean Francois Millet.)

NEARLY a hundred years ago a little boy was born at Gruchy, a small Norman village perched on the top of cliffs overlooking a wide expanse of boundless sea, on one side of which rose great grey rocks covered with heather, whilst on the other stretched orchards and pasture-lands.

The boy was called Francois; it was his grandmother who named him so, for he was born on the fete day of that good Saint Francis of Assisi who loved not only the birds, but all living creatures. She was very proud of him, for he was her first grandson, and she hoped he would grow up as good as the saint after whom he was named, though little did she dream, as she sang him to sleep with songs of old Normandy, that not only would he grow up good, but that the name of Jean Francois Millet would be known to the world as that of 'the Peasant Painter.'

The little Francois had a good home, although a working one, and it was the early influence of that home which governed the whole of his after life. His father was a simple-minded, upright peasant, with a refined soul and artistic nature; he modelled in clay and carved in wood; he loved the trees, the flowers, the ever-changing sea, and, in spite of his busy life, found time to teach his children to love and admire them too.

His mother—like her husband, a simple and devout soul—was a good wife and devoted mother. But it was to his grandmother that the boy owed his earliest training, for, after the Norman custom, she shared her son's home, and to her was entrusted the care of the children, in order that their mother might be left free to help her husband in farm and field.

The years rolled by, and the time came when young Francois had to go to school. He was not a very industrious scholar, for when he ought to have been learning his lessons he was drawing on his copy-books; as for sums, he himself declared that he had always been hopelessly bad at them. He could read and write well enough, and devoured every book he came across.

Soon, however, he had to leave his books and help his parents in their outdoor work, and until he was eighteen the future painter took his share of the

family toil, sowing and reaping, ploughing, threshing and mowing, or tending the flocks in the meadows which ran along the shore, but seizing on every spare moment to draw the various things around him—the cattle in the fields, the wide expanse of sea, even the passers-by were reproduced.

It was when he was about eighteen that a small matter decided his career. Returning one Sunday from church, he saw the bent figure of an old peasant winding his way slowly home, and on the spur of the moment he seized a piece of charcoal and drew on the wall so exact a likeness of the old man that it was recognised at once. This set his father thinking; he had noticed the boy's talent and felt that something must be done, so he consulted with the two women-folk, and then drew from Francois the admission that he would love to be a painter.

'My poor boy,' said his father, 'I should have liked, long ago, to send you to learn the painter's trade, but could not spare you; now, however, that your brothers are growing up, I will no longer hinder you. We will go to Cherbourg and see if you have enough talent to earn a living.'

When a Cherbourg artist who was consulted looked at the specimens of Francois's work, he exclaimed roughly, 'You are laughing at me; you don't mean to tell me that this young man made these drawings by himself?'

Father and son assured him that this was so. Whereupon the artist upbraided his father for having kept him so long at the plough, 'for,' said he, 'your boy has the making of a great painter in him,' and he agreed there and then to take him as his pupil.

For a year he worked hard at Cherbourg, and had just attracted the attention of some of the chief citizens by carrying off a prize for drawing given by the Town Council, when a great sorrow befell him—he was hastily summoned to his father, who was dying; and after his death the care of the family and the management of the farm fell upon Francois. He struggled bravely to do his duty and to hide his disappointment at not being able to pursue his art.

Then came a message from Cherbourg inviting him to return, and offering him an appointment in the studio of the most important painter in the town. Reluctantly Francois prepared to refuse this offer, but his brave old grandmother, who had noted the restlessness the boy had striven so hard to hide, made up her mind that he should not refuse it.

'My Francois,' she said, 'your father decided you were to be a painter; obey him and return to Cherbourg.'

His mother agreed with this, so the young man accepted the offer, and returning there, entered the studio of the painter, Langlois, in whom he found not only a teacher, but a friend, and who, later on, obtained for his pupil a small grant of money in order that he might go and study in Paris.

He set off with high hopes, but the crowded streets and noise and bustle of the great French city made him, at first, long for the green fields and wild seashore of home, and most of all for the familiar faces. He was unhappy, too, for his fellow-students, who were gay, fashionable youths, made fun of the rough peasant lad.

As well as attending the studio, Millet worked hard in the miserable little garret which represented his lodging, painting portraits for a few francs apiece, and not being above undertaking even a sign-board, for he had to depend entirely on his own earnings. About this time he sent a portrait to the Salon—the great annual exhibition of pictures in Paris. This was accepted, and very proud were the home people when they read the news in the paper.

He went home that summer, hoping to get work at Cherbourg, but not meeting with permanent success in his beloved Normandy, determined to again seek his fortune in Paris.

His great desire was to paint pictures of simple country life, but he soon found that there was no sale for these; the kind which would sell were in a style not at all to his liking; however, he painted these for a time, until one day he overheard a remark which showed him that his name was becoming chiefly known for this kind of work. Anger rose in his heart at the injustice, and he seemed to hear again the words of his grandmother, when he was first starting on his career:

'Remember, my Francois,' she had said, 'that you are a Christian before you are a painter, and never devote so fine a calling to the enemies of religion. Remember the great saints who painted beautiful pictures, and follow their example.'

With these words ringing in his ears, he hurried home to his wife—for he had previously married a gentle peasant maiden of Brittany—and said to her: 'If you will agree, I will paint no more of these pictures. Life will be harder than ever, and maybe you will suffer, but I shall be able to do what I have long dreamt of.'

'I am ready; do as you will,' she replied, with a brave smile.

(Concluded on page 27.)

ECHO.

THE narrow street beneath my house
Is sometimes quiet as a mouse;
That's when the folk behind closed shutters
Are sleeping, and only the white sea mutters.

But if there falls a light pit-a-pat,
Gentle as steps of a prowling cat,
It sounds like an army's mighty tread—
But it's Echo, who never goes to bed.

In each gabled house, up narrow stairs,
Old Echo waits with listening ears,
Like an owl in a belfry, blinking and shy,
With no lamp save the stars in the midnight sky.

And whenever a sound flies up from the street,
Echo cries from her dim retreat;
No parrot nor monkey from warm Buenos Aires
Can mimic like Echo, who lives up the stairs.

R. B. Ince.

A POACHING MYSTERY.

I WAS patrol leader of our village Scouts, and eager to show what useful results come from discipline and method when combined with a practical training in using one's wits.

Before long a chance came our way, and of course we jumped at it.

Our Squire, Colonel Oldfield, helped us as much as he could, umpired for us in our scouting trials and

on our field-days, and let us camp in his park every year; so, when we learnt that his fish and game were being poached wholesale (no one could find out by whom), we made up our minds to solve the mystery for him.

Dick Radford, the keeper, always treated us well, knowing that we took special care never to disturb the game more than we could help; and as the Squire could only afford to keep one lad to assist him, Dick was glad enough of our help.

The midsummer holidays had about a fortnight more to run, so I at once told off those of my patrol living near to different beats, in pairs.

Will Shrimpton and I—I am John Wynford, the Doctor's son—worked together on a woodland beat, through which the river flowed.

Of course, only the Squire and his keepers knew that we were taking a hand against the unknown enemy, to find whom we had already spent a week fruitlessly, when the monotony of failure was relieved by our getting a clue, and by a ludicrous incident, which showed how well our secret was being kept.

Will and I had carefully reconnoitred the river and most of our beat, when we reached a rabbit-warren on the edge of the valley, close to, but carefully fenced off with rabbit-netting from, the farm of Will's father, a tenant of Colonel Oldfield.

Here we determined to spend a few hours watching the warren: I below by the river, close to the junction of a path from the hamlet where I lived, with a track crossing the stream by stepping-stones, and Will above the great gorse-grown mound honeycombed with holes.

A watery moon presently struggled from the clouds, and the rabbits came stealing out in ones and twos to feed off the dewy grass, for I believe rabbits seldom feed when it is pitch dark. Soon a cloud obscured the moon, and it became dark enough to make one feel lonely; and, on comparing notes later, we found that we had each fancied we heard some one moving near us about this time.

Will wanted to blow his whistle, but thinking it might be only the wind stirring the gorse-bushes that made his heart thump so loud, determined to wait till he could make sure what the noise was, and not let his nerves spoil the chance of a capture. Suddenly a twig snapped close to him, and he instinctively raised his whistle, but it was too late, for before it reached his mouth he was roughly seized from behind, and his arms were pinioned at his back.

The yell for help he raised reached my ears, and was better than the whistle, for I knew it could be no false alarm, and clutching my staff I rushed to his assistance, feeling sure that he was in the clutches of the men we were after. Will was a big fellow for sixteen and struggled hard, but two burly men had hold of him and a great horny hand covered his mouth, half suffocating him and preventing him from calling again for help. On the opposite side of the warren was a dew-pond, and towards this my unfortunate chum was hauled by his captors. In my haste to rescue Will, I tripped over a gorse-stump, and as I picked myself up I learnt that I was too late, for a sudden splash told me what poor Will's fate had been.

As I rushed forward with a cry for help and uplifted staff, the moon sailed out from the cloud obscuring it, and showed me, to my amazement, that the man who turned towards me from the ducking of my chum, was his own father, Farmer Shrimpton himself.

Before I could speak, from astonishment, I learnt the solution to the riddle by an exclamation from Tom Evans, the farmer's man: 'Aye, master, but it's your son Will, and no poacher you've chucked in.'

Farmer Shrimpton, who had himself been watching for poachers, on realising his mistake gave a mighty guffaw, as he dragged his luckless son from the shallow but muddy pool.

Poor man, his mirth was short-lived, for my shout had brought his good woman on the scene from the farm close by, and when she saw her only son covered from head to foot with green slime, and heard Tom Evans blurt out what had happened, she gave such vent to her tongue that her husband slunk silently and very sadly away behind the stackyard.

On the way home I passed my old post, and something impelled me to examine the spot whence I had heard the rustling, and there sure enough were the fresh prints of two pairs of hob-nailed boots. They struck me as different in size from those of the farmer or his man, and, by the light of the moon and the help of some wax vestas, I measured them and then went back to compare them with the others, and great was my delight on finding that the latter were larger and the nail-prints of an entirely different pattern.

Determined to waste no time before following up the clue, I began at once to work along the poachers' line of retreat, and found that the tracks were taking me home, but on reaching the outskirts of the hamlet I lost them, partly from want of light, as the fickle moon was again obscured, and partly from the hardness of the road; so I had to leave them for the present with my curiosity unsatisfied.

As I passed a pretty thatched cottage, I noticed that my friends, Miss Oldfield and her sister Maud—distant cousins of the Squire's—were in their garden, enjoying a breath of air before retiring for the night. On my greeting them, they insisted on my coming in and having some cold supper, declaring laughingly that Scouts who worked by night as well as day deserved the hospitality of their neighbours. I was uncommonly peckish, so needed little urging, and as my father allowed me a latch-key now that I was patrol leader, I knew that my late hours would disturb no one at home.

The Miss Oldfields' parents had died rather suddenly a few years before, leaving them very poor, as their property, having been what is called 'entailed' in the male line, had gone to their nearest male relative, Colonel Oldfield, who now reigned as Squire in their father's stead. Feeling intensely the injustice of being deprived of their father's estate, they had refused all offers of help from the Colonel, and settled down in their present tiny abode.

The scout movement was then in its early days, and the Miss Oldfields, who had come from a very military family, rather laughed at it, so we had our usual chaff about it during supper, my boyish and strongly-expressed opinions causing them much amusement.

I took care not to hint at what my evening's work had been, and directly supper was over I bade them good-night, and hurried home to bed and dreams of the great capture I hoped so soon to make.

(Concluded on page 10.)

"'It's your son Will you've chucked in.'"

"The Squire came down in dressing-gown and slippers to hear our story."

A POACHING MYSTERY.

(Concluded from page 7.)

'I HAVE a clue at last, Will,' I cried eagerly, when we met next morning, each with grub and drink for the day.

'Good!' he exclaimed delightedly, after hearing my story, 'now for a bit of tracking.'

Our rendezvous was in a little fold of the South Downs, overlooking the trout-stream away below us, with Will's home off to our right, snugly tucked away between spinneys of larch and fir; and here we discussed our plans.

'This morning,' said I, 'I carried the tracks right up to the lane leading to those tumble-down cottages behind the Miss Oldfields' garden, where that rough lot of navvies live. Here the little impression left on the stony lane had been nearly wiped out by the tracks of the men going early to their work, one of which seemed much the same as one of those I measured last night. I found no fresh one in the lane or path beyond the cottages, so I feel sure that some of those men are the fellows we want.'

'Let's go and look at the warren,' said Will, and in a few minutes we were passing the dew-pond, the sight of which, Will declared, made him feel cold all down his back.

There was no doubt about our having surprised the poachers the night before, for a brace of dead rabbits were hanging on a gorse-bush, and several snares of copper-wire had been dropped in the hurry of their departure.

'A case of too many cooks,' I said. 'If your father had gone quietly to bed, we should, at any rate, have found out who the poachers were. They probably think we were practising reconnoitring by night, and not after them at all, but bolted lest we should happen to spot them; yet I doubt their coming back for a couple of rabbits and a snare or two, as it would be hardly worth the risk, for the keepers might, for all they know, have come on their leavings in the course of their rounds, and be lying up for them.'

We next tried to discover how the poachers had approached the warren, and after a bit of patient work, found they had come from the wood beyond the stream, which they had crossed by the stepping-stones, no doubt before our arrival, which had been so quiet as not to disturb them.

We lost the tracks at a woodcutter's hut, and could never pick them up again, which was not surprising, as the path leading from it to the road close by was so hard and stony; but we could just make out one or two smaller tracks on the softer part of the path, which might be those of the woodcutters' wives who had come with their husbands' dinners.

At last we sat down on a shady bank to lunch, with fine appetites, near enough the river to be able to watch the trout rise now and again when tempted by an unusually plump alder-fly. As the road past the hut led to the lane near the houses upon which our suspicions had already fallen, we felt more than ever confirmed in our idea, so we doubled the strength of our force and kept a careful though secret watch on the cottages and their approaches; and the second night our trouble was rewarded.

About an hour after sunset, Will and I spied, from the branches of an old oak where we were ensconced, two persons emerge from the lane and strike across a stubble-field by a footpath. We were too far off to recognise them, though able to see that they wore their caps slouched over their faces, and that the pockets of their long waterproof coats bulged—probably with poaching-nets—and that gaiters met their boots below.

As soon as we dared to move without fear of detection, I dispatched Will to fetch our confederates, who were watching other approaches, whilst I cautiously dogged the poachers.

On the outskirts of a copse they stopped, but it had grown too dark for me to see what the delay was about, though I fancied they were tying hay-bands round their boots to prevent being tracked by daylight.

Here my three comrades overtook me. 'We four can tackle two men when the right time comes,' I whispered, 'or our knowledge of ju-jitsu's not worth much.'

The others all agreed, and when the poachers moved on again, I led the way after them, the other three following well in rear.

Suddenly, in spite of the utmost care, I snapped a twig, and immediately remained rigid in the shadow of a hazel-bush. The poachers stopped as suddenly, and remained listening, whilst luckily my comrades in the rear were well-trained and alert enough to realise at once that I had halted, so that they did the same.

For full five minutes the poachers stood silently; then a vixen fox screamed away to my right, and, evidently thinking that she had crossed the track behind them and caused the noise, they at once moved forward again.

At a dense thicket of furze, close to the biggest rabbit-warren on the estate, they stopped, so that we knew it was rabbits, not partridges, they were after again. A quantity of the latter had been poached about the first of September, when the top price was obtainable, which had made the keepers watch the remaining coveys very carefully, so probably the fellows had thought it safer to leave them alone for a bit. I crawled as near to the poachers as I dared, and managed to make out that they were drawing out nets and stakes from under some bushes, where they had evidently hidden them after some former raid there. Soon they were hard at work fixing their nets along the lower edge of the warren, between it and a clover field. Whilst they were busy, I got up my comrades and explained the situation, and told them off to their posts, where they were to await my signal to attack. I noticed that the poachers, having satisfied themselves that the nets hung right, carefully looped up the nets here and there so that the rabbits could pass out to feed, which they would be sure to do when the moon rose.

Suddenly the poachers lay flat where they were in the dewy grass, as if they had heard something to alarm them. To me all seemed silent as the grave, and I was just deciding that they were only 'jumpy,' when the keeper stole out from the path and stood listening behind some brushwood, so close to me that I could have touched him with my staff. He had evidently been heard in time by the poachers, and suspected nothing wrong at the warren, for, after watching the rabbits which had stolen out to feed by the faint light of the moon, he presently passed on towards the pastures, where most of the coveys

of partridges passed the night. I felt much relieved at his departure, having no wish for our enemies to be frightened away uncaptured a second time.

As the moon shed more light, we could see that half the rabbits in the warren were out feeding, but it was not till a dark cloud obscured it, that the poachers crawled out to let down and peg their nets. They then made by a circuitous route for the far end of the field, and soon came rushing back through the clover, driving the startled bunnies into the nets, which they quickly let fall by pulling down the supporting poles. As they were deftly dispatching the entangled rabbits, we rushed upon them with a blood-curdling yell, which greatly relieved our pent-up feelings, a pair of us seizing each poacher.

Great was our surprise when, instead of the desperate resistance we had expected, womanly screams came from our terrified captives; but a bigger shock was to come, for, to our amazement, we found that the poachers were Miss Oldfield and her sister!

The poor girls were much relieved at finding themselves in the hands of no one more terrible than the Scouts, as they recognised my voice, when I managed to blurt out an astonished 'Miss Oldfield!'

'Why, it's Dick and Will, and more of you still,' came the reply. 'How you frightened us! What are you doing?'

'After poachers for the Squire, and we have got you at last,' came the uncompromising answer from Teddy Upton, the smallest scout.

As patrol leader I had a private parley with the prisoners, and though crestfallen rather than elated at having captured two old friends, I had to go through with the business.

They realised my awkward position, but quite saw that I must do my duty.

They had always done their work in hobnailed boots, put on after leaving their home, so as to put their pursuers on the wrong track.

Our prisoners, having promised to come before the Colonel when sent for, were allowed to return to their home, whilst we set off for the Hall, with nets and rabbits, and though it was two a.m. when we got there, we roused up the Squire, who came down in dressing-gown and slippers to hear our story.

'Bless my soul, what can I do with these cousins of mine?' grumbled the Colonel. 'I offered them the use of a house on the place, but they refused to live in it. Anyway, I am glad the mystery has been solved.'

His gratitude to us knew no bounds, and it was arranged before we left, that we were all to breakfast with him next morning.

After breakfast I got him alone, and said a good word for my old friends, explaining that they had gone through enough to embitter any one.

'They are your prisoners, my boy, and your wishes shall be respected,' he said kindly, as he patted me on the back, and set off to get his interview with the poachers over, as he was too gallant to make them come up to the Hall.

'Let bygones be bygones,' he said genially, holding out his hand, as he was shown into the Oldfields' tiny dining-room.

This took the wind out of the girls' sails, so to speak, for their hostility vanished before such genuine kindness; so that on his saying he supposed they would consider his game sacred in future, they readily agreed, and thanked him so prettily for letting them off that he made them promise to come and lunch with him and his aunt, who kept house for him, next day; and before Christmas, Miss Maud became Mrs. Oldfield, and she still chaffs the keeper about not having looked after his game better in the past.

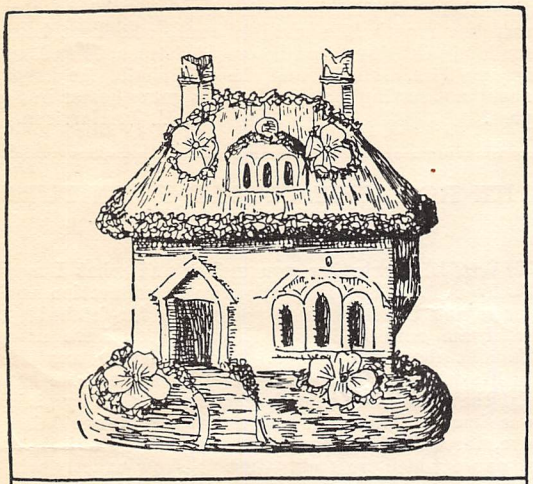
A. H. P. Harrison.

THE ROMANCE OF OLD FURNITURE.

I.

I WONDER whether you understand what I mean by that title? Does romance in connection with chairs and tables seem to you rather far-fetched? If so, I am sure it is only because you have never thought about the matter. There is hardly anything in life which has not its haze of romance if we have but the eyes to see it, and that is only done by giving our imagination play, and following in our mind's eye, through the life, so to speak, of the object, the romance which we seek. Just to show exactly what I mean, here is an instance which comes to me as I write this. I am seated at my secretaire. I have always had a great liking for this piece of furniture, because it is a comfortable 'workshop,' and has heaps of little drawers and pigeon-holes in which to store my papers; and when I have finished for the day I just push it in, turn up the front, and, behold! it appears to be the top drawer of a chest of drawers. But now that I come to think about its life, I remember that I have seen my father sit at it many a time, and show me many treasures of his youth, which he kept in those little drawers. I know, too, that it once belonged to Grandfather, who gave it to my father when he was quite a boy. Then, thinking back still further, one comes to the man who designed, and, perhaps, made it; the hours he must have spent thinking it all out, and the care with which he selected the wood from which it is made. You know that until comparatively lately a piece of furniture like my secretaire was made by hand, every piece receiving the loving care of the 'joyner,' as he was then called. After all the time, thought, and work put into a piece of furniture like this, I think it must have been very hard to have to part with it. Now, I did not feel all this until I thought about it, and I wish that long-departed 'joyner' could know that I, at any rate, appreciate his work, and do my best to keep it in just such order as he would have done if he had been able to keep it himself.

Now, when you learn to realise this romance about furniture, you will come to appreciate and respect pieces which may even, to your way of thinking, be ugly. You will remember their long and eventful lives, apart from beauty or workmanship; you will, therefore, have a very special care for them, thus helping your people (who may have some real treasures) to preserve them to a still longer life. Many and many a beautiful specimen of antique furniture, china, brass, and so on, has come to an untimely end through children playing with it and destroying it thoughtlessly because it was looked upon as 'lumber,' having, perhaps, been put aside in some loft or cupboard during years when it was not considered to be 'fashionable.' As a little example, I will give you an experience of my own. When I was a child, I used to have given me to play with,

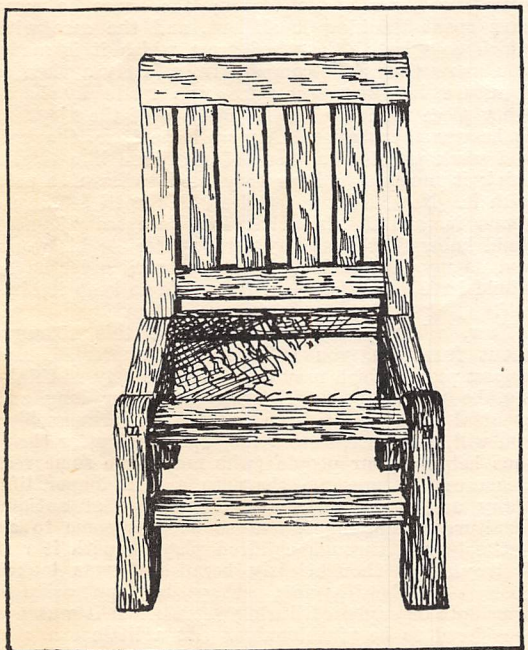


1. ANTIQUE CHINA HOUSE.

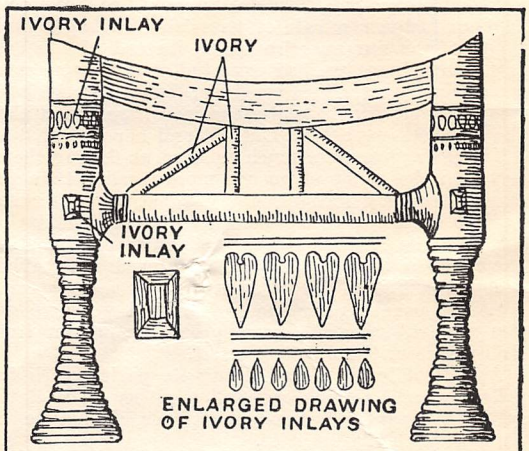
several little china houses. Fig. 1 is a drawing of one as it now exists. We took no care of them, as we thought them of no particular value. If it had not been that my mother had a kind of affection for them because she remembered them in her own old home when she was a child, they would not now exist at all! But to-day, if you please, they have positions of honour in our drawing-room, for they are very old and are diligently sought after by collectors.

Of course, changes of fashion and destructive children have not been the only cause of the disappearance of antique furniture: there is always the legitimate wear which furniture meets with in its passage through life in the homes of large families.

During the last few years there has been a great revival of interest in old furniture, and many people, after careful study of the subject, are gradually gathering around them nice little collections of antique furniture, china, brass, pewter, and so on. When they go on their holidays, they always keep their eyes open for discoveries in cottages or farms, where they perhaps call for tea!



2. CHAIR OF WOOD WITH PLAITED CORD SEAT FOUND IN TOMB AT THEBES.



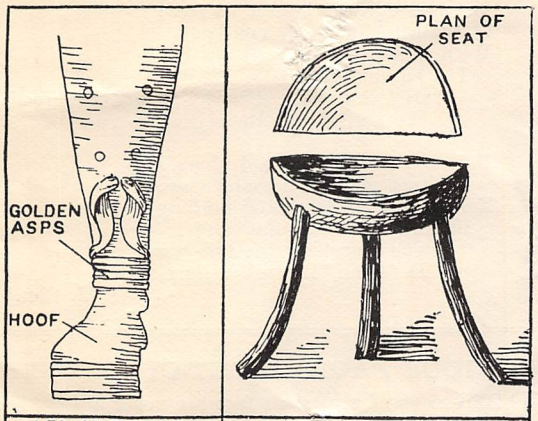
3. FRONT VIEW OF EBONY AND IVORY STOOL FOUND AT THEBES.

In the smallest town now there is nearly always a curiosity shop where are to be found all kinds of objects dear to the heart of the collector: chairs, chests, tables, fire-irons, fenders, and all the various oddments which went to make the home in times long past. Now, many of you readers of Chatterbox have parents or friends who 'have the craze' (as people say who do not understand this collecting), and it very likely 'bores' you considerably to have to hang round waiting for your parents while they are revelling in a musty old shop, or trying to persuade some old country-woman to part with a piece of furniture upon which they have set their hearts.

It seems to me that if you, in a small way, can be interested too in their 'craze,' all the boredom will be past, and you will enjoy these trips as much as your parents. I do not propose to make experts of you, but I want to interest you by instilling in you a love for the romantic side of the subject, and also to show you a number of details by which you may be able to recognise a style when you see it.

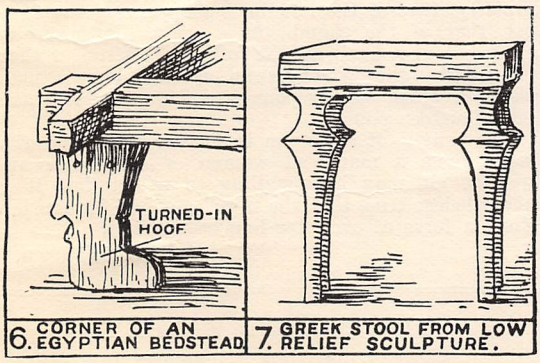
Now to get to work on the subject straight away. As far as possible, I mean to confine my subject to English furniture, but as I believe in always going back somewhere near to the beginning of things, I shall have to dodge about and give you glimpses of furniture of other lands as well as England. The word 'furniture' means the objects or fittings which are necessary to make a house or any building suitable for habitation—in other words, fit to live in. I suppose our very earliest ancestors who lived in

caves and the like just had heaps of leaves for their beds, and used Mother Earth for seat and table. It was the manners and customs of the people that caused the furniture, and also the materials at their disposal. Egyptian, Greek, and Roman furniture was all very luxurious, but there was very little of



4. LEG OF THRONE OF WOOD AND GOLD. 5. WORKMANS STOOL FOUND IN TOMB.

it—just the necessaries of life at that time, chairs, stools, couches, tables, and beds. In warm countries people lived much in the open air, so wanted little more than beds, but as ways of life changed, more furniture became desirable. I have spent a most delightful time hunting round the bewildering rooms of the British Museum, making sketches in order to show you what the early furniture was like. I went to the Egyptian rooms first, and there I found actual remains of wooden furniture of thousands of years ago. This astonished me much at first, but I learned that these specimens had been found in the tombs,

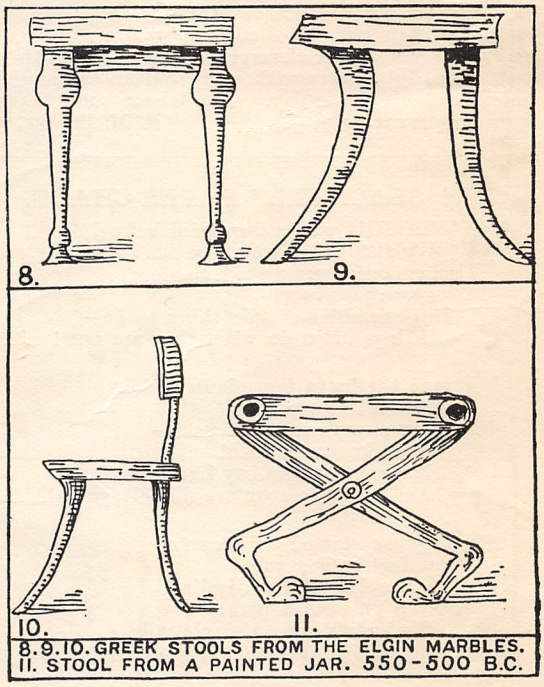


6. CORNER OF AN EGYPTIAN BEDSTEAD. 7. GREEK STOOL FROM LOW RELIEF SCULPTURE.

for people in those days had an idea that the souls of the departed required furniture, food, and so on, just as living people do; so they buried chairs and tables with them. One lady even had her dressing-case handy! Also there were baskets of wicker which contained fruit and grain for the refreshment of the departed. These, all being bricked up in apartments, were preserved in wonderfully good condition. In fig. 2 I give a sketch of a chair of rough wood with a seat (partly gone) of plaited cords. It all has a sort of bleached appearance, but otherwise might have been made quite lately. You must understand that this chair must have belonged to a great person of some kind, for only the great and noble were allowed to have backs to their seats.

Fig. 3 is a front view of a stool of most refined workmanship, being of dark wood (very likely ebony) and ivory. It is a square stool and sags each side, having a cushion on it originally, I expect, but now is bare with a square hole in the middle. The little bars are of ivory and the upper parts of the legs are inlaid with ivory.

Fig. 4 is one leg of what must have been a very elaborate throne of wood and metal: this leg is shaped like an animal's leg and hoof, and it is decorated with two metal asps—the asp you will remember is one of the Egyptian signs, and appears on much of their work.



8. 9. 10. GREEK STOOLS FROM THE ELGIN MARBLES. 11. STOOL FROM A PAINTED JAR. 550-500 B.C.

Fig. 5 is a sketch of a rough wooden stool used by the Egyptian workmen; the seat is hollowed out of a good thick piece of wood and looks most comfortable. It stands on three legs, which spread rather considerably. I found one table that was just an oblong of wood with four spreading legs, rather low and small. It has been most elaborately painted with characteristic geometric forms and a figure of the goddess Ren-nu. A child's bed was just a rough oblong frame of wood with four legs shaped somewhat like animals' legs, with the hoofs turned in. This last detail interested me—it seemed so wise, for if the hoofs were turned out they would get in the way. Fig. 6 is just one corner of that bed. I imagine the middle would be occupied by plaited cords or thongs of leather. You must understand that all these pieces of furniture were made hundreds and hundreds of years before Christ. I read

that most Egyptian bedsteads were very high; in fact, you had to climb a short flight of steps to get into bed! The headrests were often of stone.

In the Greek and Roman Galleries I found many representations of chairs and stools. Figs. 7 to 10 are sketches of some from the famous Elgin Marbles.

Fig. 11 (from a painted jar) interested me because it again showed the in-turned hoofs.

We know that the Greeks and Romans had couches, and that they took their meals reclining on the couches. Their tables were very heavy, being often of marble and rare woods; the legs were generally lions. You will notice how popular was the use of the stool by the Greeks and Romans: it being the proper seat for ordinary people. I like to give these sketches of very ancient furniture because I want you to realise that, clever as we think ourselves to-day, we did not invent everything. These people, who lived their busy lives so many years ago, were really to my mind far cleverer than we, because they made beautiful objects without the advantage of the elaborate tools of to-day. The labour must have been very great. E. M. Barlow.

'THE SLACKERS'' PAPER-CHASE.

ALTHOUGH we'd never tried before,
We thought it would be fun
('Tis true on games we set no store)
A paper-chase to run.
It seemed a simple thing to do—
Things often do when they are new!

We gave the hares ten minutes' start,
And waited at the gate,
Impatient now to take our part—
We little knew our fate!
For not a single boy had trained,
And so quite soon we all felt pained.

The way we started out was fine;
'Twas fast as any race.
But not for long did we incline
To keep up such a pace:
We hadn't gone a single mile,
Before the hounds had ceased to smile.

Our pace indeed grew far from fast,
And as we crossed a field,
We knew that this could never last,
'Twas time for us to yield.
'Tis strange how hard it is to run—
We found excuses, every one.

In Higgins' shoe was found a stone
Which made him run quite lame;
And several others, now quite blown,
Were suffering from the same.
Cried Smith, 'No poor excuse is mine—
I know a stitch in time saves nine!'

In fact, to cut the story down,
The road seemed very rough,
And two short miles outside the town
We found we'd had enough:
To run would be more seemly, but
'Twas best to take the shortest cut.

Alas! our trouble was not done!
As back once more we sped,
A farmer seized us every one,
And thus in anger said:
'See here, my lads, a pretty pass,
You've injured several blades of grass!'

We paid our all; he set us free;
Again for home we raced;
With minds entirely set on tea,
The smiling crowds we faced,
And thus buoyed up by thoughts of food,
We heeded not their jeers so rude.

But as we sped the road along,
We met with smiles and stares,
For we, though meaning nothing wrong,
Had come before the hares!
The moral of this tale you see
Is 'train,' if you'd a harrier be!

J. Ohn.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT OURSELVES.

BOTH sides of a person's face are never alike. The eyes are out of line in two cases out of five, and one eye is stronger than the other in seven cases out of ten. The right ear is, as a rule, higher than the left.

Only one person in fifteen has perfect eyes, the largest percentage of defects being among fair-haired people. Short sight is more common among town than among country folk, and of all people the Germans have the largest proportion of short-sighted persons. The crystalline lens of the eye is the one portion of the human body which continues to increase in size throughout life, and does not cease to develop with the attainment of maturity. The smallest interval of sound can be better distinguished with one ear than with both.

The nails of two fingers never grow with the same rapidity, that of the middle finger growing the fastest, that of the thumb the slowest. In fifty-four cases out of a hundred, the left leg is stronger than the right. The bones of an average human male skeleton weigh twenty pounds, and those of a female only fourteen pounds.

The tongue of a woman is smaller than that of a man, given a man and woman of equal size and weight. It may be appalling to reflect, but it is nevertheless true, that the muscles of the human jaw exert a force of over five hundred pounds.

R. C. Robinson.

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 3.)

BREAKFAST was ready, and the children took their places at the table, one on each side of Mother. The right-hand side belonged to Mary, the left-hand side to John. In this matter they respected carefully each other's rights.

It was a nice breakfast—a mixture of breakfast and lunch, because it was already eleven o'clock, and tea would be the next meal. First came fried fish,

and next some fat round little quail which had been shot the previous evening; and after the quail, poached eggs; and, lastly, jam made from Cape gooseberries. As soon as breakfast was finished, John and Mary departed to inspect the camp. This they considered almost a duty.

The pitching of the tent was completed now. The walls were neatly laced to the roof. A blue and red striped carpet was spread on the floor, and most of the furniture was in place. Miss Gomez, her tears dried, was busy hushing Arnold to sleep. Mary and John skirmished carefully past the end of the tent lest it should occur to her to summon them to sleep also.

'We will go first to the camels,' said John.

But when the two reached the corner of the camping-ground set apart for the camel-men and their beasts, they found it almost deserted. A very old camel and one large pale brown one crouched there, her four legs tucked beneath her, chewing the cud. Beside her was a small baby camel, with very curly hair, enormous dark eyes, and legs that wobbled helplessly in four directions at once. The other camels were absent in the forest, grazing on the thorny bushes which formed their chief food.

The small camel was three days old, but its name had yet to be decided. John wished to call it 'Moses,' but Mary preferred 'Araminta.' However, as they watched the legs which stuck out so helplessly, they agreed to simply name the little camel 'Legs,' and went in search of the elephant which was attached to the camp, and lent by the Government for work in the forest.

The elephant was also absent, on the business of fodder-collecting. She would bring back presently, not thorny bushes, but big branches cut from some of the wild fig-trees of the jungle. The chowra cut, whose business it was to hack off the branches and load them on to the elephant's back, was absent with his charge. But the mahout (the driver) was busy cooking great flat cakes, made of coarse brown meal and water, with which to feed the elephant that evening. Mary and John sat down beside him and prepared to talk, for the mahout, whose name was Chotun, was an old and valued friend.

'Will Moti have a bath to-day?' Mary asked. The elephant was called Moti, and Moti means pearl.

'When she returns with her fodder,' said the mahout. 'Before she eats I will take her to the river, and she shall lie in the water and I will scrub her with a stone.'

'Does Moti like her bath?' asked John.

'All elephants like water. Do they not often swim the rivers? When Moti was young, ere she was made captive, she swam, maybe, this very river which lies here below the camp.'

'But when was Moti wild? Did you see her caught?'

'It was I who captured her, for in those days I worked with the chasing elephants of the kheddah. It was my rope which fell first round her neck. Therefore was I appointed mahout to her, and for the past twenty years I have ridden on her head.'

'Tell us!' said Mary. 'Tell us how she was caught.'

'It was in this very place,' said the mahout. 'All day we chased the wild elephants—we of the kheddah. We rode on tame elephants, chosen for their swiftness, and in our hands were lassoes made of new rope, so stiff that it could stand upright by reason of that stiffness. And, from time to time, one wild elephant or another grew weary, and we closed round it and flung our ropes. They fell round its neck and throttled it, round its legs, as it lifted them, and tripped it up. And when we had it secure and very frightened, we brought it home between the tame beasts at our leisure.'

'But didn't the elephants fight?' said John. 'Did they not try to kill you?'

'The elephants of the herd—never; but sometimes we found a big, solitary elephant, sullen and angry. Then we put our champion fighting elephant in the foreground, and there was a great battle.' He stopped for a moment to turn the flat meal-cakes which lay on a huge iron plate before the wood fire.

'There was one elephant,' he continued, 'one elephant so big that we dared not face it, even with our strongest. It lived in these jungles then. Perhaps it lives here now.'

And then Mary remembered the elephant of which Julfu had spoken. Could it be the same elephant which the mahout remembered? Just such another it seemed to be—huge, solitary, and sullen.

CHAPTER II.

Miss Gomez was waiting for Mary and John in the shadow of the tent. She pounced on them as they passed on their way to see the goats and the sheep, and condemned them to an hour of bed. She would not listen when they explained that, as they so rarely slept in the daytime, it was not much use to expect them to do so now.

'Lie down and lie still,' said Miss Gomez, 'or your dear papa will not take you fishing this evening.' And, thus threatened, they lay as still as it was possible for them to lie, and wondered that dull minutes could pass so slowly when happy minutes can fly so fast.

But the weary hour came to an end at last, and they were free to put the fishing-rods together and test the lines. The bait was to consist of tiny glittering pieces of metal with a little hook attached, cunningly concealed. John and Mary had been taught to draw these quickly through the water and flick them in and out with the least possible splash. The fish, attracted by the glitter, would often snatch greedily at the bait, and swallow it and the concealed hook also.

'I wonder if the water will be warm enough to fish this evening,' said John, with a wise air. He liked to imitate his father's manner and to talk as he heard him talk; but Mary, a year older than her brother, was seldom impressed.

'Of course it will be warm enough if Daddy thought it warm enough to fish this morning, silly!' she said.

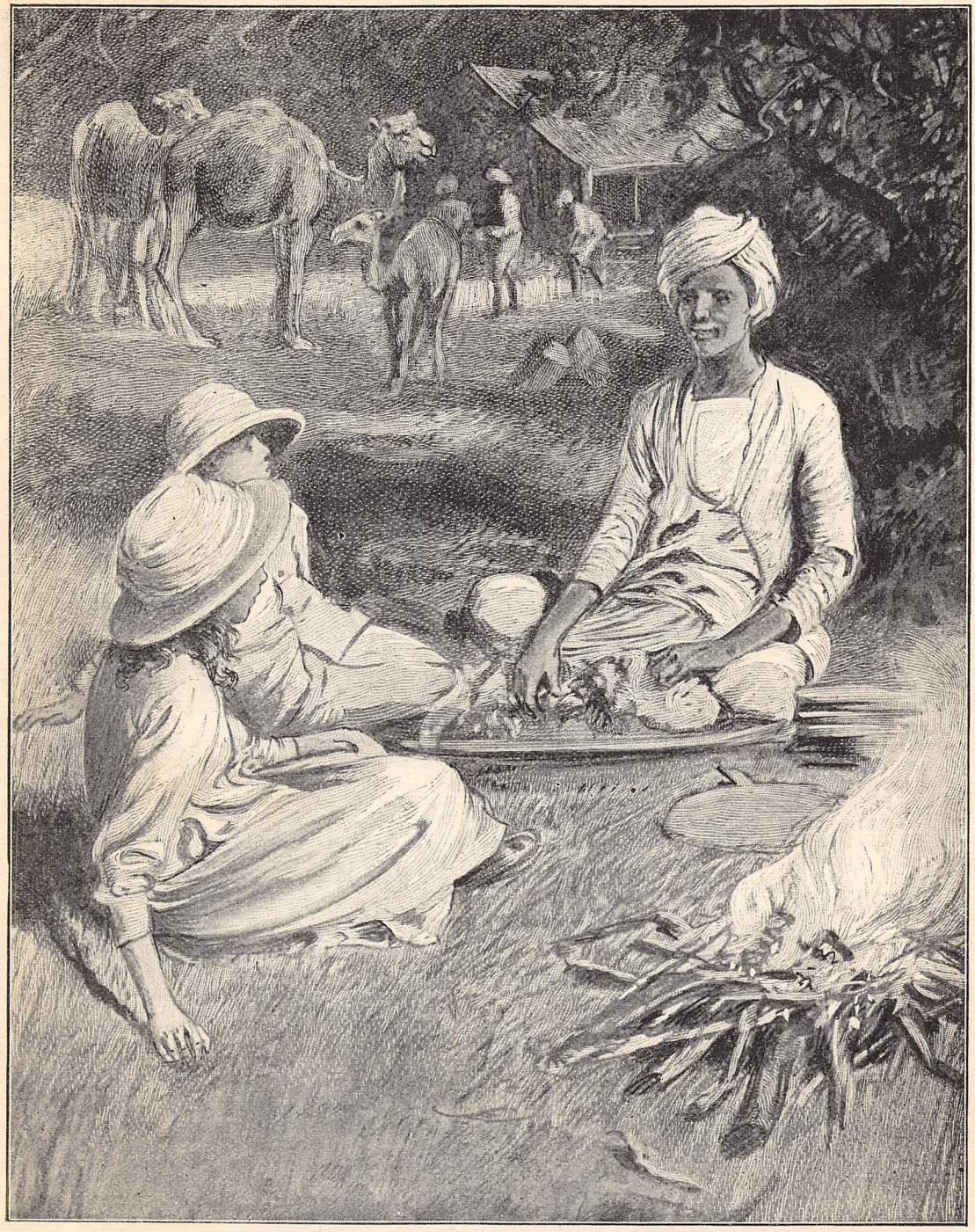
'Women know nothing about sport,' said John.

'Neither do little boys,' Mary answered.

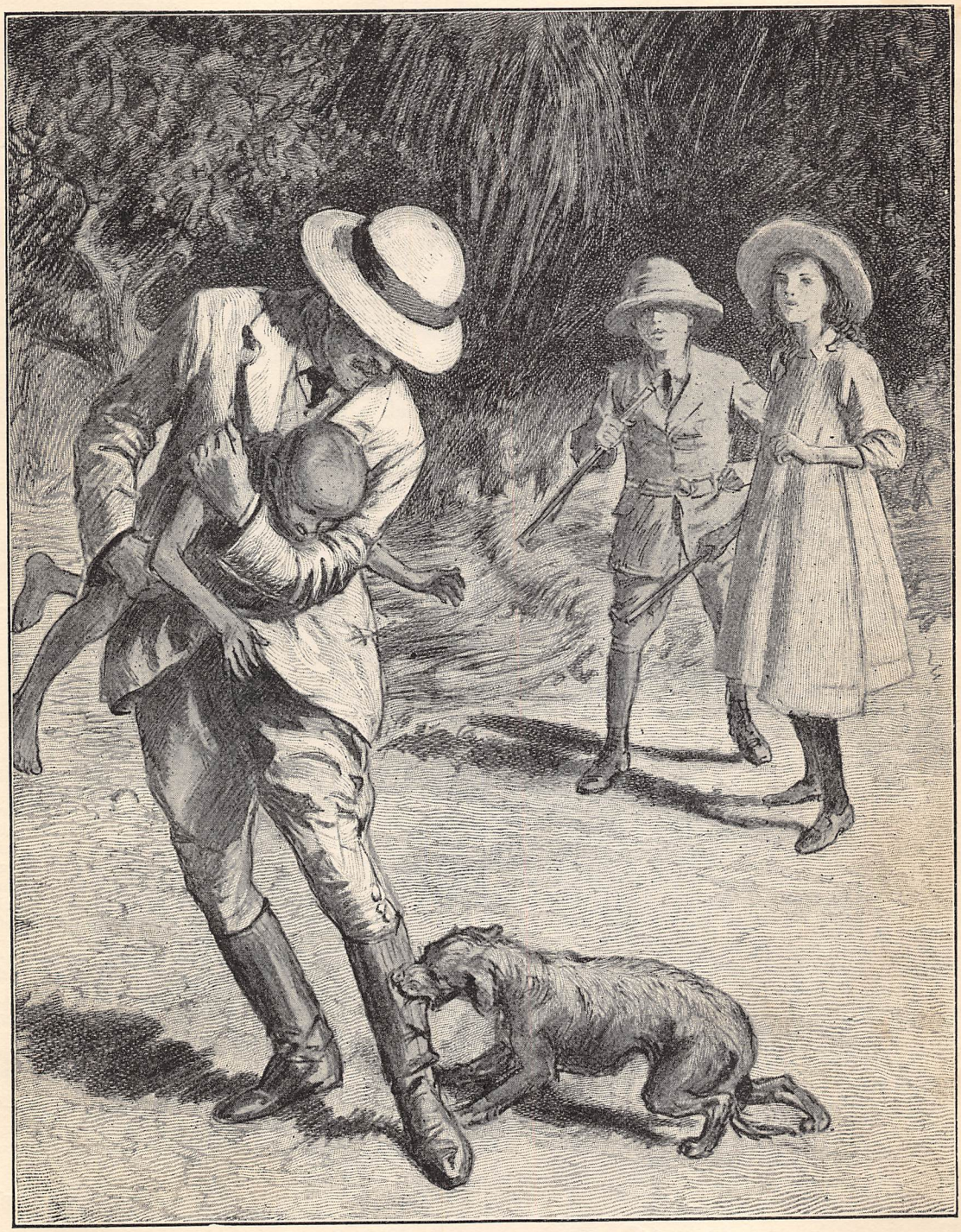
In another moment they would have reached the point of open warfare, had not Mother's voice called to them from the sitting-room of the bungalow. This opened on to the verandah, as did the bedroom. The tiny house contained these two rooms only.

'Don't quarrel, children. Come and talk to me instead,' she called, and they obeyed the summons quickly.

(Continued on page 18.)



"The mahout was an old and valued friend."



"The dog turned its head and bit him in the leg."

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 15.)

MOTHER was busy writing letters, for it was English mail-day; that is to say, the day on which letters must be posted if they were to catch the mail steamer at Bombay. The table was strewn with envelopes already addressed, and sheets of note-paper, covered with Mother's pretty handwriting. But Mother pushed these aside, and Mary and John clambered one on to each arm of her chair.

'Are all those letters going to England?' John asked.

'Yes, all of them. They are for uncles and aunts and cousins whom you have never seen, but whose acquaintance you will make some day. How would you like to go to England, children, and get to know them all?'

Mary and John considered this question thoughtfully. To them England represented a strange place they knew only by hearsay. Their whole lives had been spent in India. They spoke the language of that part of the country in which they lived as easily as they spoke English. The servants who surrounded them, except Miss Gomez, were natives. It did not seem the least strange to Mary and John to be waited on by people whose skins were brown, because they were used to nothing else.

It was a pleasant life, this Indian life of theirs. For five months of the year they camped in the hilly country which lies at the foot of the Himalayan mountains, moving every second or third day to a new camping-ground. For the remaining seven months they lived in a little house perched on the rugged side of a Himalayan mountain. There were many other houses near this house, and many other English children with whom Mary and John could play; and there were picnics and parties and other pleasant things.

But it was the five months of camp that Mary and John loved best: the morning march—the strange creatures of the forest, of which they sometimes caught sight—the forest itself, so beautiful and so mysterious. Sometimes their father would take them, riding on Moti's back, to some distant part which seemed to belong to the wild things only, rather than to man. Sometimes he would teach them to fish, or to handle a little rifle. All the animals of the camp were their playmates. What could England give, then, in exchange for these pleasant things?

'Is it like "camp" in England?' Mary asked at last.

'No,' said Mother, guessing Mary's thought. 'But it is very nice, too, with a different kind of niceness. And there are good schools in England, at which you can learn all that must be learnt before you grow up. Soon you must leave India. You have stayed in this country rather longer already than do most white children.'

'Just a little longer,' John pleaded.

'And you shall teach us all we've got to learn,' said Mary as she hugged Mother very tightly. Then, because she had a vague idea that it was the quarrel with John that had made Mother talk of England, she added, 'John and I will try not to fight so much, Mother. Only let us stay here in dear, dear India.'

'Are you ready, children?' Father's voice called from the verandah before Mother could answer; and Mary and John, with a final hug, made haste to join him. Julfu had already collected the fishing-rods and stood waiting, a small basket for the fish which might possibly be caught slung over his shoulder. He was dressed neatly in khaki, with a green turban, and was girt with a broad leather belt. From the belt hung a long curved knife in a leather sheath. With this knife Julfu would cut a way through the undergrowth of the forest when the path was blocked.

The road which led down the side of the cliff to the river did not require clearing. It was open and fairly wide. Along it, through the greater part of the day, passed a string of buffaloes and bullocks, carrying on their backs huge bundles of bamboos cut by their owners in the forests. The bamboos were slung on each side of a small saddle, and so tilted that their points stuck in the air, and their ends trailed in the dust. The buffaloes and bullocks meandered along at the pace which best suited them. They stopped to drink when they came to the river; they lay down sometimes and went to sleep. And the men who accompanied them behaved in the same fashion, for the natives of India are seldom in a hurry. They are equally content to get to the end of a journey to-day, to-morrow, or the day after.

But Mary and John were generally in a hurry. They ran down the cliff-path towards the river-bed. This was flat and sandy in the main, but in places the rock cropped out, and the stream broke over it in little swirling rapids. At the foot of these rapids fish were wont to collect, and John clamoured to begin fishing as soon as the first rapid was reached.

'Stand back as far as you can,' said Father, 'or the fish will see you; and do try to keep quiet. John, if you jump about like that you will frighten every fish for a mile on each side of you. Look at your shadow now, dancing on the water! Remember, fish are suspicious of shadows.'

John tried to keep quiet. He stood so that his shadow should fall on the sand rather than on the water. He flicked the little bait in and out with a quick careful turn of the wrist. But perhaps the fish were already alarmed; or perhaps the river had cooled since the morning, and they were torpid rather than hungry. The glittering metal was drawn again and again through the water without success, until John, growing weary, looked round in search of some new amusement.

A quarter of a mile away was the little cluster of huts huddled under the shelter of the overhanging cliffs, which belonged to the colony of gold-seekers. A haze of blue smoke—wood-smoke with its bitter yet pleasant smell—lay over them, and from them came a faint murmur of voices. The day's search was ended, and outside the huts sat a group of men looking in the troughs in which the sand was placed for the spoil of the day.

'May we go and see if they have found anything, Daddy?' John asked; and, as it was plain that there would be no fish to put into Julfu's basket, the fishing-rods were taken to pieces again, and Mary and John and their father began to walk across the sand towards the gold-seekers.

At a little distance Julfu followed, his nose in the air. He considered that these people were scarcely worthy of the honour about to be done them. He

wished to impress them with a sense of his own grandeur and of the immense importance of the family that he served. But his air of dignity was completely wasted. On the outskirts of the settlement a dozen small brown children were playing, and these stopped in their play to stare, not at Julfu, but at Mary and John. Then the smallest of all, a little alarmed, began to whimper, and to run towards the shelter of his home.

And, at the same moment it seemed, from the cluster of huts came a long, confused cry—a cry made up of the shouts of frightened men, the terrified screams of women and children. And away from the huts, towards the child, came a lean yellow dog, running very swiftly. It held its head a little to one side and there was foam on its jaws.

And next, a strange thing happened. Father began to run also, but after the child, towards the yellow dog, and in another moment he swiftly stooped and lifted the child in his arms, and the dog, as it passed, turned its head and bit him in the leg. It scarcely stopped, but on and on it ran until its yellow body seemed one with the yellow sand; and, from behind Mary and John, Julfu's voice said suddenly, 'Mad—mad—mad!'

(Continued on page 30.)

THE USELESS SCARECROW.

THE Scarecrow sits upon the hill;
The Scarecrow's always standing still.

By day he looks so black and grim,
The children are afraid of him.

But crows and sparrows have no fear,
They laugh and mock that he may hear;

And right beneath his arms they run,
Although he bears on high a gun!

They steal and rob with all their might;
The farmer's land is quite a sight.

But when the moon climbs o'er the hill,
And birds lie in their nests quite still,

The elves and fairies dance about,
From flower and leaf-bud they creep out;

They all join hands and make a ring;
Their shrill sweet voices gaily sing,

And round and round about they go;
The moon and stars all watch the show.

The wind sits on the hawthorn-tree,
And whispers soft as soft can be;

And in the centre of it all
The poor, black Scarecrow, grim and tall,

Sees and is glad, hears and is gay;
For him the elves make holiday.

Though farmers blame and birds deride,
The kindly elves are on his side.

He listens to their wisest schemes,
He sees them weave the children's dreams.

They trust him, and he ne'er betrays:
He loves the elves and all their ways.

So, though by day he suffers shame,
And all the birds of him make game,

At night he comes into his own,
Stands like a king beside his throne,

And with his gun protects the elves,
The while they all enjoy themselves.

So, if by day you're stupid quite,
Perchance you'll be with elves at night.

W. P. Lynch.

RUTHENIANS IN CANADA.

IN the North of Alberta, which is a large province in Western Canada, there is a large settlement of Ruthenians. These people come from Southern Austria, and speak a Slavonic dialect. They have now been living in Canada for some twelve years, and many of them have learned to speak English, but they still wear their native costumes, and build their houses in the Slav way.

Their houses are long and narrow, and usually of only one story. They are built of logs. This makes them very warm and comfortable. To make them still warmer, for the winter in Alberta is severe, they are plastered both inside and outside. The roof is of thatch, and the floor usually of mud. There are only two rooms. The entire family live, eat, and sleep in one room: the other room is used only on great holidays. The furniture is very simple; it is made by the family themselves. They do not use chairs; instead, they make long, wide benches, sometimes with backs, but more often without. The bed is made of boards, fastened to the wall. Mattresses are not used. The only bedding is a pair of blankets, spread over the boards, and a quilt. The children sleep on the benches.

Their stoves are made of clay, and reach nearly to the ceiling, in a set of steps, or shelves. In very cold weather the children sleep on these shelves. The Ruthenians have no plates, knives or forks. They live chiefly on various sour-milk preparations, and on a sort of soup called 'bortsh,' which is made from sour milk and beet-roots. They also use a great deal of cabbage. The food is placed in a large bowl in the centre of the table, and each member of the family dips his spoon in this bowl.

The Ruthenians still wear their national costume. The women wear a long, narrow gown, of white linen; this is beautifully ornamented with coloured embroidery. Over this they wear a narrow skirt, of some dark woollen material, with a brightly coloured sash. Around their necks they wear many strings of glass beads and copper and silver coins. The women wear a sort of white turban, but the little girls wear crowns of flowers. In winter they wear long sheep-skin coats, tanned with the wool side in. These are often ornamented with cutwork in coloured leather. Usually they do not wear stockings, and their boots reach to the knees, and are made of soft yellow leather. The little girls wear their frocks as long as their mothers'. The men wear white linen trousers, both summer and winter, with a white linen smock. They, too, wear sheep-skin coats, and high sheep-skin caps. The little boys dress just like their fathers, with long trousers.

The Ruthenians are fine farmers, and keep a great many horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs. They never make butter, as they do not like it. Instead, they use a great deal of cheese.

S. G. M.

238	143	234	153	228	241	147	231	154	146
148	214	161	221	171	166	211	173	215	235
224	165	204	181	209	177	175	203	218	159
144	220	183	191	186	197	192	200	163	239
158	219	205	193	196	187	190	178	164	225
232	160	176	184	189	194	199	207	223	151
227	170	201	198	195	188	185	182	213	156
157	216	180	202	174	206	208	179	167	226
150	168	222	162	212	217	172	210	169	233
237	240	149	230	155	142	236	152	229	145

A Magic Square for 1915.

A MAGIC SQUARE FOR 1915.

A MAGIC square is an arrangement of numbers in the form of a square, so that every row, every column, and each diagonal adds up to the same total.

A bordered magic square is one that remains 'magic' when the borders are successively removed until it is reduced to the central square of four (if an even number), or of three (if an odd number).

The square here presented is a bordered square of ten, containing the numbers from 142 to 241, and each row, column, and diagonal adds up to the total of 1915. When the outer border is removed, each row, column, or diagonal amounts to 1532. Similarly, when the second and third borders are removed, the remaining squares give the totals of 1149 and 766 respectively.

The two inscribed crosses give the same total as a row of the complete square, i.e., 1915. W. S. J.

BEASTS OF YESTERDAY:

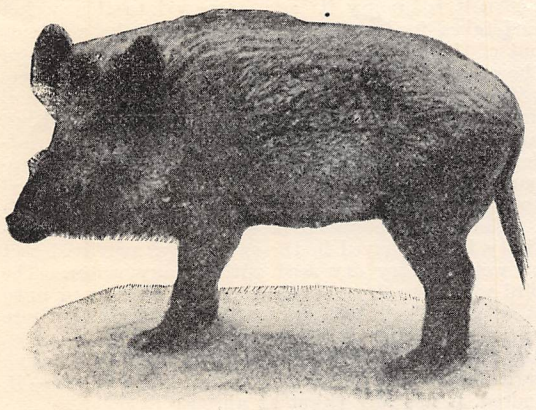
Some Animals Extinct within the Memory of Man.

I.—THE EGYPTIAN WILD PIG.

THE Egyptian wild pig is a near relation of the European wild pig (Sus Scrofa), but is, according to Captain Flower, the director of the Giza Gardens at Cairo, entitled to be considered a different sub-species or geographical race. I am not aware, however, of any distinguishing scientific name having been applied to it.

The European wild pig has a very wide range: it exists in France, Germany, Austria, Russia and Spain. In India there is another sub-species: and it is also to be found in Hawaii and the South Sea Islands. 'From Europe eastwards, the tracks of the wild swine are by every sluggish stream, his lair in every reed-bed, and his routings the ruin of every

peasant's crops.' Throughout its wide range, the wild pig varies little in habits, size, or appearance; but the Egyptian pig must claim to be an exception to this rule as regards habits, for in Egypt there are no dense forests, no jungles, such as wild pigs inhabit in other parts of the world. Bingley (writing in 1824) says: 'In Egypt the wild boar has no shelter.



Egyptian Wild Pig.

Continually exposed to the fervour of a burning sun, he traverses the sandy plains, where the few scattered shrubs, which are there found, yield him but little subsistence and still less shade.'

Wild swine were apparently still abundant in various localities in Lower Egypt and in the Fayum twenty to thirty years ago. The last wild pigs were killed in the Wadi Natroon about 1901, and the only living specimen of this race of pigs which now exists is the old female in the Giza Zoological Gardens at Cairo. Chatterbox is able to give a picture of her, through the kindness of the Director of these gardens, to whom I am also indebted for much useful information. G. Bathurst Hony, M. B. O. U.

THE LIFE-STORY OF A GNAT.

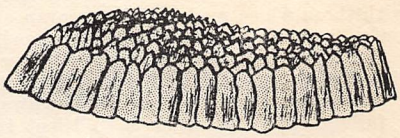
I.—THE EGG-RAFT.

JUST before daylight in the very early morning, if you had sharp hearing, you might have heard the female gnat winging her way over the meadow towards the pond. She skimmed through the air rapidly, announcing her approach by a high-pitched buzzing note, rather like the whistle of an express train, only on a much smaller scale.

She alighted daintily upon the surface of the water, touching it so lightly that her legs were barely wetted. Then, seizing a small leaf by her front legs, she sailed about over the pond, blown by occasional light breezes. Yet she was extremely busy the whole time, for she was laying her eggs. By the time daylight had appeared she had a neat little object between her black legs, somewhat resembling a small boat. This little boat consisted of about three hundred eggs glued into a mass with a substance that is waterproof. Then, having performed everything needful for the well-being of her offspring, the female gnat drew her legs free of the leaf, and flew high into the air away over the meadow.

Should you desire to see the gnat at her important task, you will have to rise very early indeed, for it is always accomplished in the morning, before daybreak.

It is with the little egg-raft that our interest lies. You will find that it is hollow, just like a boat, and is unsinkable, for it rights itself immediately if suddenly plunged under water. It is also very



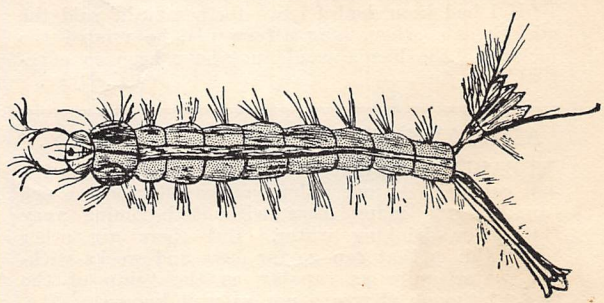
The Gnat's Egg-raft.

small: eight or ten of them placed end to end will only cover about the space of an inch.

As it is very necessary that the larva—or insect in the first stage of leaving the egg—should have a good supply of air, the pointed ends of the eggs are arranged so closely together at the surface that the water cannot creep between them. The instant the egg-raft is submerged, an air-bubble forms round the eggs, keeps off the water, and bursts immediately upon reaching the surface. Thus the eggs are kept in a perfect state of dryness.

This wonderful craft carries within its frail structure from one hundred to three hundred little living masses, each one with a future before it. They are all destined to become winged gnats or mosquitoes.

Exactly twenty-eight hours after the female finishes her work, the eggs begin to hatch their larvae. The larvae are quite unlike their parents;



Larva of the Gnat.

they have no desire to rise into the air, but become inhabitants of the water.

The egg-raft is perfectly constructed to meet the needs of the larvae. You have just heard that it is unsinkable, and that it rights itself at the water's surface. The necessity of these arrangements becomes clear the moment the young larvae show themselves. Each larva makes its exit from the submerged egg by pushing open a little lid at the bottom, and then dropping out into the water.

Although the young larva begins life below water, however, it is an air-breather. It has to come up to the surface for a fresh supply of air, which it takes

in through a tube at the hind part of its body. When resting it remains just under water, with the tube sticking out into the atmosphere. Even at the very earliest stage of the larvae's existence, a good supply of air is necessary for them, so that they all crowd to the surface to gain their needs. Six hours later more than a thousand larvae are swarming at the surface of the water—they have been the occupants of many other rafts upon the pond—while others are wriggling in the depths beneath. They grow very rapidly indeed, and those which have emerged from the eggs later seem quite tiny compared with those which made their appearance before.

If you creep near the surface of the pond, every one of the curious little creatures will dive below instantly, for they are keenly on the watch for danger. Although hanging head downwards, a shadow falling upon the water is sufficient to cause many of them to disappear.

DISCIPLINE.

IT was a very cold day, and the middy of the watch had to walk on the windward side of the deck. He was perished with cold, and thrust his poor little hands into his pockets to keep them warm.

Presently the captain espied him. 'Pray, sir,' he roared, 'who gave you leave to put your hands in your pockets on the quarter-deck? Go down immediately to the tailor, and tell him to sew your pockets up.'

The youngster fled, feeling that he was disgraced for ever. The busy tailor laid aside his other work and sewed up the boy's pockets.

Trembling and fearful, the middy returned to the deck. Now, however, the captain spoke to him gently.

'That was a little lesson for you, my boy. Don't do such a thing again. Now go below to the tailor, and tell him to unsew your pockets.'

'If I had been denied leave for a month,' said the midshipman, when, long afterwards, he related the incident, 'the lesson would not have been so effectual.'

E. Dyke.

ANIMALS THAT AREN'T THIRSTY.

NEARLY every one of us has the idea that the camel is the one animal above all others which can live for many days without becoming very thirsty or drinking water. But there are other living things that can go for days and weeks without water quite as capably as the 'ship of the desert,' though they are not so well known.

Sheep in the sandy wastes of Central Asia frequently do not taste water for forty days or more, while browsing on the green, sappy grass and other vegetation during the spring, summer, and autumn. When in very great straits, the camel can go longer than this without drinking water, but even its record is surpassed by certain strains of sheep which are raised in Utah, Western America.

Reports state that these sheep, which range the immense stretches of the Nebo National Forest, the greater part of which is desert-land, go for four or four-and-a-half months without water. The only moisture they get during all that time is from the dew and certain succulent plants.

Again, the little wild pigs of New Mexico live on the dry foot-hills bordering the 'American Sahara,' where there is no rain for long periods. The water-holes and springs are exceedingly few and far between; so the only moisture they can obtain is in the roots and other edibles they grub up.

But the most singular instance is that of the pocket-mouse, so called because of the fur-lined pocket which it has on the outside of its cheek. When it is hungry it puts its paw into this pocket and takes food out of it, just as we take a biscuit out of the biscuit-box. A naturalist has kept one of these extraordinary little animals for three years without any water, and no other food than the usual dry mixed bird-seed. During all this time it had not a taste of either green stuff or water, and when offered both of them always refused such treats, apparently not having the instinct that water is good to drink and helpful to life.

Others of the pocket-mouse species kept in captivity have behaved in the same way, and lived just as well on very dry seed without any water. The bird-seed is so dry that it cannot be swallowed until it is moistened by saliva. Yet the pocket-mouse appears to abhor water or anything which is sappy, and does not suffer either in health or spirits through refusing to have anything to quench its thirst — if, indeed, it has any thirst at all.

But so necessary is water to human beings that seamen, who have been shipwrecked at sea and forced to take to the boats, have been known to die in three days for lack of water, while a few of their comrades lived for seven days without it, but only through chewing bits of leather to induce saliva, and by bathing their arms and wrists in the salt water they durst not drink, else madness would come upon them.

Yet, so wonderful is nature, animals can adapt themselves to their surroundings. On Henderson Island, in the South Seas, lying uninhabited and all by itself some one hundred and twenty miles from the nearest land (Pitcairn Island), there is no water, not even a marsh. Yet on it are found a number of animals and birds that appear to exist without drinking, unless the dew can slake their thirst.

A. Tegnier.

THE KNIGHTS OF LIBERTY HALL.

A CENTURY and a half ago, those Englishmen in America who did not want to fight against their own country for the Independence of the United States, or who, having fought on the British side, did not wish to go back to the homeland, went further North, to Canada, which, being colonised in a large degree by the French at that time, took no part in the struggle against England.

Among these Canadians were five men, four of them young, handsome fellows, who had fought with the English to put down the American colonists; the fifth a wiry, cheerful, hot-tempered little Irishman, who was prematurely aged through active service, but who was young enough to throw in his lot willingly with the others.

So the five vowed perpetual friendship, and agreed to make their home together. They had a splendid house built—for there was plenty of money at their command—and a gay little township sprang up in consequence, for they entertained largely, and

mothers with marriageable daughters were anxious to know them.

Now Terry, as the little Irishman was called by his intimate friends, was, for all his gaiety and light-heartedness, fully aware of the possible dangers to be encountered in their free, unconventional life. He knew that there was always a certain likelihood of trouble with the Indians, and he impressed this upon his four companions, till they announced, half in fun, half in earnest, that they would be responsible for the safety of the little community.

So they came to be known as the Knights of Liberty Hall.

One day, Terry, who was a great favourite amongst the children, had promised to go to a birthday party given by one of his little friends, Priscilla Drummond. So he set off, armed with a dainty gift for the little maid.

Little Priscilla was delighted to see her 'grown-up' guest, and begged him, as a special birthday favour, to escort her and the other little ones to a favourite spot outside the village, that they might enjoy the crowning treat of a picnic tea.

Terry agreed good-naturedly, and they set off in high spirits to the 'camp,' as they called a large open clearing bounded on the farther side by forest land.

After tea a game was started, and the children were enjoying themselves thoroughly, when Terry suddenly called a halt, and gave the order to pack up for the return journey.

Priscilla was ready to cry. 'Indeed, sir,' she protested, 'I had expected to stay here much longer. Must we go home so soon?'

'Yes,' said Terry, shortly. Then he added, more kindly, 'You shall have another outing one day, sweetheart; but I am compelled to hasten home now.'

And he hurried the disappointed children home, and then set off at a swinging pace for Liberty Hall, thinking as he went of his old friend, Colonel Carey, who had been killed in the War of Independence, soon after the mysterious disappearance of his son, Donald, a boy of fourteen or so.

For, half hidden under a stone, Terry had found a torn and soiled handkerchief, on which was written, 'The Indians—beware!' And it was signed 'Donald Carey,' and dated the day before.

Terry, who was something of an artist, spent some time after his return with parchment and pencil and brush. Then he hunted up his four friends, told them to start without him for the supper-party they had to attend at the garrison at the nearest town, and went off on an expedition of his own, disguised as an old, lame man.

A few hours later he appeared at the garrison, calm and dignified in his splendid evening clothes, velvet coat, flowered waistcoat, lace ruffles, and so forth, with sword buckled to his side. No one would have thought that Terry had just risked his life, and was now trusting to the reported friendliness and peaceability of the neighbouring Indian tribes, and to the fact that their simple, untutored minds would be attracted by a few gaily-coloured drawings, in order to save the people of his village from possible massacre and torture, and to rescue an English boy who had been kidnapped. He seemed in nowise preoccupied or depressed, and threw himself into games and light-hearted chatter with his usual gaiety.

At eleven o'clock, however, Terry secretly signalled to his four friends, and the 'Knights of Liberty Hall' announced regretfully that they must stay no longer. There was a chorus of dissent, but they remained firm, and took their leave with as much dispatch as was possible. Terry had a few words with the Colonel, who came to the gates to see them off, and then the 'Knights' galloped homewards at a terrific pace.

They threw off their coats and riding-boots in the hall, and hastened to the great drawing-room, where three stalwart Indian Chiefs were waiting. (How they had been induced to come there was Terry's own secret, and had something to do with his expedition in disguise.)

The four younger Englishmen bowed in silence to the Indians, and then stood back a little, while Terry, with a roll of parchment in his hand, stepped forward and addressed his visitors in a strange tongue which they evidently understood.

'You got my message?' he said. 'Know then, O Chiefs, that I, on behalf of the people of this village, invite you to trade with us. We have many things which are new to you, and which we would willingly exchange for some of yours. Moreover'—here he unrolled the parchment and revealed a wonderful kind of declaration, with pictures of Europeans and Indians, and tents and camp-fires, which produced a smile of pleasure and admiration on the faces of his visitors—'I have here the Charter of the Knights of Liberty Hall, who are vowed to preserve peace and concord between your people and ours. Now, we know that you are not the enemies of our race, whom we are forced to visit with fire and the sword, but brave men and true. We know, too—our man of wisdom hath declared it—that you are come to return to us the fair-faced, blue-eyed English boy, whose name is Donald!'

The eldest Chief's face remained inscrutable, but those of the two younger betrayed an almost imperceptible spasm of emotion for one half-second.

'Therefore,' continued Terry briskly, 'we are anxious for you to join our Brotherhood, accepting this Charter as a pledge. It remains with you, O strong and mighty Chiefs, to decide.' And he rolled up the parchment and waited, smiling.

Then the Indians smiled too, and the eldest, with his left hand outstretched and his right hand upon his breast, took the vow, the two others following suit. For they were peaceable folk at heart, and they longed for the right to possess that gay, brightly-coloured Charter. They were awed, too, by the fact that the white man had discovered the existence of their boy-prisoner—and not only that, but actually knew his name—and they felt sure that peace with these Englishmen was a thing to be desired above all others. So they were enrolled as Knights of Liberty Hall, though they did not take up their abode there, but went back with their Charter to the encampment in the forest.

The next day one more Knight was enrolled, and he did live with Terry and the others till, finally, when he grew to be a man, he married Priscilla Drummond and settled down in a home of his own. His name was Donald Carey.

Norah La Touche.

"'We know that you are not the enemies of our race.'"

"It was on to the top of these that Fred and Arthur had taken their leap."

THE WHITE RABBIT KNEW.

WILLIE WESTON gazed drearily out of the window. Fred and Arthur had gone to school. Not that he was sorry for that—Fred was so rough, and Arthur always followed Fred's lead—but all the same it was lonely.

The door opened, and a head popped in. 'Hullo, little chap!' said a merry voice. 'See what I've brought you!'

Willie's face brightened. 'Oh, Rex, what has brought you home?'

'This,' replied Rex, showing a little white rabbit. 'I swapped my penknife with Ashby for it. Give him these lettuce leaves, and he will be as happy as a king. Old Grimes will look after him to-night, and to-morrow I'll help you to make a hutch. Ta-ta! I must be off.'

Rex Conyers had no mother, and his father was a sea-captain. He had been several voyages with his father, but now had come to live with his uncle and aunt. Fred and Arthur resented his coming very much, and let him know it, but Willie and he were soon great chums, in spite of a difference in age. Willie was delicate and unable to go to school, and he loved to listen to the tales of sea-life, which Rex willingly told over and over again.

The afternoon in the company of the rabbit passed quickly, and it was with surprise that Willie heard his brothers' voices in the passage. Making a grab for his new pet, he looked round for a hiding-place. If Fred caught sight of it, he would be sure to take it away. His eyes fell on the old toy-cupboard standing invitingly open. Next moment boy and rabbit had disappeared.

'Hullo, here's luck!' said Fred's voice. 'There's no one here.'

The two boys sat down with their heads close together. Willie, through a crack in the door, noted the attitude, and his heart sank.

'You know how he's always talking about storms at sea, till I'm tired of hearing about them,' began Fred. 'Let's give him a storm on land!'

'How do you mean?' said Arthur, in a puzzled voice.

'When he's asleep to-night we will get under his bed and heave him up and down. It's a spring mattress, and we'll make him spring! He will think he's back on the briny ocean when he wakes. What do you say?'

'It seems a bit sneaky always ragging a chap who never returns it!'

'Serve him right! What business has he to come and live here? We don't want him. Come on, old chap. You might do it!'

'I'm not keen on it, but we'll do it if you like,' said Arthur, slowly.

After settling details, the two clattered down the staircase. Willie waited till the sound ceased, then came out of his hiding-place.

'Will they, then?' he said, addressing the rabbit.

Tea-time came, but as Rex arrived at the last moment, Willie had not the opportunity of speaking to him. Afterwards the three settled to their lessons, and still he had no chance. Eight o'clock struck, and the three were still busy. Anxiously Willie looked at the clock. He would have to go to bed directly. He dare not tell before the two boys, but how awful it would be for Rex to be awakened by the bed rocking up and down! Suppose he had a fit! Suddenly an idea came.

'I say, Fred, have you seen my white rabbit? Old Grimes has it.'

'A rabbit? Where did you get it?' asked Fred, excitedly. 'Come on, Arthur! Grimes leaves about eight.' The two tore downstairs.

In two minutes Willie had told what he had heard. 'Wouldn't you have been awfully frightened, Rex?' he finished.

'Yes, I should,' replied his cousin, slowly, 'if you hadn't warned me.'

It was eleven o'clock when two barefooted figures slipped down the passage. Rex's room was dark, and only the outline of the still figure could be seen. The boys dropped to their knees, and crawled quietly under the bed. The next moment it began to heave gently. The figure never stirred. Higher and higher rose the tempest. Still there was no sound.

'The chap sleeps like a log,' whispered Fred, disgusted at the downfall of his joke. 'Heave a bit more, Arthur! He's bound to wake soon.'

The two heaved and heaved till the perspiration ran down them.

'Hark! Father's coming upstairs!' gasped Arthur. 'We shall catch it if he finds us. Come on!'

They fled back to their own room and took a flying leap into bed. The next moment each had taken a flying leap out again and two wild yells filled the air.

Mr. and Mrs. Weston turned pale and rushed to the room and turned on the light. They found the boys standing in the middle of the floor, rubbing themselves.

'There's something in bed, and it's bitten me,' said Fred with a catch in his voice.

'Me, too,' said Arthur with a groan, trying to rub himself all over at the same time.

'Nonsense! you've been dreaming!' Mr. Weston swung back the clothes and gazed in surprise at a collection of hair-brushes, coat-brushes, nail-brushes, tooth-brushes, scrubbing-brushes, floor-brushes, and bristly brushes of every description.

Mr. Weston broke into a roar of laughter. 'My word!' he said, 'you've got the worst of it this time, boys! What have you been doing to Rex? Out with it!'

'It can't be Rex, Father. He's in bed. We've just been to his room. He's fast asleep,' said Fred with a scarlet face.

'Just been to his room? At this time of night? Now, make a clean breast of it. What's the latest practical joke?'

Slowly and shamefacedly the boys confessed. At the end Mrs. Weston laughed merrily. 'That accounts for it! I wondered why Rex asked if he could sleep with Willie to-night. He must have found out.'

'But, Mother,' said Arthur, 'we saw him in bed.'

Mr. Weston left the room and came back smiling broadly. 'There's a pillow down the middle, but no Rex. It serves you right, boys! Now, clear these things out and hop into bed, though it would serve you right if I made you spend the night on the top of them.'

Silence followed Mr. and Mrs. Weston's departure. Then there was a smothered giggle from Arthur. 'I say, Fred, I think Rex has got his own back this time. I'm sure I came bang on the top of cook's scrubbiest brush. I can feel the prickles still. Can't you?'

No reply but a grunt, and silence fell again.

'I say, Fred, we've both been cads to Rex and I shall tell him so in the morning. What do you say?'

Another grunt, followed by another silence.

'I say, Fred, what beats me is, how did the chap find out? What do you think?'

'I think,' said Fred, rousing up wrathfully, 'that if you'd stop your everlasting jabber I should be able to get to sleep, which I can't while you chatter like a magpie!'

Arthur collapsed.

The next morning he made his apology and was met half-way.

'Don't say any more about it, old chap,' replied his cousin. 'I hope the brushes didn't scrub much.'

Arthur grinned. 'Pretty fair! But how did you find out?'

'Ah! that's a secret! Better ask the white rabbit.'

Arthur waylaid Willie. 'I say, how did Rex find out, Willie?'

'Ah! that's a secret! Better ask the white rabbit.'

Arthur thought they were only joking, so gave the matter up, which was a pity, because, of course, the white rabbit knew! C. E. T.

BOYS WHO MADE A MARK.

I.—THE PEASANT PAINTER.

(Jean Francois Millet.)

(Concluded from page 6.)

ALTHOUGH Millet had the courage to make his great decision with regard to painting, and choose what, to him, seemed the right course, success did not by any means come at once. Some very hard years followed, during which he and his family often knew what it was to want for bread; indeed, they were starving at a time when all Paris was talking about his picture, 'The Winnower,' which had not only been hung in a prominent place in the Salon, but, before the end of the season, had found a purchaser. No murmur or complaint had come from them; it was a neighbour who discovered their plight, and sent word, through an artist friend, to the purchaser of the picture, who came himself, and not only paid the money, but brought Millet an order from the Government to paint a picture, the subject of which he was to choose himself.

With some of the money thus obtained, the Millets removed from Paris to a little village called Barbizon, on the edge of the Forest of Fontainebleau; here they found a small cottage, which they rented for six pounds a year. A tiny barn adjoined the cottage, and in a room of this, with one small window and no fireplace, Millet, during the next five years, painted some of his greatest pictures. It was cold and damp at the best, and this, added to his previous privations, no doubt gave rise to the terrible headaches from which he suffered all the rest of his life.

To Millet, weary of town life, the peace of the country was an endless joy. He felt as if he were back in his old home at Gruchy, as he watched the peasants sowing and reaping, ploughing and digging. 'A peasant I was born, and a peasant I will die!' he cried. 'I will say what I feel and paint things as I see them.'

He was the first French painter who had the courage to show the labourer at his work. When a boy at home he had sketched the figure of a peasant scattering seed as he walked across a newly ploughed field. Out of this little sketch grew 'The Sower,' the first of the celebrated pictures painted in the Barbizon village. After being exhibited in the Salon, it soon found an American purchaser, but Millet had to take what he could get for it, being hard pressed to support himself and family.

It was while he was working and struggling like this at Barbizon that bad news came from the Normandy home. His mother and grandmother found it hard to make a living, and it grieved him sorely that he could neither help them nor spare money to go and see them. The news of the success of 'The Sower' gave great happiness to these two devoted women, and cheered the last few months of the good old grandmother's life; but she was failing fast, and died very shortly after.

Millet was heart-broken, the more so that work and other circumstances prevented him from hastening to his mother, who was both ill and sad, for her daughters were married and gone away, and her sons had to seek their fortunes in other lands; times being bad, the farm no longer sufficed to keep them all. She wrote him of all this, adding, 'I cannot either live or die content, so great is my longing to see you. If I had wings, I would fly to you!'

He promised to go to her as soon as possible, and the faithful mother sat in her old home listening and waiting in vain for her son's footstep. At length one day, still hoping and believing to the last that he would come, she passed away with the name of Francois on her lips.

Millet's grief was very bitter when he thought of the patient mother and grandmother, both of whom had waited and longed in vain for his return, and whom now he could never again look forward to seeing in the old home.

At last fortune began to smile a little on him, and he painted and sold several successful pictures. The most famous of all was that familiar one, 'The Angelus.' It was a home scene, which had early impressed itself on his memory: the young labourer and his wife pausing from their work as the Angelus bell, calling to evening prayer, steals on the evening air, telling them that the day's toil is nearly over. The husband takes off his hat and bows his head, whilst the wife, in her blue apron, short skirt and sabots, clasps her hands, and murmurs a little prayer. Many a time had Millet seen his father and mother standing thus, whilst the Angelus was borne upon the evening breeze.

After all his troubles, you will doubtless expect to hear that our poor Francois was now about to make his fortune, but this was not the case: 'The Angelus,' which is now famous all over the world, did not at first even find a purchaser, and it was only after a great deal of bargaining that it was finally sold to a Belgian for one hundred pounds.

At last, however, times changed, and the world began to realise that the 'Peasant Painter' was a genius. Orders came in from far and wide, and he had but to name his price. Even the French Government acknowledged the greatness of his work by commissioning him to decorate the Chapel of Sainte

Genevieve in the Pantheon. Millet was proud and pleased beyond words at the honour accorded him, and at once began sketching out ideas in charcoal; but the order had come too late for him; death stepped in before it was completed and called the painter to a well-earned rest.

He sleeps beneath a tall pine, in the little cemetery at Grenville, near to the old church he had so often painted, and lying on the edge of the plain over which the sound of the Angelus still floats, as in the days of his childhood. By his own express wish, he was buried like a peasant, as his father and mother had been before him.

'But,' you will ask—if you have been interested in this little sketch of a man who struggled so bravely through long years of failure and injustice—'did this illustrious painter never get the full recognition he deserved?'

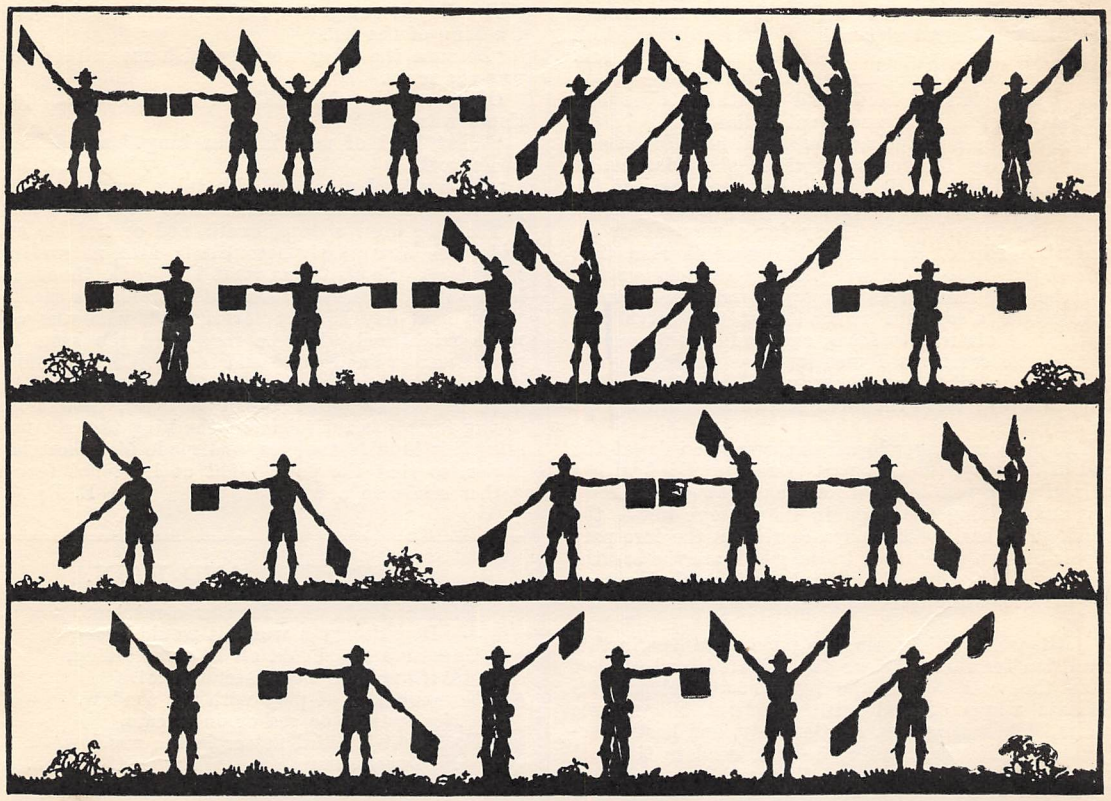
Yes—not only was his work recognised, but his simple, noble character, also. His widow, to whom the State granted a small pension, lived to see enormous prices paid for the very pictures her husband had tried—in some cases without success—to sell for daily bread. But the first public recognition did not come until 1887—twelve years after his death—when an exhibition of his once-despised works was held in Paris. Out of the results, a statue of Millet was put up in the market-place of Cherbourg, overlooking the coast he loved so well.

This exhibition was followed, a year or so later, by an International one, when a collection of his works was brought together, many of them coming for the purpose from other lands. 'The Angelus,' however, was not included, but that summer it was offered for sale in Paris, and became, amidst a scene of the wildest enthusiasm ever known, the property of France for all time, on payment by that country of the enormous sum of thirty-two thousand pounds.

So it came to pass that the 'Peasant Painter' received his due, and is known for ever not only as a great artist, but as a man who had high ideals, and the courage to stick to them. C. M. Foot.

The Sower. By J. F. Millet.

(Photograph by Richgitz.)



A SCOUT SIGNAL FOR *CHATTERBOX* READERS. (Answer on page 35.)

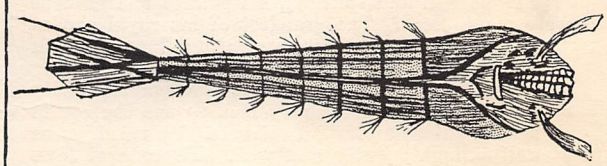
THE LIFE-STORY OF A GNAT.

II.—LIFE BELOW WATER.

NO doubt you wonder how the gnat larva by merely poking out the tip of its breathing-tube can float in an upright position. This difficulty would be quite plain if you could take a peep at the breathing-tube through a magnifying-glass. When the larva rises to the surface, the tip of the tube, which is very sharp and pointed, pierces through the water, but once out in the air its end opens out into five tiny flaps, which spread out like a cup and act as a kind of float.* It is against the pull of this 'float' that the larva suspends its weight.

When the larva is half-grown, its head is quite large, but at the end of ten days the body just below the head has become largest. Just think of a gnat for a moment. You will remember that the largest part of its body, to which the wings and legs are joined, is that part next the head. So you will be able to understand the development of the larva into gnat form, although at this stage it no more resembles a gnat than an egg does a chicken.

At the end of ten days the larva is full-fed, if food has been plentiful. Yet it never appears to eat anything during these days of the larva period; that is due to the fact that its food is so very small as to be invisible to the naked eye. On each side of its mouth



The Pupa or Chrysalis of the Gnat.

are brushes of hair. These are continually contracting and expanding, thereby causing constant currents of water from which they extract the most minute living bodies and particles of vegetable matter, and carry them to the mouth.

I have said that the larva can become full grown in ten days, yet should the water in which it is developing be clean, and food therefore scarce, it will remain in larva form for a much longer period. But given ordinary conditions, eleven days will show wonderful results.

* It is by taking advantage of this fact that scientists have been able to get rid of the dangerous malaria mosquito, a near relative of our gnat. They cover the surface of pools with a thin coat of oil, so that the larva either cannot get its breathing-tube through, or is choked in doing so.

The larva rises to the surface of the water accompanied by some strange-looking little objects, which appear to have very little body but a great head. There are some other puzzling creatures, too — ghost-like larvae, having heads and breathing-tubes like ordinary larvae, but transparent bodies.

Had you been watching, you would have discovered for yourselves the reason of these ghost larvae, as we will call them. You would have seen one of the ordinary larvae that were resting upon the surface beginning to wriggle its body for a moment or so, and then slip off its skin. It was this skin that caused the ghost-like larva. But the skin-change was not the only marvellous thing you would have seen; you might also have noticed that the larva had completely altered its form, and had become one of those little creatures I mentioned as having a very large head but a small body. What had really happened was this—the larva had turned into a pupa or chrysalis.

The pupa no longer breathes through a tube at the end of its body, for that part is now provided with a pair of small paddles, and remains below water, helping and guiding the pupa in its passage about the pond. The back of the pupa carries on the fore part a pair of trumpet-shaped tubes, which are the breathing organs. To use these its back is pushed out at the surface, while its head remains doubled under the body.

If the weather is warm, the pupa continues in this condition for three or four days. At the end of that time the gnat within the pupa has developed, its delicate wings covered with beautiful but minute scales, its six long legs, slender body, and head bearing a pair of wonderful eyes—wonderful in the fact that they consist of several thousand lenses—and a long sucking trunk containing a set of perhaps the neatest surgical instruments in the world: all these marvellous little organs have been developing within the pupa form by some most mysterious process.

AN ANECDOTE OF ANCIENT MEXICO.

ONCE there lived, on the beautiful shores of Lake Tezcuco, a king of the Aztecs, who bore the long name of Nezahualcoyotl. The province which he governed was rich and splendid, his palaces and gardens were magnificent. The grandest of his royal abodes was said to be three-quarters of a mile long and half a mile wide.

Nezahualcoyotl was a good sort of king. He kindly allowed scientific and literary men to use the courts of his big palace as restful retreats. He ruled, as he himself thought, justly and well. His code of laws was excellent.

Being a great lover of trees, he made very strict regulations concerning woods and forests. For instance, no man in his kingdom might cut down a tree, either on public or private property, without planting ten trees, to 'make up for' his act. It did not occur to the king that his quite good and rightful care for the trees made things hard for some of his poorer subjects, who dared not even enter the woods, in case they should be suspected of breaking one of the numerous forest laws.

But one day, when Nezahualcoyotl was out walking, he saw a little boy picking up sticks in a field.

'Why do you not gather fuel in the forest?' inquired the king of the lad.

'Because the king would punish me with death,' was the reply.

Of course the child did not know who his questioner was.

'What kind of man is your king?' asked Nezahualcoyotl.

'A very hard man, sir. He takes away from the people what heaven has given them.'

The king drew a deep breath, and opened his eyes wide. He was greatly astonished; also, naturally, a little hurt. So that was what his people thought of him! Well, he would soon put that matter right.

The next day he sent for the lad, who was very much frightened when he recognised the king, and remembered what he had said to him. But Nezahualcoyotl spoke kindly to the child, and presented him with a valuable gift; and ever after, though still caring for his beautiful trees, the king thought more about his humble subjects, and made his forest laws easier, so that the poor might at least not fear to gather sticks in a wood. E. Dyke.

SUNSHINE AND RAIN.

IF the clouds were for ever a-raining,
How dreary a world it would be;
I am sure we should all be complaining,
With nothing but water to see!
No sunbeams at play with the shadow,
Nor sparkle on sea or on stream,
No bright-jewelled flower in the meadow,
No sweet summer warmth from the beam.

If the sun were for ever a-shining,
Less lovely the good earth would look:
I think we should all be repining—
No sweet rippling wave in the brook.
But parched would be field, lane, and heather,
The bright flowers would all hang the head,
And, dried up by hot, sunny weather,
Ere long be all withered and dead.

But the rain keeps the world fresh and tender,
And brings out the flowers in the lane;
And the sun when it shines in its splendour,
How fair it looks after the rain!
So let us live lives uncomplaining,
Nor the good gifts of God let us spurn,
But look for the sun after raining,
And welcome the rain in its turn.

Frank Ellis.

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 19.)

CHAPTER III.

FATHER set the small child on the ground as the dog vanished in the distance. It stopped crying, and scampered away as fast as its feet could carry it. But Father bent and looked at the place on his leg

for a few moments before he began whistling very softly. Mary and John knew that whistle well. It meant that Father was thinking very hard about something that bothered him. They waited until the whistle stopped, because they knew that he did not like to have his thoughts interrupted.

And also they were frightened, almost too frightened to speak. There had been something terrifying in that strange yellow dog, which bit but did not bark, and which passed so silently and so swiftly, as though it answered to the voice of some invisible master. It was like some ghost-dog; like something not quite real. And what did Julfu mean by saying, 'Mad, mad, mad?'

Then Father stopped whistling, and stood up straight again; and when he caught sight of Mary and John, and saw how white were their faces and that there were tears in Mary's eyes, he laughed, and said, 'That was an ugly, bad-tempered dog, children, wasn't it? Never mind. It was running so fast, it must have run into the sunset by this time. I am quite sure it will never come back again.'

'It will run till it dies,' Julfu muttered.

Mary brushed her tears away quickly with the back of her hand, and hoped that John had not seen them. 'Did it hurt you, Father?' she asked. 'Did its teeth go through your boot?' For her father was wearing brown riding-boots made of stout leather, which covered his leg almost to the knee.

'It only just grazed the skin, old girl. There isn't much damage done. We must get home quickly now, or Mother will think that we have lost ourselves.'

He began to walk, as he spoke, in the direction of the camp. He never forgot as a rule that the legs of Mary and John were not as long as his own legs, and so suited his pace to theirs. But now he walked very quickly, while the children panted alongside, and Julfu followed, muttering to himself from time to time.

The glare from the camp-fires on the cliff illumined the road which led up from the river, for already it was almost dark, since there is little twilight in India. The road was empty now, for the pack-animals were gathered in companies close to the water, resting for the night, while their owners cooked the evening meal. In the early dawn the procession would start again on its way to the railway, which began at the very edge of the forests, twenty miles distant.

The camping-ground itself was sprinkled with little fires, in addition to the large fire by the kitchen tent. There were many different castes among the servants and the camp-followers, and it was the custom that each caste should eat alone. In the far corner the elephant stood like some great, black, ever-restless shadow. An elephant in good health is never quite still; some part of its body, even if it be the tail only, is always in motion. From the camels came an occasional bubbling protest as one pushed against another, seeking to oust it from a good position.

In the tent and the little bungalow the lamps were lit, and Mother sat waiting in the verandah with Arnold on her lap; she was watching the river path. 'And how many fish have you brought me?' she called in welcome.

'None at all,' Father answered quickly. And then he added, before Mary or John could speak, 'Run away, children; I want to talk to Mother alone now.'

Mary and John hesitated a moment before they obeyed. This was their special time with Mother, the last half-hour before supper. It was not like Father to forget such a thing. But he repeated, 'Run away,' in so decided a voice that they asked no questions, but turned towards the tent.

Miss Gomez was busy inside it with Ayah, setting things ready for the night. She was smiling, and every now and then she drew a letter from her pocket, and read a few sentences. 'This is from my dear Sebastien,' she explained. 'He has written to ask me to fix the wedding-day. His salary is to be raised in the autumn. We shall be married then. I must work hard, that my trousseau may be finished in time.'

She was so pleased that she made no objection when John suggested that he and Mary should eat their supper in the tent verandah. This was roofed with canvas, but was open on three sides, so that, sitting thus, the children could see through the open bungalow door into the room beyond.

Mother and Father had moved into the room from the bungalow verandah. They sat one at each end of the little table which with half-a-dozen chairs composed the furniture. Mother still held Arnold in her arms, and he had fallen asleep with his head against her shoulder. Father was resting his elbow on the table and his chin on his hand. He was looking very earnestly at Mother and talking very fast. Mary and John could hear the murmur of his voice, though they could not hear what he said.

They sat watching for a little while. They did not talk, because they were both troubled and uneasy. And then, presently, Ayah brought them supper on a tray. There were jam sandwiches, and a cake with pink icing and preserved cherries on the top; but they only looked at the tray and ate nothing. They did not feel inclined for supper; and when Ayah went into the tent again, John edged closer to Mary, and began to whisper, because he did not want Miss Gomez to overhear. But she would not have done so in any case; she was too busy telling Ayah about Sebastien, and her wedding that was to be, and the pretty clothes she intended to order.

'Mary,' John whispered, 'I'm going across to the bungalow to find out what is wrong. I can't bear not knowing any longer. I'm so unhappy, I just must know.'

John's voice sounded almost as though he were crying, only Mary knew that he never cried. But she reached out her hand without looking at him directly, and caught his hand very tightly; and John seemed quite pleased, and did not pull it away.

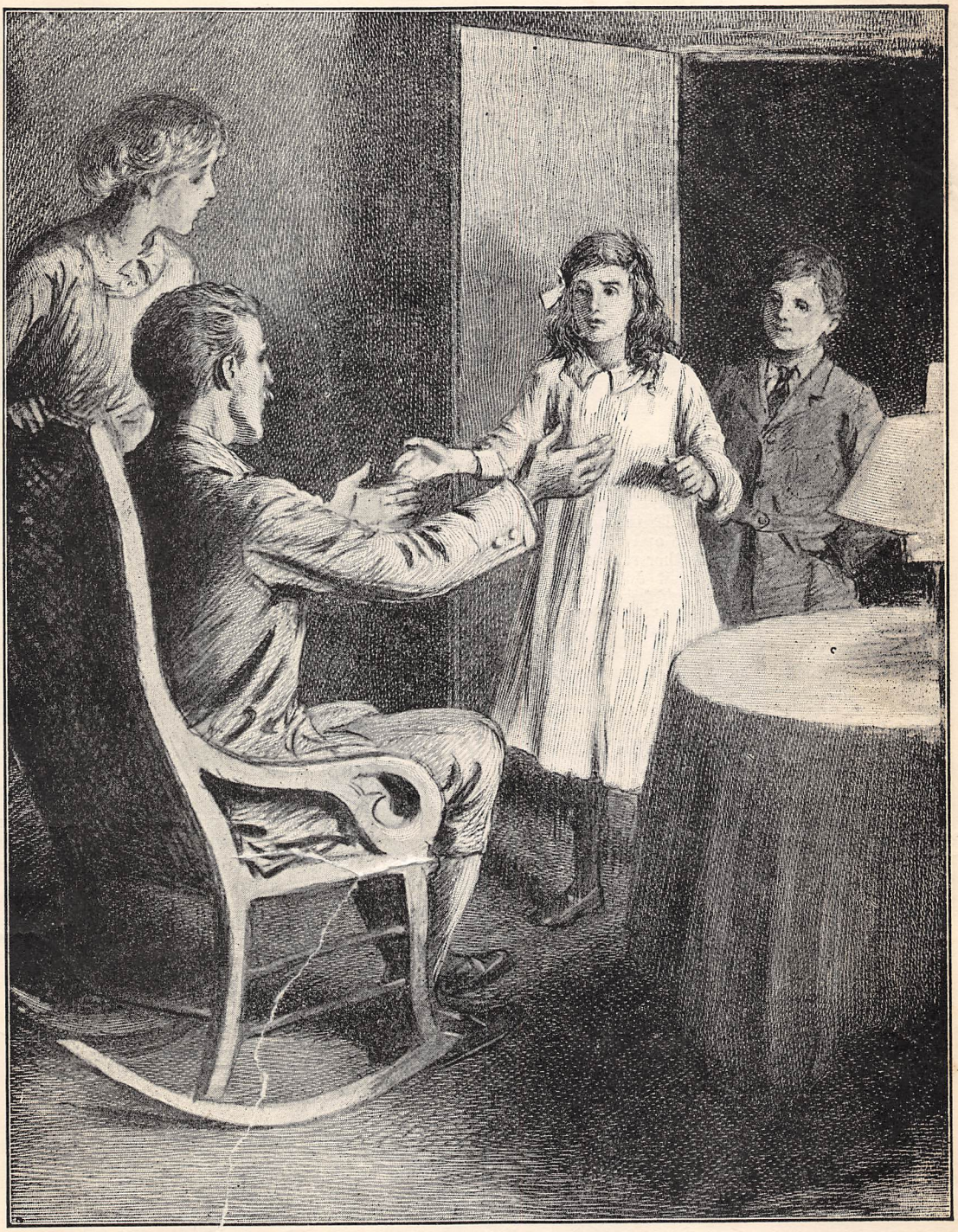
'It was that horrid dog,' he said. 'I am sure the thing that is wrong has something to do with that horrid dog. It was only a very little bite. Why should Father, who is so brave, mind it so much, and whistle about it? Generally he laughs when he's hurt. And why did he send us away when he knows it's our special time with Mother?'

John was sitting on the ground as he spoke, but now he got to his feet and pulled Mary after him.

'Come with me and ask,' he whispered. And, because they did everything together, Mary went with him across the band of shadow which lay between the bungalow and the tent. Up the verandah steps they went, and now they could hear Father talking quite plainly.

(Continued on page 34.)

"Father looked at the place on his leg for a few moments."



"'We were coming to ask what is wrong,' she cried."

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 31.)

'I SUPPOSE I had better go to Paris as soon as possible,' Father was saying. 'It seems a big fuss for so small a thing, but it is wiser to take every precaution in an affair of this kind. But I am sure there is nothing which you need worry about. Don't you think it would be best if you just stopped quietly with the children in India until I return?'

And then Mother answered: 'I must come with you. I could not bear to stay here waiting, waiting. You talk lightly of the bite, but you know how really serious it is. Miss Gomez must look after the children. I think she will do her best for them—though perhaps she is not very wise.'

Mary could scarcely believe that she heard aright. Surely it was not possible that Mother was planning to leave them—Mother, who loved them, and whom they loved so much! And she was frightened for her father, also—very frightened. She ran forward into the room with John at her heels.

'We were coming to ask what is wrong,' she cried, 'and we couldn't help hearing what you said just now. Oh, please, please do tell us what it means. It's—it's so frightening not to understand.'

She stood there, shaking a little, the tears in her eyes; and John too looked white and strange in the light of the lamp. And then Father reached out and took Mary on his knee, and drew John within the circle of his arm.

'Listen very carefully, children,' he said, 'and I will try and explain. I had meant to keep it from you, but perhaps it is better you should know, after all. That dog which bit me to-night was very ill, it was dying of an illness which is called rabies. Probably it is already dead; it will die in any case within the next few hours.'

'Is that what Julfu meant when he said "Mad! mad! mad!"?' Mary asked.

'Yes, that is what he meant. And because the dog bit me when it was ill, it is just possible that I may have caught from it the illness from which it was suffering.'

'Then send for the doctor,' Mary cried; 'send Chotun and Moti for him at once, Father. Oh, please. You mustn't be ill. Why, you might die like the dog is going to die.'

'It is no use sending for the doctor, little daughter, because our doctors in India have no medicine at present with which to cure this illness. There is only one doctor in the world who has the right medicine for it, and he lives very far away in a city called Paris.'

'I know where Paris is,' said John. 'I've seen it on the map. Paris is the capital of France. Mary always forgets and says it's the capital of Italy, but I remember.'

'Yes, it is the capital of France, and France is a long way from India, almost as far off as England is. But I must go to Paris unless I wish to be ill, and I must go just as soon as the Government will give me leave and can send some one to take charge of these forests in my place.'

'But why can't we all go with you? Mother said this afternoon that soon John and I must go to England.'

'You cannot come now because there is not time to arrange for berths for us all. We do not even know by which steamer we shall sail, for we shall be too late for the mail this week. And we have not enough money at present. Steamer passages are very expensive, and there will be money needed to pay the doctor in Paris also.'

And then Mother spoke. She had been sitting silent all this time, listening to Father. 'And so you must stay with Miss Gomez, my own children, since you cannot come with us, and she will take you to the house in the hills, and you will try to be very happy there, won't you, until Father and I come back? And the days will pass ever so quickly. Soon, very soon, we shall return.'

Mother smiled as she spoke, but there was something in her voice which made Mary slip from Father's knee, and run around the table and press her head hard against Mother's arm. She could not hug or kiss her as she would have liked to do lest Arnold should wake. But Father forgot this, and he came round the table also and kissed Mother. And, at that, Arnold woke and screamed, and it was very difficult to talk any more.

'Run away, children,' Father said loudly above the screams. 'We shall soon be back again, as Mother says, and we will bring you all sorts of nice things from France. Send Ayah for Arnold, and tell her to come quickly.'

(Continued on page 46.)

THE ANIMALS' DISPUTE.

THE animals had met together in order to talk about rank. Which of them was to be accounted the greatest and best? They talked, and talked, but the longer they talked the less they could agree.

'Oh, dear!' exclaimed the Horse, 'at this rate we shall never get any farther! Let us ask Man to decide this point for us. He is an outsider, not one of ourselves, and for that very reason he will be the fairer judge.'

'But,' inquired the mole, anxiously, 'are you sure that he is competent? Is man wise enough and clever enough to understand us? Some of us are so modest that it would need a highly intelligent mind, the finest perceptions, to discern our deeply-hidden virtues. Has man such a mind? I very much doubt it!'

'Wisely spoken!' cried the Marmot, who liked the sound of long words.

'Very good indeed!' chimed in the Hedgehog. 'I, for one, will never believe that man possesses the ability to judge us!'

'Silence!' ordered the Horse. 'Everybody knows that those who have the weakest case are always the first to throw doubts upon the fitness of the judge. I shall ask the Man to be good enough to give us his opinion.'

The Man consented to act as judge. But before he could open his mouth to say anything, the Lion asked him a question: 'Before you proceed to business, Mr. Man,' said the Lion, 'tell us by what rule you intend to be guided in your decision. How are you going to measure our worth?'

'By the rule of usefulness, to be sure,' replied the Man. 'I shall rank you according to the exact degree of your usefulness to me. That is all that I shall consider!'

The Lion was offended. 'Thank you!' he said sarcastically. 'In that case, I should rank below the Ass! You shall not be our judge, Mr. Man—you may go.'

The Man went. 'There!' said the sneering little Mole, speaking for her friends the Hedgehog and the Marmot, as well as for herself, 'You have heard the Lion's opinion, Mr. Horse! You see that he thinks as we do.'

'But with better reason,' growled the Lion, with a contemptuous glance at the three small animals.

'Wrangling about rank,' continued the Lion, 'seems to me a very stupid and undignified employment—a sheer waste of time, in fact—for any sensible beast. I've had enough of it! You may place me highest or lowest, it will be all the same to me! I know my own worth: that is enough.'

So saying, the Lion stalked majestically away.

He was followed by the wise Elephant, the bold Tiger, the solemn Bear, the clever Fox, and the noble Horse; by all, in short, who knew, or thought they knew, their own worth.

The last to move off, and those who grumbled most at the break-up of the meeting, were the Monkey and the Ass.

From the German, by E. Dyke.

A SHAKESPEARE GARDEN.

IN the Park at Golder's Green, in the North-West of London, there is a very beautiful garden. Within this larger garden, there is a very small one, but it is full of interest, especially to all those who are lovers of the great poet, William Shakespeare; for there is a notice put in this little garden, which informs visitors that within are found every one of the flowers and herbs which are mentioned in the works of Shakespeare.

Some time ago, when I was there, I was interested in looking at the little wooden labels, placed where these plants are growing.

Among some of the flowers which are mentioned by Shakespeare, there are the rose, violet, primrose, cowslip, rosemary, carnations, gillyflowers (a variety of stock), daffodils, lilies, marigolds—though there are of course many more.

Then there are various herbs, such as lavender, mint, marjoram, wild thyme, and rue (or herb of grace).

Some time ago, when some friends of mine were visiting Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of Shakespeare, they came on a bank where there was wild thyme growing. In the Midsummer Night's Dream the beautiful line occurs:

'I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows.'

It is pleasant to think that, though not perhaps likely, it is possible that it was the very 'bank' whereon Shakespeare had himself seen it growing.

It would be interesting if some of our readers who are fond of flowers, and also fond of Shakespeare, could try and make a complete list of the plants and flowers that are mentioned in the works of this great poet; and if you ever go to Stratford-on-Avon, ask to be allowed to see the garden behind Shakespeare's birthplace, and there too you will see all flowers, fruit, and herbs mentioned by Shakespeare.

Frank Ellis.

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

THE daisy and the buttercup,
They are the children's flowers.
They blossom in the meadow,
Through all the sunny hours.
The Spring is always pleasant,
The world is fair to see,
And yet without the daisy
How far less sweet 'twould be.

The pansy's many-coloured,
Violets are white and blue;
And in the radiant garden beds
Are flowers of varying hue.
But meadows would not be the same
When the long dark winter's done,
Did not the yellow buttercup
Open beneath the sun.

As buttercups in meadows,
As daisies red and white,
So are the little children
With faces glad and bright.
Like to the flowers in Springtime
That grow beneath our feet,
They bless us with their beauty,
And make the earth more sweet.

Frank Ellis.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

2.—GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

1. I! a cream.
2. O! yes, a plain.
3. Cap lit on stone.
4. Is drain.
5. Eel, lax chap ail.
6. One real sire.

C. J. B.

(Answer on page 75.)

ANSWER TO CHARADE ON PAGE 3.

Scar-borough.

ANSWER TO 'SCOUT SIGNAL' ON PAGE 29.

The signal is: 'Your Little Brother is Most Useful.'

THE LIFE-STORY OF A GNAT.

III.—IN THE AIR.

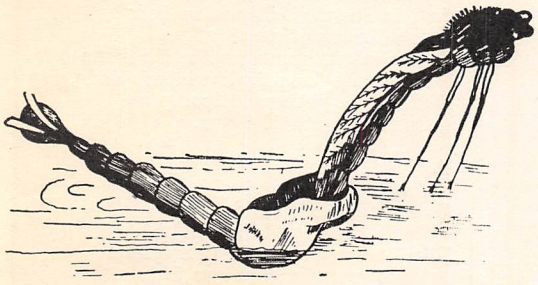
AND now, after two weeks' time, the most important moment of all has arrived for the 'gnat-that-is-to-be.' The delicate and marvellous organs whose development you heard about are all to be used. The strange little organism is to leave its watery dwelling-place and become a creature of the air.

To see the ugly pupa resting upon the surface of the water, with its breathing-horn just sticking out, was very surprising. By what means the astonishing change from a water-creature to a creature of the air was to take place was at first difficult to understand. Yet a few moments' patient watching revealed even this secret.

The pupa suddenly unbent its body, until it lay stretched out just under the surface of the water. It was at this instant that the gnat began to come forth. Very slowly that part of the pupa near to where the breathing-horns are attached began to rise out of the water. The skin then cracked and burst

open, allowing a rounded mass to slide out and rise gradually into the air. As it rose higher and higher, one could see that it was the middle portion of the gnat which was pushing itself upward, and leaving its pupa skin.

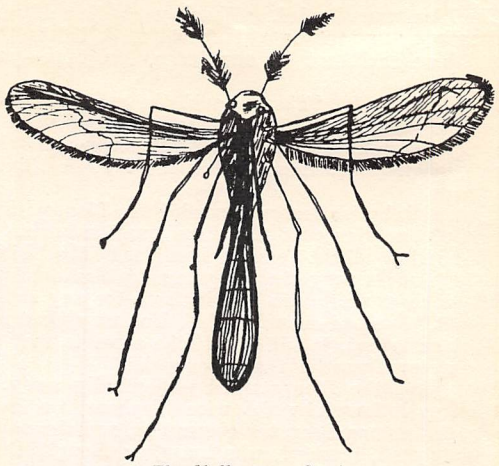
Out came the head, the feelers, the trunk, and lastly, the long legs, from the pupa-skin sheath. To withdraw the legs was a somewhat difficult task, for the gnat had to rise almost upright, and risk being blown over into the water by a sudden puff of wind. If that had happened all would have been over for the emerging gnat—it would with certainty have become



The Gnat coming out of the Pupa-skin.

the prey of a sticklebat, the larva of a water-beetle, or some other resident of the pond, many of which were greedily waiting for such an accident to occur.

But all went well with the gnat: its forelegs were freed, and very delicately placed on the very top of the water's surface while the second and third pairs were drawn out. Then the wet wings were shaken out of their folds, and a second later the hind parts were disentangled. The gnat made good use of the



The Full-grown Gnat.

discarded pupa-skin: it served as a boat, upon which the gnat stood to adjust its legs and its newly-acquired wings, getting every part into perfect working order, just as an airman will his machine before venturing upon a flight. But here the gnat was both aeroplane and airman.

At length all was ready. The gnat rested from its exertions for a few moments, seeming almost to gain courage to try its gauzy wings during the short respite. Then from the boat which was once part of itself it gave itself a push off and soared away into the free air. How it gained the knowledge to launch out into the winged life during the period spent in the watery home is one of Nature's secrets.

THERE was a wise professor who
Collected fish and fowls,
And ostriches and kangaroos,
And crocodiles and owls.

Said he, 'I've birds and fish and beasts
From all the lands that be,
And all the snakes I have, except
The serpent of the sea.'

He met an aged mariner
Who'd sailed on every sea;
Said he, 'I met the serpent north
Of North Amerikee,

'And the only way to catch him,'
Said the sailor, solemnly,
'Is to coax the pretty creature
With a giant gooseberree.'

"'Which is my way
To find the Northern Pole?'"

The wise professor wandered,
And east and west went he,
Till he found a farmer-man who grew
The giant gooseberree.

He fattened them to feed his geese
For making liver pies;
He sold a basket to the sage,
And slowly winked both eyes.

The wise man travelled north, and met
A seal who did agree
To tell the wise man where to find
The serpent of the sea.

'But first,' said he, 'I am a seal
And you must pay my tax;
I cannot seal my letters, for
I have no sealing wax.'

He gave him sealing wax, and then
The seal replied, 'The hole
Where lives the great sea-serpent is
Behind the northern pole!'

He sought the pole, and met a bear
Who in the snow did roll;
'Good bear,' said he, 'which is my way
To find the northern pole?'

The bear replied, 'I have no boots,
And barefoot I must go.'
The wise man took his two boots off,
And shivered in the snow.

And when the bear had shown the way,
He clambered speedily
Right up the pole and there he saw
The serpent of the sea.

He took a gooseberree, and called,
And flung it craftily:
The serpent snapped, and choked upon
The giant gooseberree!

The wise man wept to see him choke,
And sadly home went he;
And never in his tank you'll find
The serpent of the sea.

F. O. Neill Gallagher.

THE ANCIENT SEPULCHRES OF KINGS.

KINGS usually have fine funerals and grand tombs. The very word 'mausoleum' (which we use for a stately sepulchral monument) is derived from the name of Mausolus, King of Caria, whose very elaborate tomb at Halicarnassus was erected by his widow so long ago as 353 B. C. This tomb was accounted one of the seven wonders of the world. It stood for many centuries, and probably was overthrown at last by an earthquake.

The monument had a basement sixty-five feet high, a colonnade twenty-three and a half feet high, and above that a pyramid rising by steps to a similar height. On the apex of the pyramid stood a group of statuary, representing King Mausolus and his wife riding in a quadriga (a two-wheeled car drawn by four horses abreast). The fragments of the King's statue have been dug up, pieced together, and placed in the British Museum.

The most celebrated royal monuments are, of course, the Egyptian Pyramids. These, too, were classed among the seven wonders of the world. They are masses of stone or brick, seventy in number, of varying size, with square bases and triangular sides. The three largest are the most famous. One, called 'The Great Pyramid,' is the tomb of Cheops. It once stood higher than the dome of St. Paul's, and covered a very large area, but it has been greatly stunted and spoiled by the removal of some of the bricks for the building of Cairo.

Obelisks (like the one on the Thames Embankment, which we call 'Cleopatra's Needle') were sometimes used for the decoration of royal sepulchres.

At Agra, in India, there is a magnificent mausoleum, which the Emperor Shar Jehan built as a monument to his wife and himself. On this twenty thousand men were continuously employed for twenty years. The principal parts are of white marble, and the whole building is exquisitely beautiful.

In our own country, Stonehenge, according to some authorities, is a huge sepulchral monument. An old riddle says that Westminster Abbey is like a fireplace, because it contains the ashes of the great (grate). Henry the Seventh's Chapel is a splendid memorial.

The most extraordinary burying-place on record is that of Alaric, the leader of the Goths, who sacked Rome. According to his own instructions, his body was buried in the bed of a river, whose waters were diverted while the interment took place, then turned back upon their proper course. This difficult task was performed by prisoners who immediately afterwards were killed. In this cruel fashion Alaric made it impossible for the Romans to disturb the grave of their detested foe.

E. D.

ROUND THE WORLD WITH THE UNION JACK.

[Second Series.]

I.—BRITISH POSSESSIONS IN EUROPE.

IN most quarters of the world the English dominions have increased rapidly during the last five hundred years, and, if we look at a modern map of the world, we find that both in the Eastern and Western hemispheres whole countries are now coloured with the red hue that marks them out as part of the British Empire. In Asia, in Africa, in America, and in Australasia we have great possessions, but in Europe this is not the case, for Great Britain herself is one of the smallest countries in the Eastern hemisphere, and her European dominions outside the United Kingdom consist only of a few little islands and the fortress Cape of Gibraltar.

In the past, however, the English territories in Europe were large and important, for William I. was also Duke of Normandy, and during the centuries that followed the Conquest, many French provinces were added to the British realm, until, in 1415, Henry V. won the battle of Agincourt, and by this victory became actually King of France.

Henry's son, indeed, was crowned in Paris as well as at Westminster, but this was the beginning of the end. Henry VI., besides being a weak man, had foes

at home to contend with, and during his reign the great empire in France, which it had taken generations to build up, melted away as if by magic. At last only the town of Calais remained under British rule, and before long this too was lost.

However, although France itself threw off the English yoke, a remnant of our old dominion still remains, and this is a little group of islands, which once formed part of the dukedom of Normandy, and which, ever since the Conquest, have remained loyal to the successors of William I.

The four largest of these Channel Islands, as they are called, are Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney and Sark. They are very fertile, and the climate is warmer than that of England. The inhabitants are of French descent, and although their ancestors have been British subjects for so many centuries, they still speak a French dialect, and have many strange old Norman customs and superstitions.

We now leave the Channel behind us, and, sailing southward, through the Bay of Biscay and down the Portuguese coast, come to Gibraltar, a great headland at the south-east corner of Spain.

At first sight this place does not seem to be a very valuable possession, for it is simply a bare, sunburnt rock, with a bay at its foot; but its position and its strength give it a great importance.

Gibraltar is one of the most famous fortresses in the world, and, standing as it does at the entrance to the Mediterranean Sea, it guards the highway to India and Australia, and could, if necessary, prevent any hostile ship of war from passing westward through the straits on its way to England.

Gibraltar was gained by conquest in the reign of Queen Anne, and since that time many attacks have been made upon the fortress by Spain and by the united armies of Spain and France.

Soon after its capture by Sir John Rorke, in 1704, it was besieged by the Spaniards, and at one time during this siege five hundred brave volunteers determined that they would regain the Rock at all costs. They vowed that they would never return to the army until the feat was accomplished, and then, led by a goatherd, they made their way to the south side of the headland, and, climbing the rock, concealed themselves in a cave. The next day they actually succeeded in forcing their way into the fortress itself, but they were overcome by the English, and all were either killed or taken prisoners.

Another great siege began in 1779, and lasted for four years. Gibraltar was defended by Elliot, the Governor, and was fiercely bombarded for many months. The people imprisoned within the fortress suffered terribly, for besides the danger from the cannon of the enemy, their food was insufficient, and many died from fever and disease. The town was almost entirely ruined during this siege, and it is said that the soldiers became so accustomed to the bombardment, that they hardly troubled to avoid the shells that were continually exploding around them. A writer of the time tells us that there were two boys in the fortress, who, having very keen sight, 'could see the shot of the enemy in the air, almost as soon as it left the mouth of the gun. They were, therefore, constantly placed upon some part of the works to give notice of approaching danger.'

At one time six thousand shells were thrown daily into Gibraltar, but the garrison held out bravely, and at last the Spaniards were defeated, and peace was made.

The Straits of Gibraltar are about fifteen miles wide, and on the African shore opposite is the headland of Cape Spartel. In old times these two capes, Gibraltar and Spartel, were called the Pillars of Hercules, and Greek and Phoenician adventurers used to sail their little ships past them as they journeyed westward into the Atlantic Ocean, in quest of new lands. Nowadays many vessels pass through the Straits every day, on their way to Mediterranean and Eastern ports, and the picturesque town of Gibraltar is thronged with travellers from all parts of the world.

Gibraltar has a very good harbour, and it is a coaling station and naval port. The place is ruled by a military Governor, who is also Commander-in-chief of the forces, and a large garrison is always stationed there.

We must travel eastward for more than a thousand miles before we reach another English possession, and then we come to Malta, or as it used to be called in ancient days, Melita.

This little island has changed hands many times, and has belonged in turn to the Phoenicians, the Greeks, the Romans, and the Arabs.

Even now many of the inhabitants of Malta, and of the neighbour-islet, Gozo, which also belongs to England, show traces of Eastern origin, and the language which they speak resembles Arabic.

It was at Malta that St. Paul was shipwrecked, and we all know the wonderful account of the stormy voyage which is given by the writer of the Acts of the Apostles. He tells us how the unfortunate travellers were cast ashore by the waves, and kindly treated by the inhabitants of the island.

In 1530 Malta was granted to the Knights of St. John, by Charles V., and for many years they defended it bravely against the Turks. The present capital, Valetta, is named after La Valette, one of the most famous Grand Masters of the Order.

Napoleon took possession of the island in 1798, but later it was captured by Nelson, and since 1800 has belonged to England. Like Gibraltar, it is a coaling station for ships and a great naval port. Valetta is a very interesting town with an old cathedral and narrow streets which mount the hill in long flights of steps. The native women wear curious black hoods, which are not unlike the veils worn by Arab and Turkish ladies.

Still further east, near the coast of Asia Minor, is Cyprus, which, although the newest and perhaps the least known, is by far the largest of our European possessions.

The island, like Malta, has had many owners, for it was conquered by Egypt as far back as 1450 B. C., and since then it has belonged to Assyria, Persia, Greece and Rome. In 1191 it was occupied by Richard Coeur de Lion, and later came under the control of the Knights Templars.

All these different conquerors left traces behind them, and the island is full of wonderful and interesting buildings and antiquities.

In 1878, after the war between Turkey and Russia, Cyprus came into the possession of England, and it is now governed as a Crown Colony, although it is still called a Turkish province and the Italian sovereign also claims the title of King of Cyprus.

A. A. Methley.

"They were placed to give notice of approaching danger."

"They smothered the young king and little Richard, as they slept."

LITTLE KINGS AND QUEENS.

[Second Series.]

I.—EDWARD V. OF ENGLAND.

ALL Saints' Day, 1470, was the birthday of a little boy who was afterwards to become Edward V., King of England. This royal Prince was not born in a palace, as one might have expected, but in what was very nearly a prison. It was at the time of the Wars of the Roses, when Edward IV., the baby's father, was fighting to keep his throne, and the Queen and her little daughters had been obliged to take refuge in a dark, gloomy place, called the Sanctuary of Westminster, knowing that if they went out for a moment they would be taken prisoners, and perhaps killed.

All that winter the baby Prince and his mother stayed at Westminster, but in the spring Edward IV. gained a great victory, and was able to reach London, and take his wife and children to the royal palace.

On Whit-Sunday, the tiny six-months old boy was presented to the people of the City as Prince of Wales. Little Edward, who was a very beautiful and good baby, lay wrapped in a mantle of ermine in the arms of his father, and a small gold crown was placed on his head.

The King loved his little boy devotedly; he could not bear to be parted from him for a day, and wherever he went the baby Prince was taken too, carried in the arms of a Welsh soldier, named Sir Thomas Vaughan.

When Edward was old enough to begin his education, he was sent by his father to live at a beautiful place right in the country, called Ludlow Castle. Here the little Prince had his own attendants and gentlemen-in-waiting; in fact, quite a small court. He lived very strictly, according to the rules drawn up by King Edward, and he worked at his lessons for many hours in the day, so that he became wonderfully learned for his age. However, he was allowed amusements, too, for we read that 'noble stories are to be read aloud to him at dinner,' and he is 'to be allowed such honest sports as were devised expressly for his recreation.'

The young Prince grew up into a tall and well-grown boy, with a sweet, gentle face, as we can tell by his portraits. He rode splendidly, and it seems that he looked particularly well on horseback. He was very much loved by all those who waited upon him at Ludlow, for he was wonderfully thoughtful and considerate, more so than most boys of his age.

When he was a little more than twelve years old, the boy's father died, and he became Edward V., King of England. On April 24th he set out from Ludlow for London, dressed in the deepest mourning, except for the blue velvet mantle worn by Knights of the Garter, which hung over his black suit.

From the very first, the young King's reign was a sad and troubled one. While he was still on the road to London, many of his dearest friends were arrested and led away prisoners by order of the Duke Richard of Gloucester, the young King's uncle, who, it seems, was already planning to take the crown from his nephew, and himself become King.

Edward was very much distressed, and at first he wept and implored that his friends might be released. Finding that his tears did no good and that he was quite helpless, the young King became silently angry, and refused to speak to the Duke of Gloucester. His uncle tried in vain to soothe him by pretending great affection; he rode by the King's side into London, calling out to the people, 'Behold your Prince and Sovereign!' but Edward remained resolutely silent and sorrowful.

The date of the boy King's coronation was fixed for June 22nd, and in the meantime he lived in the Palace of the Tower of London, where all his pages and attendants were boys of his own age. For a short time he was treated as a King, but although, as we have seen, he was very wise and thoughtful for his age, he was never really allowed to reign, since Richard of Gloucester had been made the 'Lord Protector of England,' as it was called.

But this was not enough for Edward's uncle. He had made up his mind that he would be King.

He persuaded the young King to ask for his little brother, Richard, Duke of York, to be sent to him, for he wished to have both the boys in his power. This child was several years younger than Edward and he scarcely knew his elder brother, because he had always been with his mother, who had spoilt and indulged him in every possible way.

The Queen was terribly distressed at parting with him, for she knew only too well how Gloucester hated both the boys, but she was at last persuaded to let him go by being told that the King needed his little brother as a companion. This was not quite true, for Edward, as we know, was old for his age, whilst Richard was quite a baby. He was a delicate little boy, and this made him peevish and fretful, and besides, he continually worried his elder brother by asking to be allowed to return to his mother, a thing which the young King would gladly have permitted, had he been able to do so.

Meanwhile, the young King was very much troubled by the behaviour of his uncle; boy as he was, he saw quite well what Gloucester intended to do. He saw how all his friends and attendants were sent away from him until he was surrounded by strangers; and at last Richard made no more pretences. He filled London with his own soldiers, shut Edward and his brother as prisoners in the Tower, and proclaimed himself King of England.

All the preparations for Edward's coronation, even down to the royal robes, were used by Richard III., for he was a short, deformed man, and the young King was tall for his age. When the news was carried to the poor boy in the Tower, he said sadly: 'My uncle might take my crown, if he would leave us our lives.'

But this was not to be, as I expect that most of you know. Richard knew very well that so long as the two boys lived, he would not be really King. At first they were well treated, but, at last, all who waited upon them were sent away, and they were kept closely shut into one room. Then we are told by an old writer that Edward felt so lonely and deserted that 'he took no care of himself, and with the young babe, his brother, lingered in thought and heaviness.'

At last the wicked King decided to have Edward and his little brother killed secretly. I expect that most of you have heard how this was done, and have seen pictures of the little 'Princes in the Tower.'

In the middle of the night, when the poor boys were asleep, two men named Dighton and Forrest

were sent to the Tower, and there they smothered the young King and little Richard, as they slept, with the pillows on the bed, hiding their bodies afterwards in a secret place under the staircase of the Tower.

This ends the story of the sad, short reign of King Edward V. Yet although he died so young, before he had been able to rule, we know enough about his character and education to believe that this boy, if he had lived, would have made a good and wise King.

BOATS IN THE FOG.

A FISHING-BOAT was out at sea in a thick fog, and the men in it were afraid of getting upon the rocks. Suddenly, to their joy, they heard the faint sound of voices.

'Go ahead, lad, that's the way,' his mates called out to the man at the rudder, and they reached the shore in safety.

The voices were those of the women and children of the village. It was the custom there, when fog came on, for them to go down to the shore and sing in order to guide the boats home. S. Braine.

'MR. MACWHINNIE.'

Adapted from the French.

IT was market-day in the little country town. Almost every one in the place seemed to be out shopping. One shop, especially, that of the most important butcher in the neighbourhood, was very full; in fact, there was not sufficient space inside it for the customers, some having to wait outside.

Suddenly there was a loud noise in the shop; people were laughing, a dog was barking.

'My word!' said somebody, 'they seem very gay in there.'

'I mean to see the fun, whatever it may be,' said a stout country dame, as she elbowed her way through the crowd.

This is what she saw:

In the middle of the shop, surrounded by a ring of people who were laughing until the tears rolled down their cheeks, stood a big, elegantly-groomed brown poodle, face to face with a clumsy, stupid-looking butcher-boy.

The dog was evidently angry about something. He barked impatiently, with his eyes fixed upon the boy.

'Why, it's Mr. MacWhinnie!' exclaimed the stout woman. 'And are you not satisfied, Mr. MacWhinnie?' she said to the dog.

'If only I knew what he wanted!' said the butcher's boy, wrinkling his brows. 'I have served him with his joint and the other things, and yet he will not go away.' And the boy pointed to the large straw basket which stood beside the dog.

'It is because you have not served him properly,' said the farmer's wife, while every one continued to laugh.

'The lady is right,' said the boy's master from behind his counter. 'Just look at the book again, Arthur.'

The boy sulkily obeyed. Then, with a titter, he said 'Ah, yes! I had forgotten his marrow-bone.'

'Forgotten his bone!' exclaimed the stout lady, as with some difficulty she stooped to caress the animal. 'Toto's own portion! No wonder he refused to go without it!'

Meanwhile the eyes of the brown poodle were anxiously following Arthur's movements. When he saw him wrapping up the bone he barked again, but this time for joy. He frisked about, too, as well as he could in the full shop.

Then, when Arthur had placed the bone in the already well-stocked basket, the dog, taking the handle between his strong white teeth, pushed his way in a great hurry through the group of onlookers, who laughed again at his air of bustle and importance.

'They say,' remarked the farmer's wife, 'that the captain would not part with him for a hundred pounds. I can well believe it, for there is no dog like Mr. MacWhinnie!'

For the last year or more, the poodle and his master had provided amusement for the neighbourhood. When Captain MacWhinnie was compelled to retire after losing his right leg, he had made his home in his native town. Being unmarried, he engaged a housekeeper, an excellent woman but a terrible talker. Every morning her 'marketing' took up three solid hours of her time, so much gossiping went along with it!

This would never do, thought the captain. A brilliant idea came into his head. He bought a sprightly young poodle about fifteen months old, and trained him to do things. Every day for three months the captain patiently did his own shopping, accompanied by Toto, who carried in his mouth a basket to hold the things which were bought. Each morning the shops were visited in the same order.

At the end of three months, the captain judged that Toto was now sufficiently educated to do the marketing alone. The tradespeople were told that in future the dog was to be entrusted with the purchases. He would bring a basket, said the captain, and in the basket a book, wherein would be found a written list of the articles required. The captain asked the tradesmen to write the price against the names of the things supplied, saying that he would call once a fortnight to pay his account.

Thanks to Toto's remarkable intelligence, the plan worked very well. The first time the dog went on his round of errands he was attended by a small crowd of admirers; and as in that town it was the custom to call servants by the names of their masters, Toto was soon called by that of the captain. The butcher, the grocer, the man at the paper-shop, when they saw him coming, would say: 'Ah, here is Mr. MacWhinnie! What can I do for you to-day, sir?'

Thus their four-footed customer became quite an institution, to be pointed out with pride to strangers visiting the town, as he ran around the streets with his big straw basket.

One day something happened which made him more popular than ever.

Captain and 'Mr.' MacWhinnie were strolling along the river-bank, just outside the town, when they saw a youngster tumble into the water. The captain, hampered by his wooden leg, could do nothing, but his brave, sensible dog jumped into the river, caught hold of the boy's belt, and brought him safely to the shore.

The tale of this rescue spread rapidly through the town, and the Mayor decided to decorate the hero. So he asked the schoolmaster to give him one of the

"The dog was evidently angry about something."

medals which were awarded to specially good children, and himself attached it to the dog's collar.

Toto behaved quite properly during this ceremony, bending his head gracefully to receive the honour conferred upon him, though he would much rather have had a nice big bone! But the medal was not heavy, and he soon got used to it. And now nobody in all the town, or throughout the surrounding country, is more highly esteemed than good 'Mr. MacWhinnie.'

"He saw some one beckoning to him from a window."

THE LITTLE MAN OF VENICE.

A Legend of the Tyrol.

THIS may be called an airship story.

A little man from Venice used to visit the Tyrol every year to gather bars, sand, and dust of gold out of the mountain streams. He came in the spring, and went away in the autumn. He was a quiet, good-tempered person. On his way home, he was in the habit of passing a night in the hut of the goat-herd who lived on the mountain called the

Kothalp. But the old goat-herd died, and a wicked man came to live in the hut. When the Venetian arrived, as usual, to beg a night's lodging, this man thought he would kill him and take his gold; but a little herd-boy warned the stranger, who thus was able to escape. The Venetian was never seen again in the Tyrol.

When the herd-boy grew up, he became, first a servant, then a soldier. With his regiment he marched into Italy, and was stationed at Venice. He was walking about, admiring the palaces, when he saw some one beckoning to him from a window. He ran up the marble staircase, and was received at the top by a richly-dressed gentleman, who took him into a splendid room and made him sit on a sofa beside himself.

The young man did not at first recognise the Venetian, who said to him: 'Long ago you saved my life on the Kothalp. Now you are going to be rewarded. Tell me your wish; you shall have whatever you ask.'

'Thank you, sir!' said the soldier, 'but I want nothing. I merely did my duty.'

The Venetian, though pleased with this answer, still pressed the soldier to accept something from him. 'Let me make you rich,' he said.

'I am rich already,' replied the soldier, 'having health and contentment. But one wish, indeed, I have—that I might leave the army and return home to one whom I love.'

Then the gentleman put over the soldier's shoulders a mantle, which he covered with a white cloth. The soldier felt himself rising, and heard the Venetian saying, 'My greetings to your bride.' Through the bow-window passed the cloth, and carried its passenger through the air to the home of his betrothed, setting him down gently at her door. In the pocket of the mantle he found a valuable wedding present, for it was full of gold.

With this the young man bought himself out of the army. He became the happy husband of the girl he loved, and everything went well with him for the rest of his life. E. Dyke.

NOTHING NEW.

IN neolithic times a boy,
So one would think, might well enjoy
His tasks at school. And yet they say
He grumbled—as he does to-day.

No doubt at times he found a part
Distasteful—say to learn by heart
A hundred verses of tradition—
The Druids' favourite imposition.

Or when his homework (catching fish)
Was shown up short, he'd often wish,
While making axe-heads in detention,
He'd paid a little more attention.

Methinks that more than one, whose name
Is written on the scroll of fame,
Must have at times been forced to ask,
'What use to me is such a task?'

If Alexander did complain
That no more worlds were left to gain,
Geography, he had been warned
At school, ought never to be scorned.

Did Julius Caesar's father say,
'My boy, you'll wish you'd learnt one day
More British history; you will be
Without it very much at sea!'

And is it true the master said
To Cicero, who lay in bed
For morning prep, 'One never reaches
By sloth the art of making speeches!'

And did that youth at once reply,
'O, Sir, I really can't see why
You make me work? 'Tis harsh indeed—
'Tis not this subject I shall need.'

And yet although we do not know
For certain that these things were so,
'Tis likely; for 'tis hard to find
A boy with a contented mind,

Who never asks the reason why
At certain tasks he ought to try.
We see, as through the years we range,
That human nature doesn't change.

J. Ohn.

THE GREAT BELL OF TOLEDO.

THE largest bell in Spain belongs to the Cathedral of Toledo; it is so big that the Spaniards jokingly say fifteen cobblers could sit working under it, and not touch each other.

The legend, or story, attached to the bell is as follows: The son of a Count of Toledo killed a man in a duel, and to gain his pardon the Count went to Madrid to plead with the King. But the monarch refused to listen, saying harshly, 'When there is a bell at Toledo that I can hear at Madrid, I will pardon your son, but not till then.'

The King thought that this was an impossibility, but the Count set to work and had an enormous bell cast. With the wind in the right quarter, it is said that one can hear it sixty miles away. At any rate it could be heard at Madrid, and so the Count's son was pardoned. S. Braine.

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 34.)

CHAPTER IV.

JOHN and Mary undressed to a chorus of screams from Arnold. Arnold was a nice baby except when he screamed. At such moments it was difficult to like him. The screams were so shrill and came so fast and were so prolonged. Botl. Mary and John were in bed by the time that Arnold agreed to be quiet again. The very next minute he fell asleep.

Miss Gomez, who had been very patient, put him in his cot with a sigh of relief. 'Now I will go and have my dinner,' she said. 'My! how that child can scream! Ayah, make the tent tidy, and then blow out the lamp.'

Miss Gomez kissed Mary before she left the tent. She would have kissed John, too, but she knew very

well that he would not allow it. John had made a rule himself that only Mother might kiss him.

Ayah moved gently about the tent after Miss Gomez disappeared. She picked up the scattered clothes, and sang a little song on about three notes as she did so. It was an Indian nursery rhyme which Arnold loved, and perhaps she thought it would help him to sleep quietly.

Sleep, my baby, bedtime's come,
Even cooing doves are dumb.
Night's dark curtain drapes the sky,
Silent is the city's hum.

See the dainty supper spread:
Sugar in a bowl of red;
Butter in a china dish;
On a plate a piece of bread.

Eat and sleep: thy supper done,
Sleep until the red dawn sun
Lifts the curtain from the sky,
Cries, "Another day's begun."'

Very soon the tent was tidy, and it was time for Ayah to put out the lamp, and then she would be free to go and prepare her evening meal. In India, servants buy and cook their own food; it is not provided for them, as is the case in England. They do not live in the same house as their master, but have separate quarters; and, in camp, little tents or thatched shelters are erected for them.

Ayah was very hungry, for she had eaten nothing since morning. But, before she left the tent, she intended to talk for a little to Mary and John. She had lived with them and taken care of them since they were tiny babies, and they loved her next best to their father and mother.

She came now and sat down on the floor between their beds. She was very old, and she looked rather like a witch in the dim light. Her brown face was shrunken and wrinkled, and her hair was grey and wispy. The fingers of the hands she clasped round her knees were so thin they almost looked like claws. She was dressed in a very full dark blue skirt and a long white bodice, which fell over the top of the skirt; and over her head and shoulders was draped a white cotton cloth which was called a sari. Ayah could keep this in place without any trouble, but, if Mary put it on, it fell off a dozen times in a minute.

'Father was bitten by a mad dog to-night, Ayah. He is going away in a few days to a very clever doctor who lives in a country that is miles and miles away, beyond the sea,' John told her.

Ayah nodded her old grey head. 'Julfu told me when I went to fetch the supper,' she answered. 'The whole camp talks of it. There is nothing else spoken of around the cooking fires. The bite of a mad dog is a very evil bite. To-morrow I will go to the temple and offer a gift that the wound may be healed.'

'But how will you find a temple in the forest? There are no temples here.'

'There is a little temple on the hill above the river, the temple at which these gold-seekers worship. It is a poor and ugly place, not like our grand temples of the city. But I have heard. . . .'

And then Ayah stopped suddenly and began to cough. John did not believe in that cough. He felt sure Ayah was coughing because she wanted to prevent Mary or himself asking just what it was that she had heard.

'Tell us what you know about the temple, Ayah,' he said.

'It is time that I went to cook my food,' said Ayah. 'I am hungry. I am very empty.'

And, at that, John sat up and put one leg out of the bed. 'I will wake Arnold if you do not tell me about the temple,' he threatened. And Ayah, who knew that he would carry out his threat, made haste to obey.

'It is said—but who can tell if the tale be true?—that there is an image in this temple which is like the image in no other temple. It has eyes with which it can see, and ears with which it can hear, and a tongue also with which to speak.'

'I don't want to hear any more,' said Mary, quickly. She had seen many images of Hindu gods; some of them placed in wayside shrines, some under trees, and some on the tops of hills, and none of them had been nice to look at. Usually they were painted red, the bright red of blood, and they had several heads, or many arms and legs. It was not pleasant to think that such creatures could see or speak. But John was not at all alarmed; he was deeply interested.

'In whose likeness is the image made?' he asked. 'In the likeness of Khrishna, or of Kali, or of Hanuman, or of Ganesh?'

The gods he mentioned are all well known Hindu gods.

'The temple belongs to Ganesh, who has the head of an elephant,' said Ayah. 'Is not this the elephant country? To whom else should the temple be built? And there is an image of Ganesh seated within, but the image that can hear and see and speak is like a man, so the tale runs.' She dropped her voice to a whisper: 'Like a white man,' she said.

'Like a white man?' said John. 'What a funny image. I must see it. Yes, certainly, I must see it. Take me with you when you go to-morrow, Ayah.' But Ayah pretended that she did not hear.

'I can wait no longer for my food,' she said, and she ran out of the tent before John could stop her.

And now that there was no Ayah to whom to talk, Mary and John began to think again of the mad dog and the journey to Paris; and to wonder how soon Father and Mother would start, and they themselves be taken to the hill-house by Miss Gomez.

'It will be horrid,' said John, 'just horrid. It's so empty always without Father and Mother, and Gummy never lets us do anything nice. She begins to cry directly and thinks that we shall hurt ourselves.'

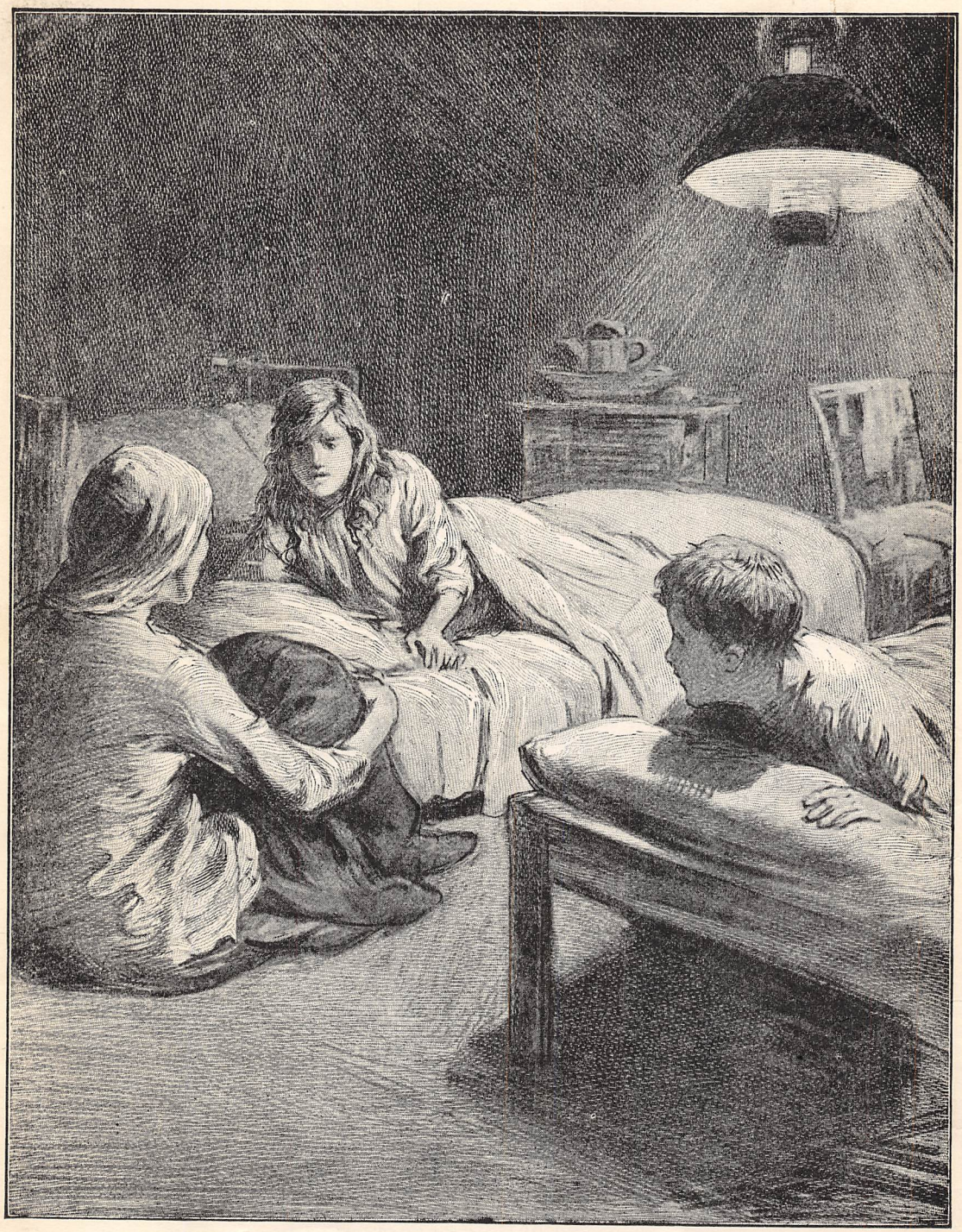
'If only Julfu and Ayah might look after us instead,' Mary sighed.

'If only we might stay in camp,' said John. 'There are so many lovely things that we could do. We could fish in the river, and shoot with the little rifle, and—and go to that temple to look at the image. Mary, I wonder if that story is true?'

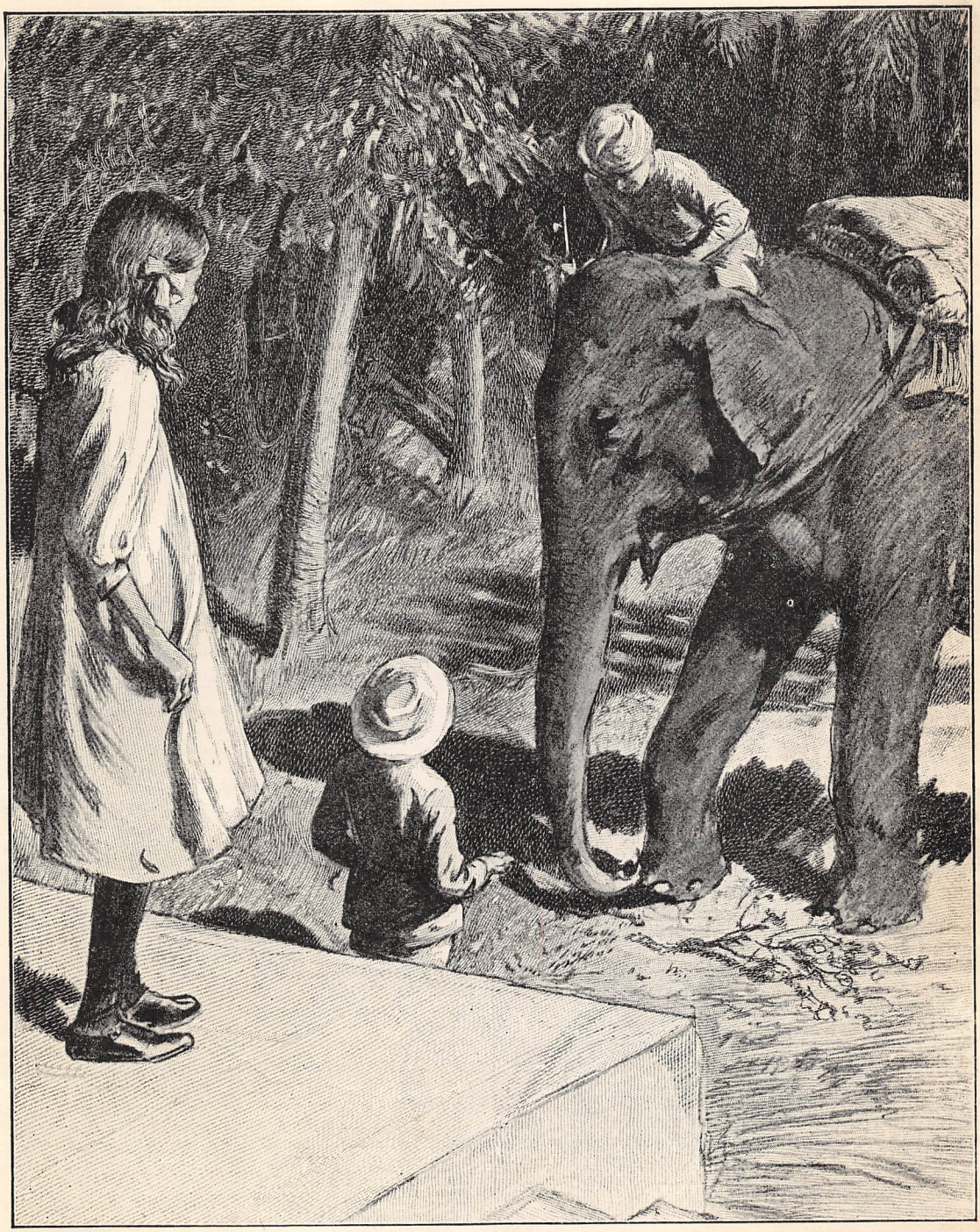
'You never can tell about Ayah's stories,' said Mary. 'I don't think she knows herself which part is real and which part she has made up.'

'I should very much like to find out how much of this is true,' said John.

(Continued on page 50.)



"Ayah came and sat down on the floor between their beds."



"Just then Moti lumbered up."

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 47.)

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Mary and John woke next morning, the first thing they remembered was that Father and Mother were soon going away, and they felt, in consequence, extremely unhappy. But before the unhappiness could catch firm hold of them, Father's voice came calling to them: 'Dress quickly, children. I want you to come with me for a picnic to-day.'

In a moment they were both out of bed, and John rushed to the tent-door, calling, 'May I shoot with the little rifle, Father?' And when Father answered 'Yes,' John, at any rate, forgot to be unhappy any more.

It was not until Mary was dressed that she began to wonder if Mother were coming too. She left John and Miss Gomez deep in a dispute as to whether John's collar was clean or dirty, and ran across to the bungalow. Mother was in the bedroom, the floor of which was strewn with clothes and house linen and books; and, in the middle of everything, knelt Mother, a little worried and tired. Mary was not certain what she was going to say until she saw Mother's face, and then she made up her mind.

'Shall I stay at home and help you, Mother?' she said. The words tumbled out rather quickly, because Mary had to push them, as it were, out of her mouth. There was nothing she liked better than a picnic in the forest; and Mother, who understood this very well, felt a little comforted amidst all her trouble, because Mary was willing to make this sacrifice for her.

'No, dearie,' she said, and she kissed Mary. 'Go with Father and John, and enjoy yourself as much as ever you can. Father particularly wants you to have this picnic, so that you may have a nice day to remember when we are gone. And nobody can really help me much, because only I know just where everything must be packed.'

Mary ran out into the verandah again, quite happy, and, just then, Moti lumbered up. She made very little noise, in spite of her huge size. On her neck sat Chotun, his feet in stirrups of rope, which hung down behind Moti's ears, and in his hand an iron goad, sharpened to a point. Sometimes, when Moti was disobedient, Chotun would prick her with this on the top of her head; and, though it did not hurt her very much, the pain was sufficient to teach her that she would be more severely punished if she did not obey promptly.

Moti was looking very smart indeed. Chotun had rubbed the top of her head and her forehead with oil, and this had blackened the hair so much that, at a little distance, Moti looked as if she were wearing a black cap. On her broad back a thick mattress, covered with crimson cloth, was strapped, and the ropes which held this in place was also covered with crimson. The big nails of Moti's feet were polished, and in the end of her trunk she carried a branch covered with leaves. With this she dusted away the swarms of flies which tried to settle on her. Her skin was very sensitive, although it was so thick, and flies worried her as much as they worry a thin-skinned horse.

Close beside Moti, within easy reach of her trunk, stood John. His hands were full of pieces of bread, and he gave these to Moti, one at a time. As Mary came out of the bungalow he offered the elephant a piece of cake instead. She took it daintily in her trunk, smelt it for a moment, and then she placed it under one of her enormous feet, and crushed it to powder.

'Why did Moti crush that cake?' John asked Chotun.

'There were eggs in it,' said Chotun. 'Moti does not like eggs; there are many elephants who do not like them. And I think she is a little angry with you, Sahib, because you offered such a thing to her.'

John stepped back rather quickly. He knew that Moti was entirely under Chotun's control; but he did not care to think that it was, perhaps, in the elephant's mind to crush him, as she had crushed the piece of cake.

And now Father came out of his dressing-tent, and Julfu brought a little ladder, and held it against the elephant's side. And first Father mounted, and sat behind Chotun, with one leg hanging down on each of Moti's strong shoulders. And then Mary and John took their places behind him, one facing one way and one the other. And John held the little rifle, with its barrel carefully pointing to the sky. As soon as they were seated, Moti swung round, and strolled leisurely in the direction of the forest. Behind walked one of the camp servants, with the lunch-basket on his head, and, lastly, Julfu—for Julfu always had a share in every outing.

A narrow path led from the encampment into the forest, and, for a little while, the elephant followed this. Then, obedient to the pressure of Chotun's feet, Moti turned to the right, and threaded her way through the undergrowth, and between the close-set trees. Sometimes a creeper barred the way, and Chotun, who, like Julfu, wore a knife at his belt, would unsheath this and cut the creeper through. And all the while Mary and John sat very still, and did not speak, for they knew that if they were very quiet it was possible that the wild forest things might mistake Moti for a wild elephant, and show themselves fearlessly.

And, presently, this care and patience was rewarded. Something moved among the trees in front of Moti; and, as the children waited breathless, the head of a stag appeared, set with great antlers, framed with green leaves. So wide was the sweep of the horns, it seemed a marvel that their owner could find room for them between the tree-trunks. In another moment the head vanished, just as John drew the little rifle to his shoulder.

(Continued on page 58.)

BYGONE SUMMER PASTIMES.

THE boys and girls of olden times had no lack of simple, healthy outdoor amusements; a few of them have come down to our days—tennis, cricket, and bowls among the number—but many of them have disappeared.

Shakespeare mentions 'Nine-men's Morris.' The name is supposed to come from the French 'Merelles,' corrupted in English to 'Merrils,' the pawns or counters used in a somewhat similar game called 'le jeu de merelles.' 'Nine-men's Morris' is said to have been introduced by the Normans, and was once

a favourite pastime with shepherds when they kept their flocks in the fields or on the wide-spreading downs. Under the name of 'peg-morris,' this game is not quite extinct in parts of the Midlands, where boys cut out a sort of rough chessboard in the turf, the square varying in diameter from a foot to four yards. Inside this is a smaller square, the two connected by lines running from each corner and the middle of each line. Each of the two players has nine men, or pawns, differing in form or colour. Sometimes one player has stones, the other wooden pegs, for the sake of distinction. The men are laid alternately on the points where the lines intersect, the game being to prevent one's opponent from getting three pieces in a line. If this were done, the successful player could take up one of his adversary's men, which is placed on the inner square, or 'pound.' When all the pieces are laid down, they are played backwards and forwards along the lines, one spot at a time. He who can take off all his opponent's pieces wins. Sometimes this game was called 'Fivepenny Morris,' and was played indoors on a board, or 'merelle-table.' In England stones were generally used, but the French had proper men, known as 'merelles.' Shakespeare, of course, referred to the outdoor game in A Midsummer Night's Dream, when he alludes to the harm done by a wet, stormy season:

'The folds stand empty in the drowned field,
The nine-men's morris is filled up with mud,
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green
For want of tread are indistinguishable.'

The last two lines are supposed to refer to the once popular rural pastime known as 'running the figure eight.'

Old writers speak of 'Riding the Wild Mare'; this seems to have been a sort of 'see-saw,' or 'balance-the-beam,' which served to amuse grown-up folk as well as children in those primitive days. Swings were popular as early as Chaucer's time, when they were called 'Meritots,' or 'Merry-trotters.' Many generations of children have sung 'See-saw, Margery Daw,' as they fly up and down on a plank. In Ireland the game is sometimes called 'Wady-Buckety,' because the players go up and down like 'buckets in a well.'

'Cherry-pit' somewhat resembles marbles, the cherry-stones being pitched into a little hole in the ground. It is mentioned by Herrick in his Hesperides.

'Prisoners' Bars,' or 'Prisoners' Base,' is another almost forgotten game, though it still lingers here and there. In the Potteries district it was played by grown men. In the reign of Edward III., children were forbidden to play it in the avenues of Westminister Palace during the sitting of Parliament.

In Cheshire and other Northern countries, as well as in the Midlands, men were fond of this game. Strutt, in his Sports and Pastimes of the People of England, mentions seeing a great match at 'base' played about the year 1770, 'in the fields behind Montague House, now the British Museum, by twelve gentlemen of Cheshire against twelve of Derbyshire, for a considerable sum of money, which afforded much entertainment to the spectators.' In the Faerie Queene, Spenser says:

'So ran they all as they had been at Bace.'

Drayton mentions among the games of his day, 'Hood-wink,' 'Barley-Brake,' 'Tick,' and 'Prison-Base.' 'Barley-break' was a great favourite with both men and women a couple of centuries ago. In Poor Robin's Almanac for 1740 we read:

'Men and maids do merry make,
At stool-ball and at barley-break.'

'Barley-break seems to have resembled 'Puss-in-the-corner,' and was played by six persons, three of each sex, who were divided into couples. The ground was marked off in three divisions, the middle compartment being the 'prison.' The couples at either end of the ground changed places, those in the middle trying to catch them; if they succeeded, the captives were placed in the prison till they in turn managed to catch another pair of players. While the prisoners had to hold each other's hands all the time, the other couples could separate when they liked. Herrick, Sir Philip Sidney, and many other writers of that period, mention the game. In Scotland it was often played in rick-yards, and was known as 'Parla-bracks aboot the Stacks.'

Another favourite game in Elizabethan times was 'Fox-i'-th'-hole,' in which the players hopped about on one leg, beating each other with strips of leather tied on long strings. It was also an indoor game, however, and is mentioned by Herrick among the Christmas diversions of his day.

Women and girls seem to have been very partial to 'Stool-ball,' which, according to Doctor Johnson, was 'a play where balls are driven from stool to stool.' Apparently there were two ways of playing this game. In one case, a number of stools were set up in a circle at a certain distance from each other, and each one was occupied by a player. One of the party stood at a little distance, and tossed the ball with the intention of striking the stool; this the occupant had to prevent by hitting it away with her hand; when the ball was struck, all the players had to change places, running from stool to stool, and if the person who threw the ball could regain it in time to strike any one who had not succeeded in reaching her new post, the thrower took her place, and the girl who was 'caught out' had to throw the ball till she managed to get in again in a similar fashion. This is not unlike the modern 'rounders.' In the other form of the game a stool was set on the ground, and one of the players stood in front of it, while her antagonist, standing at some distance, tried to strike the stool with a ball, which the other had to hit away with her hand, counting one to the game for every stroke; if she missed, and the ball hit the stool, the players changed places. The winner was the person who struck the ball oftenest before it touched the stool. This is more like a simple kind of cricket. At Easter, Whitsuntide, and other festivals, young folks played matches at stool-ball for cakes and ale, boys and girls often joining in the sport, as we see from a song of D'Urfey's:

'Down in a vale on a summer's day,
All the lads and lasses met to be merry;
A match for kisses at stool-ball to play. . . .'

Chorus.

'Come all, great, small, short, tall, away to stool-ball!'

Maud E. Sargent.

THE ROMANCE OF OLD FURNITURE.

II.—ENGLISH OAK: CHESTS AND TABLES.

I AM now going to take a big jump in my subject and bring you right away to England from Rome! Of course, as you know, the Romans came to England, but they soon had to alter some of their Italian ways of living, for you see the climate is so different here. We know that they built houses, baths, and so on, and no doubt they introduced their own designs in furniture, but they would be bound to modify their designs to the materials they could obtain. There was not the unlimited supply of marble in England that there was in Italy; gold and precious stones, with which they adorned their furniture, had all to be imported. In England large tracts of the country were covered with glorious forests of oak, elm, beech, with some chestnut and 'deal' (spruce and fir); so, naturally, as years went on, these materials that were to hand were used to make what they required. The Romans found the inhabitants of our land in a very uncivilised state, and it must be admitted that the Ancient Britons had no great need of furniture! But as our ancestors mixed with men and women of other lands, which they had to do because of the coming of Normans and others to their land, so they learned to adopt their customs and manners.

The Normans came over and built strong castles in many parts, remains of which we can visit even now; naturally, they brought over with them their possessions from their more civilised land. This fact shows you how difficult it is for any one to say that early remains of furniture are truly English, because, after all, it just means that the articles were

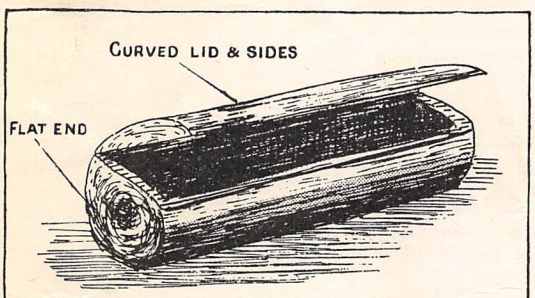


FIG 1. PROBABLE SHAPE OF A DUGOUT TRUNK.

made in England of English materials, but often the design was copied from imported specimens. The Normans brought us a massive style of architecture, and very naturally the ornamentations used by the builders got adapted to the decoration of the furniture. The builders of those early days were, as a rule, the monks, and it is certain that they also made much of the earliest furniture.

It is believed that most of the very early furniture was of beech and elm, those woods being easier to work than oak; but they are also quick to decay, and therefore we have lost all the furniture made of them. But thanks to those painstaking old monks, who did wonderful illuminations (some of which you can see in the Library of the British Museum), we do know what the furniture was like. To illustrate their meaning, they sometimes required in their pictures, seats, tables and so on, and of course they drew those they had about them; and from these wonderful manuscripts, the loving labours of men all those hundreds of years ago, we know that the furniture was painted in bright colours, and that much drapery was used. How surprised the monks

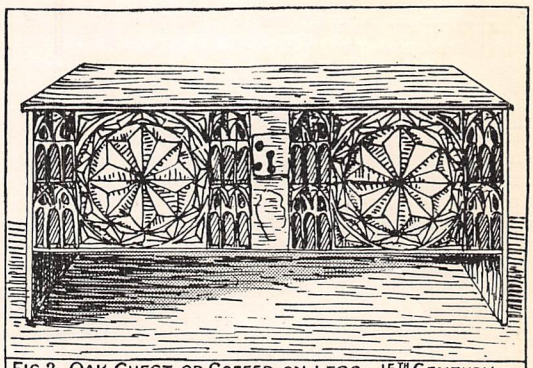


FIG 2. OAK CHEST OR COFFER ON LEGS _15TH CENTURY (VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM)

would have been if they could have known the romantic interest now attached to their humble work!

As far as one can make out, the seats and so on were all of fairly light make; but when, with changes in methods of war, men began to wear heavy armour over their buckskins, the seats were not strong enough to carry their increased weight; thus, oak came into use, and much heavier furniture appeared.

English oak furniture is divided into three periods —Gothic, Elizabethan, and Jacobean: Gothic means, of course, that the Gothic style of architecture—the style of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries in England—influenced it, and with this style we will start our study of oak furniture.

Just as in dress we adopt a fashion or style gradually, that is, people did not stop wearing wide skirts one day and wear 'hobbles' the next, so in furniture the changes of styles covered many years, one piece often showing two styles. This we shall notice as we study the subject further. The wood being more durable, specimens have come down to us even now! Painting was discontinued and carving became the fashion—they did paint carved work, but not for long.

Another reason for the stronger make of furniture was, that it had to be carried about from place to place, as in those days you always took all your possessions with you when you went a-visiting! You left bare rooms and you went to bare rooms, so, for your comfort, you took everything with you—furniture, clothes, draperies! This being the case, you can easily realise that the chest or coffer was about the most important piece of furniture of the time—one packed it full of clothes, tapestries, linen, &c.; every one had at least one, and a large household would possess many. A chest was a long, deep box, sometimes with lengthened sides forming feet, sometimes standing down on the floor. The very earliest were known as 'dugouts,' because they were simply pieces of trunks of trees with a slice cut off to form a lid and the inside dug out. These dugouts

were the origin of our word 'trunk,' a box for clothes, and the curved shape of the present trunk-lid is supposed to be the remains of the tree-trunk influence. Fig. 1 gives you some idea of a 'dugout.'

The chest of Gothic times was often elaborately carved, and in the home was a seat as well as a receptacle for linen and clothes. Another point of interest is, that the chest is the forerunner of the

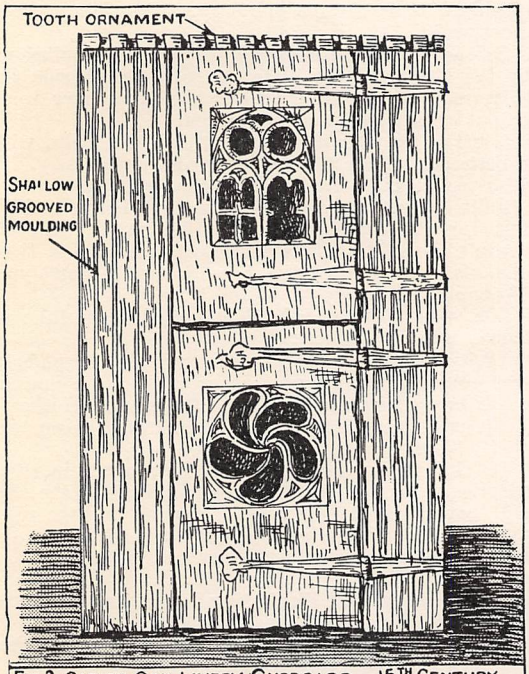


FIG 3. CARVED OAK LIVERY CUPBOARD. 15TH CENTURY (VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM)

'chest of drawers.' Later we shall see how it gradually changed its character. Fig. 2 is a sketch of a very fine oak chest or coffer, to be seen in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London. As you see, its sides continue down to the ground, forming feet, so that the chest itself does not touch the ground. This was made some time in the fifteenth century. I want you particularly to notice the little panels which are just like tiny church windows, showing the influence of Gothic architecture on the furniture. This coffer has a lock and was probably intended to hold the family valuables. In a room there would be several of these chests, and they were the seats of the commoner people because, as in early Egypt, only the most important people ever sat on seats with backs.

Another interesting item of furniture was the Livery cupboard; it was a cupboard with generally two shelves, the doors of which had carved perforated panels to allow ventilation to the contents. It contained food, such as bread, butter, and cheese. Fig. 3 is a sketch of one, also in the Victoria and Albert Museum; it looks very rough, but think of its age—something over five hundred years! The black parts in the sketch are the perforated parts; not the remains of elaborate hinges. Fig. 4 is a very fine specimen of an oak Dole Cupboard or Almery, a

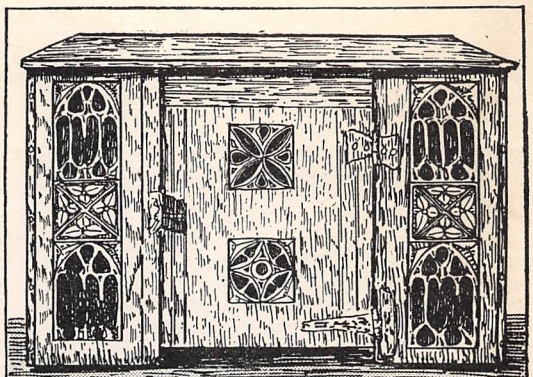


FIG 4. OAK DOLE CUPBOARD (ALMERY) (VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM)

receptacle for food, candles, and so on: the designs of the panels are so beautiful I felt I must sketch it for you. In this case there is only one door, and it had a lock once; inside are two shelves. It was put together with wooden pegs.

Tables were of trestle-form, and were generally put up when required, taken to pieces afterwards, and put against the walls—the fact that they were in several pieces is one reason why so few specimens remain. When other forms of table came into use these trestles were handed over to the servants, and later, most likely, broken up for firewood. The

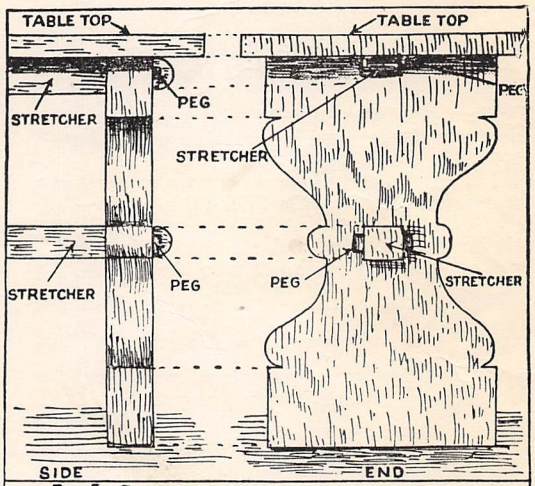


FIG 5. DIAGRAM OF SIDE & END VIEW OF TRESTLE TABLE

usual form had two trestle-supports; stretchers ran through these and were fixed with wooden pegs. Fig. 5 gives a side and end view of part of a table to show the structure. The chief members of the family sat for meals along one side of a narrow table raised on a platform. Servants served from the other side, handing the food on wooden platters. The ladies and gentlemen picked out what they wanted with their fingers and put any bits they did not want in a wooden platter provided for the purpose. At the lower table, where servants, retainers

farm men, and odd travellers sat—no platter was provided, so they deposited what they did not require on the floor! This all seems very disgusting to us now, but we must remember it is only because we have adopted other manners and customs.

E. M. Barlow.

SOMETHING ABOUT STARCH.

STARCH had its origin in Flanders. With the big ruff, it was introduced into England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Before that time ruffs and ruffles were made of fine holland, and required no starching. When the cambric ruffs became fashionable, then arose the demand for starch. It is said that a Mrs. Guilham, the wife of the Queen's coachman, was the first starcher known in England. The starch of those days was like that now in use, except that it was made in colours—red, blue, yellow, green—and thus tinted delicately the articles of white linen to which it was applied. In 1564, a woman of Flanders, Frau van der Plasse, came to London, and there opened a school for people who wished to learn how to starch. The fees were high: five pounds for a lesson, and an additional twenty shillings for a recipe, telling how to make starch out of wheat-flour, roots, and bran. This school was a success, and the woman became rich. E. Dyke.

CROCUSES.

TUCKED down so carefully under the ground,
While leaves of autumn are dancing around—

Each of them clad in a fine silken gown,
Each of them favouring a soft shade of brown—

Heedless what weather the winter may bring,
Looking right forward to sunshine and spring—

Glad when the snow spreads her warm counterpane,
Glad of the thaw and the thick-falling rain—

Stirring and growing and striving with might,
Pushing green spikelets out into the light—

Till one March morning, atop of the mould,
Crocuses stand in their raiment of gold!

Brave little blossoms, bespattered with dew,
Let us be patient and striving as you.

E. Carfrae.

'TAXI.'

'TAXI! Taxi!'

The long train had come to a standstill, the passengers had hurried across the platform with their attendant porters and got into the taxi-cabs waiting, swiftly to do their bidding. And the carriages that had contained many chances that, as the train steamed in, seemed so good were empty, every one.

The old horse's ears, pricked up attentively again and again, had dropped listlessly—as listlessly as the reins were dropped on his patient back. He was not very fast, he knew. No wonder that he was not wanted.

'Taxi!'

The old driver did not look round. The cry did not concern him, and he was weary of it. Then again the imperious call came.

'Taxi!'

''Fraid, ma'am, there ain't another in the station. Will you wait? One'll be along in a minute, sure to be.'

'How very tiresome! I so wanted to get off quickly. It is always the way. Yes, I suppose I must wait.'

So the truck-load of small baggage was pulled up by the kerb, and the little boy, standing beside the lady, mounted guard over it while the porter went to put some luggage on a hansom.

'Button up your coat, Julian,' said the lady, with a little shiver, for the day was cold and drizzly. 'I wish we needn't stand here in the draught.'

Julian's eyes were fixed on the old horse, and he felt for his buttons with his fingers. 'Well, we needn't,' he said. 'Let's get into this cab. I'm tired of taxis. And I think this horse is sweet—don't you, Mother?'

'Oh, yes. But I'm afraid he would never take us home. I'm in a hurry, dear.'

'Why are you? There's nothing to do except have tea when we get there, is there? He'd be just as quick as waiting here, anyhow. Oh, please, Mother!'

His mother smiled. 'You are fond of arguing,' she said. 'Very well, jump in.'

So the old horse's ears pricked up again in some surprise as he felt the reins gladly lifted by the stiff old fingers behind him, and, the small baggage piled away inside, they drove gently off, out over the stones of the 'arrival' approach, into the crowded street.

'It makes me feel like a tiny boy again,' remarked Julian, to his mother's amusement. 'I don't see why you should laugh, Mother. We haven't been in a real cab like this for ever so long.'

'One hasn't the time, you see. We are going very, very slowly, aren't we?'

'Yes; but then, it gives me time to realise it, and I never have time in a taxi. I wish you'd peep through this little bit of window. Don't you think he's the very nicest horse you've ever seen?'

'He seems a good, patient old beast. Rather hard to be working at his time of life. But I can't say I think him very beautiful.'

'He will hear you, if you talk so loud. Animals can understand—I'm sure they can.'

He retired into a rather offended silence, and did not speak again until they had turned the corner towards home. 'Will you ask the driver to wait while I get some sugar?' he then inquired, and, on receiving his mother's nod, ran quickly up the steps on arrival and almost into Cook's arms.

He was back again in a moment or two, holding out the sugar to his new friend on his flat, chubby little palm. The old cabman was pocketing his fare with satisfaction. Julian's mother had made it a big one.

'I thank you kindly,' he was saying to her. 'I don't often have a good fare nowadays.'

Julian put his face against the horse's soft neck. 'I wish you were mine, dear old chap!' he said. 'I wish I could be on the box and drive you all about.'

The horse's owner smiled in a gratified way. ''E ain't used to such a lot o' notice,' he observed. 'Not

that I wouldn't rather have a quiet ride if it was I to choose. I couldn't abear the feeling of my money ticking away in them machines. It were very different when I was young, and no one were the worse then for not having thought on these taxi-cabs, and Jo and I were a good sight better. You can't give a horse what you haven't got yourself, ma'am.'

'No,' agreed Mrs. Latimer; 'of course you can't. I am sure you do all you can for him.'

'It ain't possible to make bricks without straw, though. Them things have got the custom, right enough. If the little gentleman 'ud like it, I could call round one o' these mornin's and he could take the reins for me a bit. I'm not over-busy, most days.'

'It's very kind of you, but I'm afraid——'

'Oh, Mother, please!'

Mrs. Latimer laughed. 'Really, dear, you are very exacting to-day. If I say "yes" to this, it must be the very last favour for ever so long.'

'Yes, it shall be. Will you come for me to-morrow morning, then?'

The cabman promised and drove slowly off, and Julian ran into the house.

But the next morning the old man had unusual luck—two fares, one on top of the other—and it was late when at length he drove carefully round the corner into his little friend's street. It was well that he had turned so carefully, for a flying motor, turning too, had been obliged to slacken a little, and the small figure, darting across the road, might just have time——no, he was down! The motor stopped dead, and some one from inside, and the chauffeur, bent over Julian. The old driver was off his box and knocking furiously at the house where he had driven yesterday. Then there was bustle and horror, and a quickly-summoned doctor in the street; and Jo's master could not make up his mind to drive him away until he had learnt the extent of the evil. Would that smart white door ever open, and the occupant of that hideous motor ever come out and drive away? He hung about miserably, and Jo's ears, sensitive as of yore, drooped in dejection. Well he knew that something was very wrong. Suddenly the door swiftly opened and a maid ran down the steps. The cabman stammered out his question. Then he mounted his box, and, jerking the reins gently, he and Jo went slowly away, round the corner into the main road. It was nearly dinner-time, and he told his wife he was a bit unnerved.

'The little chap I told you about yesterday has been run down by a motor and broken his arm,' he said.

The smart white door became used to seeing him after this. Every morning he had stiffly mounted the steps and rung the bright brass bell, and handed in a tight little posy of flowers: flowers that had withstood the building of high piles of dwellings going on all round them, and were fighting bravely for existence still. Every morning the same inquiry had been made, but the information given was vague and uncertain, or so it seemed to Jo's old master. He would shake his head as he went away again, and think he ought to be used to trouble at his time of life; and yet, that little champion of an outworn usage had somehow caught hold of his affections, mightily.

A week had passed, and then the doctor, coming away one morning, was able to answer the usual question better than it had been answered before.

'Progressing very well. Yes, he will soon be about again now. He has spirit, you see, splendid spirit. Is that the horse I hear he took such a fancy to?'

'That's him, sir. Not very grand, you'll think. He's got more than many a young 'un in him yet, though.'

'I have no doubt. And the flowers I have always seen near the little patient's bed—it was you who brought them, then?'

'It was. Not very grand, you'll say agen. It's the buildings that's done 'em, like the motors have done me. I used to grow carnations once.'

He stood in the dusk in the stable, thinking over the conversation and the good news it had brought him. Ten days had gone by since then. It would soon be quite time to fetch the little patient for a quiet drive. One of these sunny autumn mornings he would go round and give his invitation, and the little chap could think he was taking Jo along. It was a pity some more o' them didn't like to look about 'em as they drove. Jo's dinners were none too substantial: enough, you might say, but not that quality they ought to be. You had to make up with what you could these days. And as to the future——? The old cabman jerked his shoulders, as he was used to jerking his reins. Well, perhaps there was not much future for him.

'Yes, I'm as well as—as any one in the world, thank you. I've come to see Jo, and the driver that brought me flowers, and I've got something frightfully interesting to say!'

The door burst open. 'So you're all right, agen?' cried Jo's master, getting on to his stiff old feet.

'Quite all right,' said Julian. 'And something so exciting's happened. What do you think? It was a taxi that belonged to some one quite rich that ran into me, and so I've got heaps of money because of it. I've settled what I want to do with a good bit. Oh, please do say yes! I want to buy Jo!'

He ran into the loose-box and put his arms round the horse's neck.

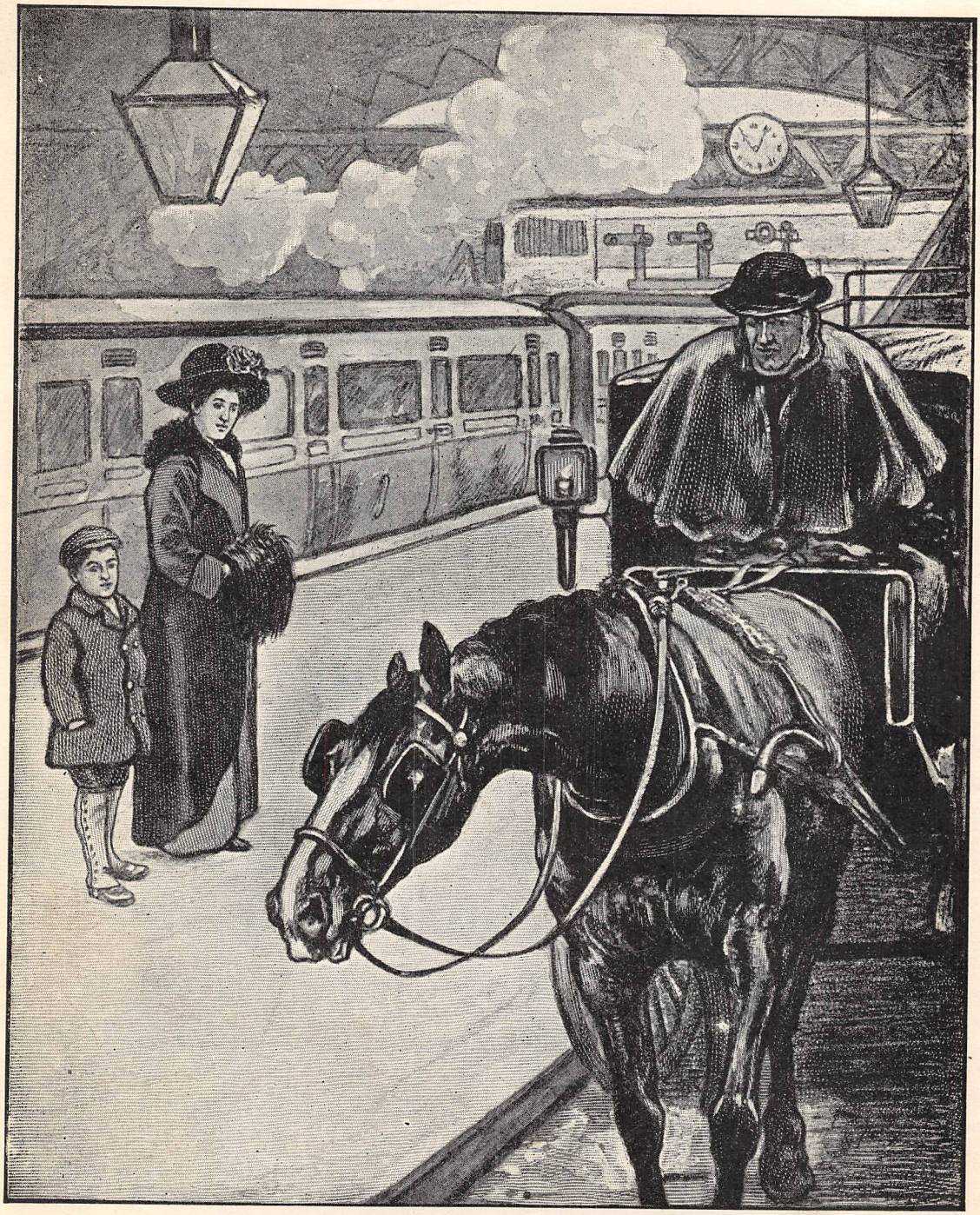
'I don't want to take him away, you know,' he said. 'He could live here, and I'd buy him the nicest food there is, so as he'd have as good a time as you said he did before taxis came into fashion. I'd come and drive him whenever I liked. Would you like it, Jo? You wouldn't have to take any silly people to the station or anything when I wanted you, you see—and we'd go so slowly that you simply couldn't get tired.'

He turned to the horse's owner. 'You will let me, won't you? Mother says I may, and you could take him out and get money, too, you know.'

There was silence in the little stable; and then came a queer sound that made Jo's ears prick up, curiously.

'You shouldn't have come upon me so quick,' observed his old master, putting one hand upon the horse's flank to steady himself. 'If you'd have said it gradual and given me time to think something was a-coming, I'd——' and then he broke down in earnest and sobbed lusty sobs.

'I'll never say it's an awful time we live in agen,' he managed shakily to remark at last. 'If it's got many such as you coming on, it's a splendid time, a better time than we ever saw before, even a-looking back into our young days!' Alice James.



"'Let's get into this cab. I'm tired of taxis.'"

"A footmark far larger than any other."

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 50.)

JOHN gulped down his disappointment as best he might. A stag—it was second to a leopard only. He was so disappointed he did not notice that they were close again to the river-bed, and that on the sand, amidst an admiring circle of peahens, stood a peacock with his tail outspread.

'Now, John,' Father whispered; and John took aim very carefully, and fired. But so eager was he that his hand shook. The peacock and his court hurried away unhurt, the gorgeous tail dusted by the sand the little bullet had scattered.

'I think we will have breakfast now,' Father said, quickly; for he rightly guessed that breakfast would help John to forget his disappointment. And then Moti knelt down again on the sand, at the word of command, to let her riders dismount; and Julfu and the man who had carried the basket began to collect wood for a fire, on which the kettle might boil.

'We will unpack the basket,' said Mary, 'and you shall sit still, Father, and let us wait on you.' And she and John set to work to spread the tablecloth, and arrange the breakfast on it. There was cold chicken and sausages and some hard-boiled eggs. The cook had filled up the corners of the basket with buttered scones and oatcakes, and put in a jar of guava jelly as well.

It was very pleasant in the river-bed, for the overhanging cliffs threw a deep shade, and, when breakfast was finished, Father began to talk gaily about the journey to Paris, and to repeat how short the time would seem until he and Mother were back again.

'It will be a nice holiday for us both,' he said. 'But for one reason I am particularly sorry to go. The Rajah of Doodwa has just decided to bring his elephants to this place that they may capture some of the wild elephants. He is going to arrange what is called a kheddah.'

'I know,' said Mary. 'Chotun told us a lot about kheddahs the other day. He says that the tame elephants run after the wild ones, and that the mahouts throw ropes round the wild ones' necks.'

'That is the kind of kheddah I mean. And, if I were here, I should be asked to watch the catching. We could all have watched it, perhaps, from Moti's back. But now Moti and Chotun must go to the new officer who will be sent to do my work while I am away, and we shall none of us see the kheddah after all.'

'What a pity,' sighed John. 'Perhaps they would have let me ride on one of the chasing elephants, and help to throw a rope.'

'It must be horrid to be caught,' said Mary, 'when you have been free and done just what you like. Are the wild elephants very miserable when they are caught, Father?'

'It is difficult to say, little girl. They seem to get used to it very soon. It takes quite a short time to tame them: two or three weeks perhaps. I think the big tuskers feel it most. It is hardest for those who have ruled the forest to be ruled in their turn. They obey, but sometimes they seem to feel the shame of their bondage until they die of a broken heart.'

But then Father noticed that Mary looked almost as unhappy as a newly-caught elephant, and he ceased to talk of the kheddah. He pulled out his pipe and filled it, and tipped his hat over his eyes, and leant against the rock behind him.

'I am going to have a few minutes' sleep,' he said, and Mary and John wandered off to explore the sand of the river-bed, that they might guess from the footprints impressed on it what animals had visited the water to drink during the past night. The footprints were plainest in the damp sand at the water's edge.

'A deer came here,' said Mary. 'A very large deer. And——'

'Here stood a pig,' said John.

They made a game of it—the one who discovered a new kind of footprint scoring a point. They came to that of a leopard presently, and John examined this so carefully that Mary scored two points with the prints of a jungle-fowl and a porcupine. Julfu, who had taught the children the meaning of these things, followed behind, very proud of his pupils. Presently Mary stopped by a foot-mark far larger than any other.

'Moti has trodden here,' she said, and Julfu bent to look.

'That is not the footprint of Moti,' he said. 'See, Miss Baba, one of the nails is broken. Now, the nails of Moti are whole and sound; therefore this is the footprint of a stranger.'

He called to Chotun, and Chotun obeyed the summons very leisurely, because he considered it undignified to move quickly.

'Read us this riddle,' said Julfu. 'Is that the print of thine elephant's foot?'

'No,' said Chotun, and he too looked carefully at the mark. 'The elephant who made this was five times bigger than Moti.' This was Chotun's way of explaining that the strange elephant was very large. 'It is he of whom I told you,' he added to John. 'That solitary tusker whose are these forests.'

Chotun's manner was so impressive that Mary felt quite uneasy. It seemed as though they ought to ask the tusker's leave to travel through his country. And, apparently, Chotun also felt like a trespasser. He walked towards his master and, with a deep salaam, suggested that it might be wise to move in the direction of the camp. 'There is a strange tusker in this neighbourhood, Honoured One,' he said, 'and the temper of these solitary ones is never of the best. If we should disturb him, he might think fit to attack us.'

So the picnic party climbed again on to Moti's back; this time, since there was no ladder, by the help of her tail, the end of which was held up by Julfu so as to form a loop. Then they re-entered the forest at the point where they had left it.

For a little while Moti proceeded on her leisurely way, until, all at once, Chotun checked her. He did not speak, but he pointed with his goad to a small tree which had very lately been uprooted. It was no work of Moti's, and must therefore have been that of the solitary tusker. It was plain that he still lingered in the near neighbourhood.

Chotun urged Moti forward again, but now she was made to walk at her best pace. He would not permit her to dawdle; and, after a short while, there came the sound of something that moved in the forest at a little distance from Moti. It was hidden

from her by the undergrowth and the branches of the trees, but it kept pace with her, step for step. Chotun knew the meaning of those stealthy movements. The solitary tusker—angry, perhaps, or only curious—was inspecting these invaders of his domain.

Chotun's feet worked restlessly, urging Moti to a faster walk. The iron goad pricked her forehead once or twice. But it was not until the camp was very near, and the wind brought with it the smell of the cooking fires, that those following noises ceased.

(Continued on page 71.)

ROYAL MENAGERIES.

THE Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park were first made about ninety years ago. Before then most people saw foreign wild animals for the first time in the travelling menageries which went from fair to fair and from town to town through the country. There are still a few of these travelling menageries, but they are usually not so large as they were a hundred years ago, partly because, travelling being much easier and cheaper, people can more often visit such a place as the 'Zoo,' in London, and partly because there are now good collections of wild animals in several of our large towns.

Long before the Zoological Gardens in London were laid out, there were collections of wild animals in various places. The earliest of these collections were made by kings and noblemen, who received gifts of wild animals from foreign princes, just as our royalties do now sometimes. The first zoological gardens in England were made by Henry I. at Woodstock, to receive the animals which had been given to him in this way. He enclosed a park with a stone wall seven miles in circumference. In order to make this park he is said to have destroyed several villages with their churches and chapels. In the park, probably in some small and strongly-fenced portion of it, he placed the lions, leopards, lynxes, and camels which had been sent to him from abroad. Among these strange animals was a porcupine, which had been given to him by William de Montpellier. This was the first porcupine seen in England, and it was believed that it could shoot out its quills like so many arrows, at the dogs which hunted it.

In the year 1235, the Emperor Frederick of Germany sent three leopards to Henry III. The arms of Henry III. were three leopards (or rather lions) which were pictured one above the other on his shield; and the gift of the three leopards was intended as a complimentary reference to these arms. The leopards were placed in the Tower of London, and from time to time animals received from other princes were added, and a small menagerie was formed. The animals were kept in a number of small buildings near to a tower, known as the Lion Tower, which stood on the site of the office where tickets of admission to the Tower are now obtained.

The menagerie was for a very long time one of the sights of London, and visitors to London were asked if they had seen 'the lions,' just as they might now be asked if they had seen St. Paul's or the Houses of Parliament.

The number of animals in this menagerie varied from time to time, but it was never very large, and the animals were not such as we should now consider rare. The strangest of them all, perhaps, was a white polar bear, which Henry III. received from Norway in 1252. The Sheriffs of London allowed the bear's keeper fourpence a day, and this sum had to provide for the maintenance of the man and the bear; but, of course, these pennies were silver ones, and the money was much more valuable in those days than it is now. The bear, properly muzzled, and fastened to a cord, was sometimes allowed to swim in the Thames and fish for himself. The Sheriffs had to provide the muzzle, the chain by which the bear was fastened in his cage and the rope which was attached to him when he exercised in the river.

Henry III. had also an elephant, which he received in 1254 from Louis XI. of France. It must have been rather a difficult matter to carry so huge an animal in the small vessels of that time, but the sailors seem to have landed it safely at Sandwich, whence it was brought to London. The Sheriffs were ordered to build a strong and suitable house or stable for it, and to make arrangements for the maintenance of the animal and its keeper.

In the reign of Edward II. there was a leopard in the menagerie at the Tower, and the Sheriffs of London were ordered to pay the leopard's keeper sixpence a day for the food of the leopard and three halfpence a day for the keeper himself. The same payments were probably also made for each of the lions. In the next reign the stock of the menagerie seems to have consisted of a lion, a lioness, a leopard, and two cat-lions, whatever the last may have been, and they were under the charge of a keeper named Robert Bowre.

A Spaniard, who visited the Tower in 1543, tells us that he saw there four large lions and two leopards. Fifty years later, near the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, there were three lionesses, a lion, a tiger, a lynx, a wolf, a porcupine, and an eagle. The wolf was very old, and the lion, which was a very large one, was called Edward VI., because it had been born in that king's reign. Edward VI. died in 1553, so this lion must have been more than forty years old. The animals were kept in places fitted up with strong wooden bars and lattices.

When Queen Anne began to reign there were two lions and two lionesses in the menagerie, and shortly afterwards three of them died within a brief time. There were also about this time three eagles, two owls, a leopard, and a hyena. A little later on there were tigers and vultures along with the animals already named. The menagerie was still made up of the animals which were given to the King or Queen by foreign princes or by travellers, and as no attempt was made to obtain animals which were really rare, or to get together a large collection for the instruction of visitors, the menagerie became no better. In 1834 it was decided that the Tower was not the proper place for a menagerie, and the animals were removed.

Early in the reign of Charles II. various improvements were made in St. James's Park, and a number of foreign wild birds were placed in it. Evelyn tells us something about the strange birds which he saw there in 1665. He was greatly interested in a pelican, which had been brought from Astrakhan by a Russian ambassador. There were also some solan-geese, a stork, two cranes, a white raven, and some other birds, of which he did not know the names.

Little baskets were laid near the water for the wild fowl to lay their eggs in, and many of these foreign birds reared their young in the park, a circumstance which caused Evelyn much surprise, seeing how near the park was to a great city, and how much it was frequented by soldiers and other people. There were also various kinds of deer from different countries, some antelopes, a number of Guinea goats and Arabian sheep, and even an elk, so that the park must have been something like a little Zoo without fierce animals, or what we should now, perhaps, call an animals' sanctuary. W. A. Atkinson.

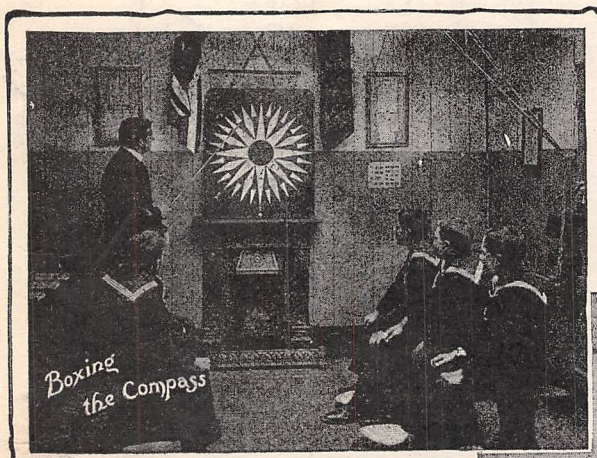
BOYS WHO MADE A MARK.

II.—FROM ERRAND-BOY TO PEER.

(The first Lord Furness.)

THAT an errand-boy should not only rise to be a member of the House of Lords, but become also one of Britain's leading shipowners, sounds almost too wonderful to be anything but a fairy tale; it is, however, what Christopher Furness really accomplished.

Never did a lad set out on the road to fortune with fewer aids to success, for his parents were quite poor. The fair-haired, blue-eyed Christopher, who was one of seven sons, was born in 1852, at Hartlepool, to which port his people had belonged for many generations. His father began life as a farm labourer, marrying when his weekly wage amounted to fourteen shillings. He left this employment to work as a coal-trimmer, finally starting a small corn-merchant's business in Hartlepool, which later on grew in importance by the addition of groceries and provisions.

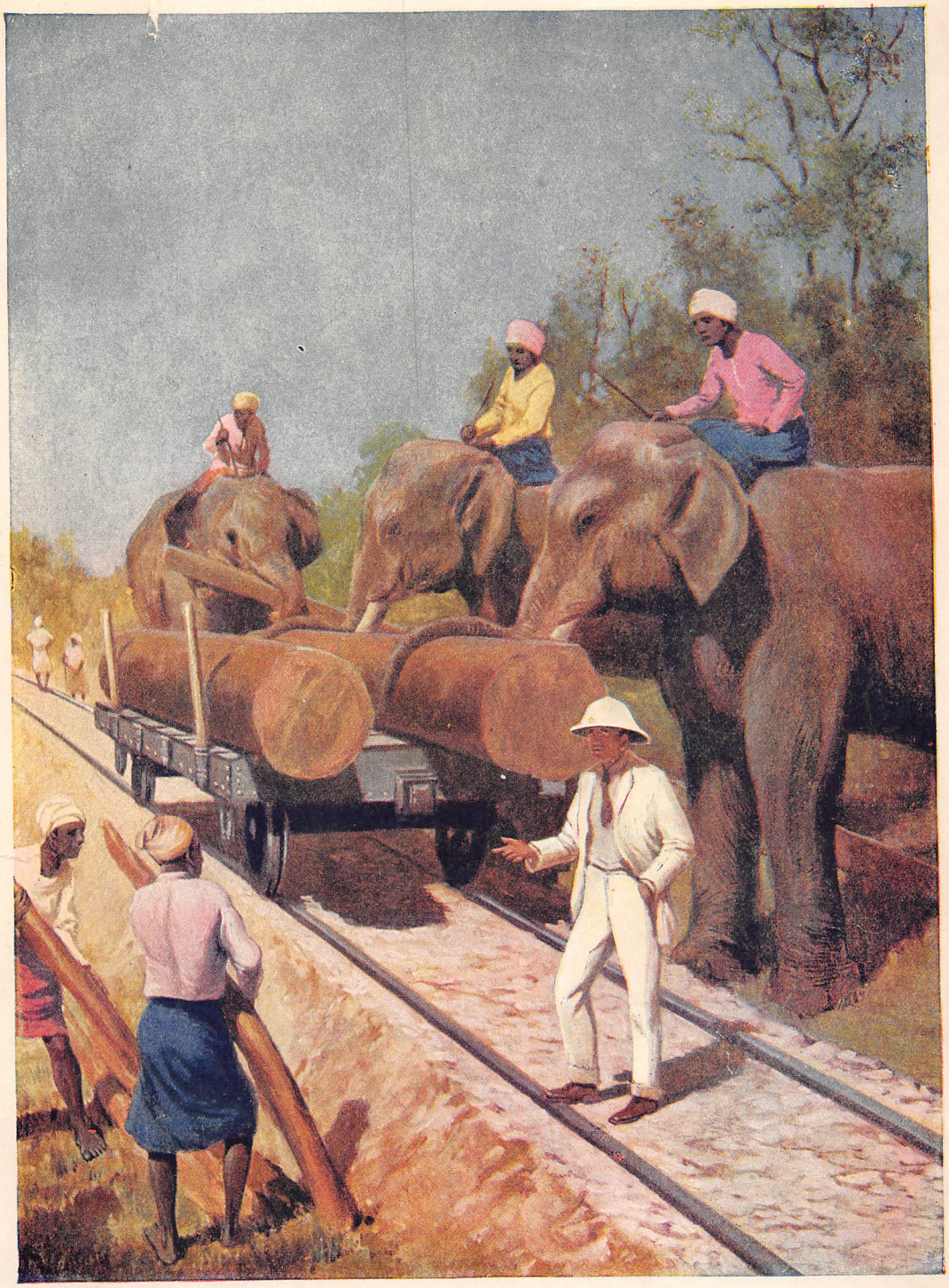


The young Christopher, after picking up what schooling he could, was early compelled to seek a means of earning his own living, and soon found a place as an errand-boy. Being an ambitious lad, this work did not long satisfy him, and he begged to be allowed to help his elder brother, who was running a little business in foreign produce. This request was granted, and proved to be the turning-point in his career. He soon learnt his trade, for he had a natural aptitude for business, and a year later was sent out by his brother's firm to Sweden to see if flour could be bought there more cheaply than in Hamburg, the port from which, at that time, most of the foreign produce came to the north-east coast of England.

Whilst at Gottenburg, he heard that war had broken out between France and Germany and that Hamburg was blockaded. His clear, shrewd brain at once grasped the fact that the thing to be done was to ship all the flour possible from Swedish and Danish ports; but as there was neither time nor means to communicate with his brother, he had to act entirely on his own responsibility. His first step was to buy various samples of flour and persuade a baker to make loaves quickly from each kind, in order that he might judge which was the best. Having made up his mind on this point, he bought up all he could on the firm's account and shipped it to England.

It was certainly a smart stroke of business for a youth of his age, and it brought in about fifty thousand pounds profit to his firm. As a result he became their chief buyer—though then only nineteen—and was sent travelling about for them on the Continent, whilst a little later he was still further advanced by being made a partner.

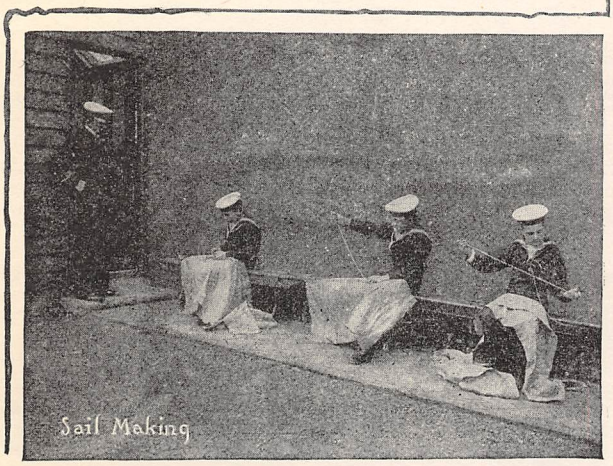
The business continued to increase, helped forward not a little by Christopher's boundless energy and industry, to say nothing of the various schemes evolved by his clever brain. 'Why pay shipowners to bring our food-stuffs from over the seas?' was one of the things he questioned. 'Why not have ships of our own for that purpose?' He calculated it all out, and the result was that the firm of Furness began to charter their own vessels: before long they went further still and bought them. These ships were the beginning of what to-day is the famous Furness Line of steamers, familiar in every navigable part of the globe.



ELEPHANTS LOADING TEAK.

But we are getting on too fast, and must go back a little to when, at the age of twenty-five, Christopher started for himself. He found the shipping part of the business so attractive that he decided to devote himself entirely to it, resolving to try his hand at ship-building. This led to his acquiring an interest in a Hartlepool firm of ship-builders, and finally the two businesses were united under the title of Furness, Withy & Co.

And thus the little errand-boy rose step by step, until he became a great ship-builder, as well as one of the largest, if not quite the largest, ship-owner in the world. But this was not by any means all to which he attained, for he was also a great colliery owner and a great manufacturer. He had vast businesses in many places; he gave employment to thousands of men; he had captains and sailors all over the world, and his name was universally known.


Sail Making

One more ambition he had—that was to enter Parliament; he succeeded in accomplishing this as he did all else, and at the age of thirty-nine was elected M.P. for his own town of Hartlepool. Three years later he was knighted by Queen Victoria, whilst in 1910, King George made Sir Christopher a peer of the realm, under the title of Baron Furness of Grantley.

We have seen what a shrewd, clever brain he had, even from boyhood; but it was not only shrewdness which enabled Lord Furness to rise to his high position. We may perhaps find an answer to the secret of his success in what he himself said when asked to give a few useful hints for a paper read chiefly by young men and boys. He said young men would be far more successful if they were always punctual, interested in their work, zealous in its execution, earnest and industrious in the daily duties of life. 'Tell the boys, too,' he added, 'to be sober, for the cleverest and best of men are ruined by strong drink.'

Lord Furness practised all, and more, than he preached, for even up to a week before his death—which took place at the end of 1912—although suffering great pain, he insisted on receiving visits from the heads of his various concerns.

He did not forget others either in the expending of his wealth. He was always ready to give help when needed, and long before he became a millionaire had set aside a large sum to form a fund for brightening the lot of worn-out old sailormen.

He was interested too, in the making of young sailors, for he considered it a danger to trading interests as also to the welfare of the Empire that this great seafaring nation of ours—the greatest in the

Heaving the Lead

world—should have so few facilities for training our own boys for sea service, and that, consequently, so many British ships were manned by foreigners.

After careful thought and consideration he decided to open at Swanley, in Kent—in connection with some other Homes for Little Boys—a 'Lady Furness House,' to be used entirely for the training of boys for the Mercantile Marine. This is now open, and accommodates thirty lads, who are taught every branch of their craft. They become very soon eager and interested, giving promise of becoming, later on, true and worthy British sailors—made, we hope, of the right stuff to uphold the honour of our flag and Empire on the seas. Our illustrations, kindly furnished by the Secretary to the Homes, shows scenes in their daily life.

The results of the 'Lady Furness House' have already been most satisfactory, and, through the generosity of its founder, eight boys have been apprenticed, free of payment, to the Furness, Withy Line of steamers.

It is hoped that this little account of a great and successful man may help other boys to realise how largely their success or failure in life depends upon themselves. Let them use their chances, as Lord Furness did, to the best advantage, and—in the words of his own special message to the young men of the Empire—let them also 'never forget the day of small things,' for then, who knows but they too may become wealthy, and what is better still, worthy citizens of their country?

C. M. Foot.

DOG ROGUES.

THE ease with which dogs may be trained to perform little useful duties is one of their best characteristics, and day by day we see men making more and more use of trained dogs for various purposes. Sportsmen train them to seek out and bring in the game which is shot; soldiers are training them to ambulance work; railway men, to collect subscriptions; and policemen, to help them to keep watch and to track out thieves.

All these are good services, and we should like to think that trained dogs are always good ones. But the dog which can be trained by the sportsman for good and useful work can also be trained by a poacher to help in stealing game. As this work is dangerous to the people who are engaged in it, the poacher's dog has to be very carefully taught, and by the time he is qualified for the poacher's work, he is a very clever dog rogue, a good deal cleverer, in fact, than most of his honest companions, since he has learned not only to do his work without making mistakes, but to do it silently and stealthily. Though he is engaged upon bad work, that is his master's fault, and the dog himself reveals many excellent qualities. He is sharp and clever, and, above all, he is faithful to his master and never betrays him. I will therefore give some accounts of clever dogs which have taken part in roguish occupations.

In bygone days, when the country districts of England were not so thickly populated as they are now, and when there were fewer fields and hedgerows, sheep-stealing was a very common offence. The sheep were turned out to graze upon the unenclosed hillsides, commons, and wastes; and the sheep-stealer would come at night, pick out as many sheep from the flock as he wanted, and drive them to some distant fair, where he would sell them before they could be traced. Having received the money, the sheep-stealer returned home, or went to some remote part of the country, and was probably never found out. A well-trained dog was a great help to such a sheep-stealer.

Sir Walter Scott tells of a sheep-farmer and his shepherd in Scotland who practised sheep-stealing with the aid of such a dog. Its name was Yarrow, and it was so well trained that the farmer had only to show it in the daytime the sheep which he wished it to steal, and when he sent it out alone at night, it would return and single them out from the flock, and drive them away. Almost any well-trained sheep-dog can separate particular sheep from a flock, but Yarrow showed his special cleverness by bringing the stolen sheep home without betraying his master. He drove them along roundabout and lonely paths, and if the sheep were obstinate, and delayed him on the way till daybreak, he left them, and returned home alone by a circuitous route. So clever was he, that if he met his master while he was bringing the sheep home, he pretended not to know the man. These thefts were continued for a long time, but the farmer was discovered at last and sentenced to death. The dog came into the ownership of an honest man, but it is said that, as an honest dog, he proved only a dull one.

A doctor has left an account of a sheep-stealer who was helped in the same way by a dog. The man would go through a flock of sheep, and pretend to look at them with the intention of buying some of them. His dog accompanied him, and the man contrived to give the dog a secret signal, which told the animal which sheep he was to steal, perhaps twenty of them out of a flock of some hundreds. The man and the dog would then set off home without any sheep. When they had gone several miles, and night was coming on, the man would send back his dog to the flock, and the dog singled out the sheep which were wanted and brought them to him.

Dogs have long been trained as smugglers between such countries as France and Belgium, which lie next each other. The dog goes over the frontier to the house of a friend, who loads him with a little burden of goods, such as lace or cigars, upon which a duty ought to be paid when they are taken from one country to the other. The dog is then released in the dark, and scampers off home with the goods to his master. If the dog is detected, he is probably shot, but it is not easy to catch these nimble four-footed smugglers. In bygone days smuggling was practised to a much greater extent than it is now. I have an account of the smuggling which went on between France and Belgium in 1826. It was calculated that over two thousand tons of English manufactured goods were smuggled from Belgium into France by dogs, some of which had been captured with loads upon them which were valued at thirty or forty pounds each. In ten years over forty thousand of these dogs had been destroyed, a circumstance which shows how extensive and cruel this business then was.

A gentleman bought a little spaniel from a dealer. Before long, he found that the dog had been trained to steal. When he entered a shop the dog stayed outside a little while, then came in and pretended to have nothing to do with him. When the man left the shop, the dog remained behind until he could quietly pick up a pair of gloves or stockings, or some other light article, which he brought to his master. His previous owner may, perhaps, have taught him to steal some article which he singled out.

An English officer was one day crossing one of the bridges over the Seine, when a dirty poodle rubbed itself against his polished boots. There was a bootblack on the bridge, and the officer went to him and had his boots repolished. Shortly afterwards he was crossing the bridge again, when the dog came and dirtied his boots in the same way. This aroused the officer's suspicions, and he stayed about to watch the dog. He saw it go into the mud of the river and then come back upon the bridge and look out for some passer-by with well-polished boots. Having found a suitable man, it went up to him, and pretending to be friendly, contrived to soil his boots. The officer discovered that the dog belonged to the shoeblack, and he questioned the latter carefully, and very soon obtained a confession from him that he had taught the dog the trick in order to obtain customers.

W. A. Atkinson.

IF I WERE A FAIRY.

IF I were a fairy, I know what I'd do!
I'd sail in the moon-boat through sky-seas of blue—
I'd call on the Dog-Star, Orion I'd greet,
And travel all night in my vessel so fleet;
Then earthward I'd sink as the morning shone red,
And all the bright stars had to hurry to bed.

If I were a fairy, I'd sit up all night,
And dance on the green as the moon glimmered bright!
A crown of gay jewels should gleam on my hair,
And beautiful robes, made of flowers, I'd wear—
A fine golden sceptre I'd hold in my hand
As I tripped to the strains of the grasshopper band!

If I were a fairy, I'd frolic all day,
For elf-maids, of course, need do nothing but play!
I'd mount on the sea-gulls that flit o'er the waves,
Or sleep at my ease in the cool ocean caves,
Or sing with the mermaids the livelong day through,
For then I should never have lessons to do!

M. E. Sargent.

A STRANGE SNAKE.

THAT large lizard of the pampas, in South America, which is called the 'iguana,' is a great snake-slayer. It kills the snakes by beating them with its powerful tail.

A naturalist has told the following story about an iguana which one day was much surprised and mystified.

A friend of the naturalist was out riding, looking after his cattle. He carried with him a lasso, one end being attached to his saddle, while part of the forty-foot line trailed on the ground. The rider saw a large iguana lying apparently asleep, for, though he rode within a few inches of it, the creature did not stir. But as soon as the man had passed, the trailing lasso attracted its attention.

The iguana took the slowly-moving rope for a snake, and, dashing at it, struck it violently again and again. Several yards of the lasso were thus pounded in vain. When the whole of it had passed by, the iguana, with uplifted head, gazed after it in astonishment. Evidently it was saying to itself, 'What a very strange snake!'

E. Dyke.

THE SNAIL HUNT.

'WELL, isn't this too hopeless?' Archie Cameron flung himself on to a form and upset a game of chess between two of the smaller boys without offering the slightest apology.

'Should think it was,' grunted Barlow. 'It's about the first time since I've been here that we've had a fine day for the sports—and now to have them stopped for a thing like this!'

'Beastly mean, I call it,' said Archie, rudely kicking a pawn towards its owner. 'Why should old Marshall think we took the Mark-book? It might have been a burglar—or one of the servants.'

'So likely!—a thing not worth a halfpenny. Some one must have hidden it for a "rag," and now he's afraid to own up.'

'Wish I knew who it was, that's all,' commented Archie.

'Tell you what,' he exclaimed suddenly. 'Let's have the sports by ourselves—now!'

'What, in here?' growled Barlow. 'The hundred yards a dozen times round the room, and the high jump over the black-board?'

'If you'll shut up, I'll make a jolly good programme, which can be carried out perfectly well; and if there are a decent number of entries, I'll give one of my new golf balls for the first prize.'

This was held to be a really magnificent offer, and most of the smaller boys became instantly keenly interested. On Jack Henderson's producing half a tin of toffy as the second prize, entries flowed in apace.

Archie allowed no one to 'look over' the programme which he was scribbling down on a blank sheet of exercise-paper. When he had finished, he mounted a form and read it aloud with pardonable pride.

'First Event: Flower-picking competition. The chap who picks a flower farthest from the house wins. (N.B.—If it's from the bed under the study window you score double.) Second Event: Tug-of-War (we can have that in here and rig up a rope out of anything). Third: Obstacle Race. Course: Over the tennis-net, across the flower-border, through the shrubbery, round the sun-dial, over the wall, under the strawberry-nets, and back by the chicken-yard. Fourth: Snail Hunt. Winner must bring five snails from the summer-house (you can do that separately, and I'll time you). Fifth——'

'Oh, dry up, Archie!' said Barlow, who had been listening rather uneasily to some of these items. 'We shan't get through more than that before class.'

'Right-o! We will start at once. Henderson and I act as timer and referee, so of course we can't go in, but all you chaps who've entered had better fire away.'

The pause that followed showed some hesitation on the part of the competitors. Mr. Marshall was a strict head master, and was not likely to pass over disobedience of his orders at all lightly—no one relished the idea of being caught picking a flower 'farthest from the house,' scaling the garden wall, or hunting for snails in the summer-house.

But Archie refused to be put off.

'You're to start in school order,' he announced. 'Richards, you're first. Off you go—I've started timing you!'

The first three races were managed without any serious disaster. No one was bold enough to pick a flower from the bed under the study window, and Barlow won with a dandelion from the corner behind the pig-sty. The obstacle race was won by Richards, who tore his trousers badly on the garden wall, and felt the coming explanation as a dismal blight upon his triumph. The tug-of-war was spoilt by the rope, which, being made of braces, ties and stockings, knotted together, had a nasty trick of breaking at the critical moment and hurling both parties backwards into the wall. After two pairs of braces had been torn in half, and one stocking pulled out to double its original length, the committee had the sense to bring this event to an abrupt end. The snail hunt was the final, and the competitors hung back from it like timid bathers on a diving-board.

The summer-house was so directly in front of the study window! If Mr. Marshall should happen to be looking out!

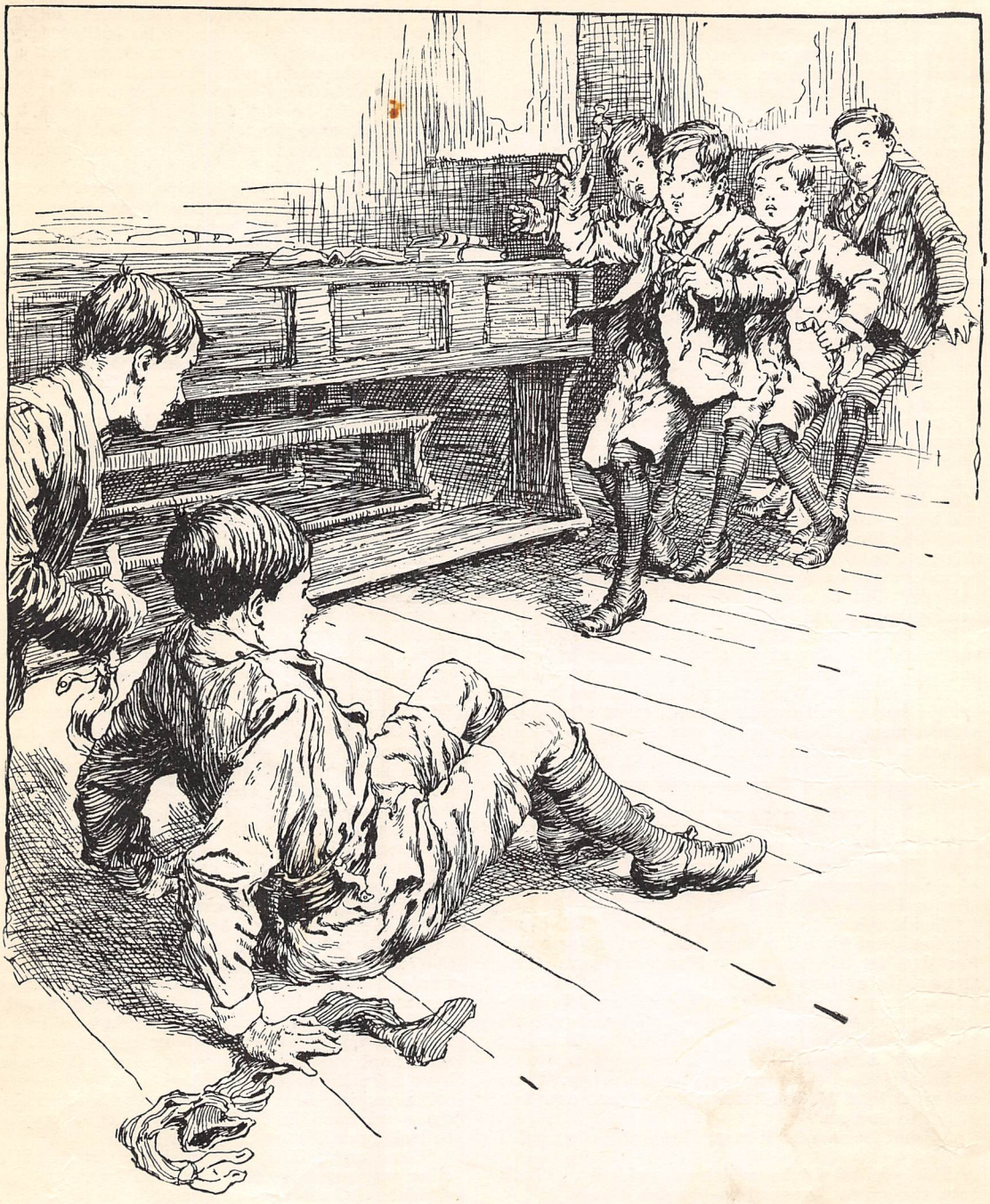
'Come on,' said Archie, briskly. 'You start the other way round for this. Beville's first.'

'Me? Oh, not me, Cameron!'

'Yes, you, of course, you little rabbit. Why not? Funk it, I suppose?'

Leonard Beville flushed scarlet. 'I'm not—I don't—I'll go this minute!'

(Continued on page 66.)



"The rope, being made of braces, ties, and stockings, had a nasty trick of breaking."

"'What is the meaning of this?'"

THE SNAIL HUNT.

(Concluded from page 63.)

THERE was a general laugh from the elder boys, but before they could answer him Leonard had dropped out of the low window, and was dodging quickly through the shrubbery on his way to the summer-house. He wished his errand well over—but Archie had called him a funk! Leonard was only nine, and he had yet to learn that to be 'dared' into an act of disobedience, however slight, is a sign of cowardice rather than courage.

The shrubbery was the least perilous part of the journey. When once he was clear of it, there was a wide stretch of open lawn, the whole of which could be plainly seen from the study window.

After more than one false start and nervous retreat to the bushes, Leonard ducked his head as low as he could and ran like a rabbit. Every moment he expected to hear his name called in the stern voice he knew so well! But he reached the summer-house in safety and took refuge inside it, gasping with relief. Here at least he would be hidden till the dreadful moment came when he must run back!

He collected the snails slowly—there were plenty of them about on the floor and walls. As he stooped to pick up the last, a bundle of torn papers under one of the seats caught his eye. He turned them over with his foot, and discovered an old bone, and a much-chewed indiarubber ball, which he recognised as the dearest treasure of Rip, Mr. Marshall's fox-terrier.

'Better pick them up,' reflected Leonard. 'They look awfully untidy, and if I'm caught they'll say I did it. Besides, Rip will be wanting his ball.'

He was not sorry for an excuse to linger under cover, and took as long as he could about collecting the scattered papers.

'I must go now. That ass Cameron is timing me!'

Leonard put the unfortunate snails into one pocket, the ball and the bone into another, and stuffed his shirt-front with the papers. He was just ready to start when he heard footsteps on the grass outside. He peeped through the ivy-grown window—yes, it was the head-master himself, and he was coming straight towards the summer-house! Leonard looked round wildly for some hiding-place—there was none! The seats would not have hidden Rip, there was no table, no chairs, not even a door. He was hopelessly trapped, like a miserable chicken in a coop.

'Beville! what is the meaning of this? What are you doing in the summer-house?'

'I—I have tidied it, sir!' gasped Leonard, in desperation. 'These all belong to—to Rip!'

He thrust the papers, the ball, and the bone into the head-master's hands.

'Did you come out here to tidy it?' inquired Mr. Marshall, suspiciously, as he examined Rip's tattered collection.

'N-no—I came to—to get snails.'

'What for?'

Mr. Marshall looked again at the papers, and then very keenly at the boy. Leonard did not answer, but a proof of his words was on the front of his blazer. A large, grey snail was steadily crawling from the pocket towards the top button, leaving behind him a silver track like the path of a steamer.

'Put them back, every one, then go into the study and wait for me.'

Meanwhile, in the schoolroom, the sports committee had passed from amusement to anxiety. The head-master's approach, watched from the window, was a moment of horrid suspense; but when Leonard was finally captured, Archie hesitated no longer.

'We can't let the wretched kid in for the whole row,' he announced decidedly. 'Come on, any one who isn't an abject worm!'

There was no resisting such encouragement as this, and, in consequence, the head-master found nearly the whole school awaiting him in the study.

Only a few lingered in the schoolroom and congratulated themselves on being 'out of it.'

'Please, sir, it wasn't Beville's fault.'

Archie plunged into a confused description of the secret sports, supported by an occasional mutter from Henderson or Barlow. Mr. Marshall heard him to an end, and then it became the turn of the unhappy committee to listen to him for awhile.

'One good result has come from your disobedience to my orders,' he concluded, 'though it was quite accidental. The disappearance of the Mark-book has been satisfactorily explained. Rip must have carried it off, and Beville found the pieces in the summer-house.'

A relieved smile went round the school as the head-master made this announcement in tones of evident pleasure, but it died away as he went on severely:

'This is no sort of atonement for your deliberate breaking of rules, and you all, especially you elder boys, deserve to be severely punished. However, I feel I owe you some apology for a suspicion which has proved to be unjust. Ahem—you can all go and change at once—the sports will begin in ten minutes!'

D. Percy Smith.

THIRD-NIGHT-AWN-HINDE.

I FANCY that this is a word which will puzzle a good many people. By the laws of St. Edward the Confessor, if any man lay a third night in an inn, he was called a 'third-night-awn-hinde' and his host was answerable for him if he committed any offence. The first night, 'forman-night,' or 'uncuth' (unknown), he was reckoned a stranger; the second night, 'twa-night,' he was considered a guest; and the third night, an 'ayenhinde,' a domestic. Every inn-keeper is bound to receive at any hour of the night or day every traveller who is ready and willing to pay for reasonable accommodation, but he is not bound to entertain him for an indefinite period, and it becomes a question of fact and law how long a traveller may stay at an inn without growing from a traveller into a guest. Even from an early period the law was very severe upon the inn-keeper, and if a robbery were committed at his inn, made the inn-keeper responsible for the loss, the reason being that inn-keepers were so frequently in league with the highwaymen and knights of the road, providing them with horses, concealing and sheltering them when pursued, and giving them information of the persons using the houses of entertainment.

Even in modern times, when highwaymen have vanished in the days of long ago, the inn-keeper can only reduce his liability for making good the loss incurred by a robbery at an hotel by complying with

certain regulations, by which the guests are notified that all valuables should be deposited by them for safe keeping with the inn-keeper—a thing which in practice is very seldom done! G. D. Lynch.

PETER'S ADVENTURE.

PETER'S adventure occurred many years ago, and if he is still in this world he must be a very old man. His home was in New England, and his occupation was that of a pedlar.

When he was young and strong, Peter used to travel in all sorts of weather. He had more than one adventure. Once he met a bear, and he was often in peril during seasons of storm or flood.

This story is about an encounter which he had with wolves. One afternoon, on the 22nd or 23rd of December (when he told the tale he could not be certain of the date), he was driving in his sleigh-cart through a pass in the mountains. So bad was the road, and so heavy the load, that Whitey, Peter's horse, had to go slowly. At sunset, the pedlar was still up among the forests, twenty miles from the village where he hoped to spend Christmas with friends. He knew that he could not reach the place until ten o'clock at least. The weather was bitterly cold, but Peter, telling himself that a good time was coming, buttoned up his thick coat and drove on bravely.

It was dusk when he heard a slight sound behind him. Looking round, he saw an animal, which he took to be a large dog, trotting along about fifty yards in the rear of the cart.

At first Peter thought that there might be a team coming along behind, or that this was some forlorn dog which had lost its master. But it seemed strange that when he whistled to it, the dog took no notice. Odd, too, that it kept always about the same distance from the cart. Presently Peter saw that two animals were following, the new arrival being just about as far behind the first 'dog' as the first was behind the cart. So far as he could make out in the twilight, they were about the same size.

'Two dogs,' said Peter to himself, 'which have been out hunting together, and are now going home tired.'

The next time he looked back, there were three animals! And now Peter grasped the dreadful truth. They were wolves!

He stopped his horse, leaped upon the seat of his cart, and shouted at the creatures with all his might. The nearest one stood still for a moment, then replied with a bark and a howl. The one behind came up to the first, and stopped; the third did the same. Others, to the man's horror, now made their appearance on the road, all in single file, one behind the other. Peter counted eight.

The only weapons he had were his steel-yards, a hatchet, and a snow-shovel. He drove on, and the wolves followed more quickly than before, and got nearer to the cart.

There was little chance, in this lonely spot, of meeting any persons who could help. Ahead were many miles of bad road, with woods on either side.

Poor, frightened Whitey did his best, while the wolves behind yelped and snarled.

One of them came close up to the cart. Peter yelled at him, and he fell back for the moment. Two or three wolves then rushed forward, running abreast of the cart. Peter saw that they were about to attack him, and that if he would save his life and that of his horse he must do something at once. To gain time, he flung down one of his big sacks of stuff. The snarling wolves sprang upon it instantly, and tore it to shreds; but in less than two minutes they were after Peter again—more fierce and eager than before.

Down in the cart, at the back of the seat, was a large basket in which were two hundred and forty eggs (twenty dozen), packed in oats. The pedlar opened the 'drop' at his back, seized the basket, and pitched it out to his tormentors.

They bolted the eggs, shells and all, some of them. One or two, however, ran after Peter without stopping until the others came up with them.

The man felt very sorry for his faithful horse, and determined to give him a chance of escape. Leaning over, he cut straps and braces with his big jack-knife, then gave the horse a stinging blow with the whip, which sent him bounding away—free.

By now the wolves, making a horrible noise, were leaping upon both sides of the cart. But before they could spring upon Peter, he had raised on its hinges the drop at his back, and slipped through it down into the covered body of the cart.

He had barely let the drop fall before the hungry beasts were swarming upon his cart, sniffing and snarling, clawing and scratching, pulling off the remaining sacks, and worrying Peter's buffalo-skin. Having quickly torn everything to pieces, and being unable to get at Peter, they rushed away after the horse.

The pedlar peeped out, and saw them on the road. Presently he heard some dreadful screams, by which he knew that poor Whitey was doomed. He did not dare to leave his cart before day dawned, for he feared that the wolves might return. He was fairly comfortable inside the cart, with his coat, a horse-blanket, and plenty of old rags to keep him warm, and after a time he fell asleep.

In the morning, Peter pulled his cart out of the road, gathered up such fragments of his ill-used property as was left, and set off on his 'back track' of the day before to get help.

He had not gone far when he met a teamster with four oxen and a large sled. After hearing Peter's story, this man kindly took the cart on his sled, and then the two went on together.

About a mile further on they passed the bones of the horse, which, picked clean, lay at the side of the road; but no wolves were to be seen.

That day Peter reached in safety the village where his friends dwelt, and with them, after his unpleasant adventure, he spent a very comfortable Christmas.

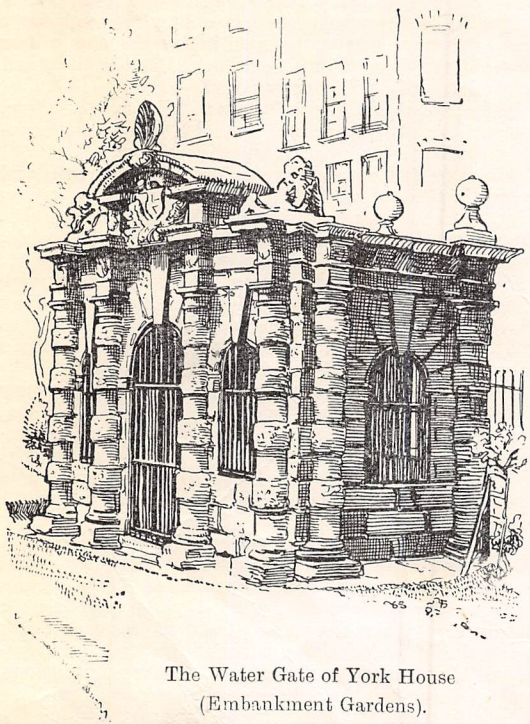
BYGONE LONDON.

I.—THE OLD GATES.

THERE is an old story that long ago, before the Romans came to England, a king named Lud ruled over the people that lived on some high ground beside the river Thames. Below their town or settlement, called 'din' in their language, the river formed a lake or 'lyn,' and from these two words we get our name of London. The place needed to be strongly fortified against other tribes, and the

chief gate in the stockade was named after the king, Ludgate.

Through many centuries afterwards, the name was used for one of the gates of London; and though it has long been pulled down, we still call the hill that rises from the spot where it used to stand, Ludgate Hill. In the time of Henry II., when the city had not spread outside its walls and Westminster was a



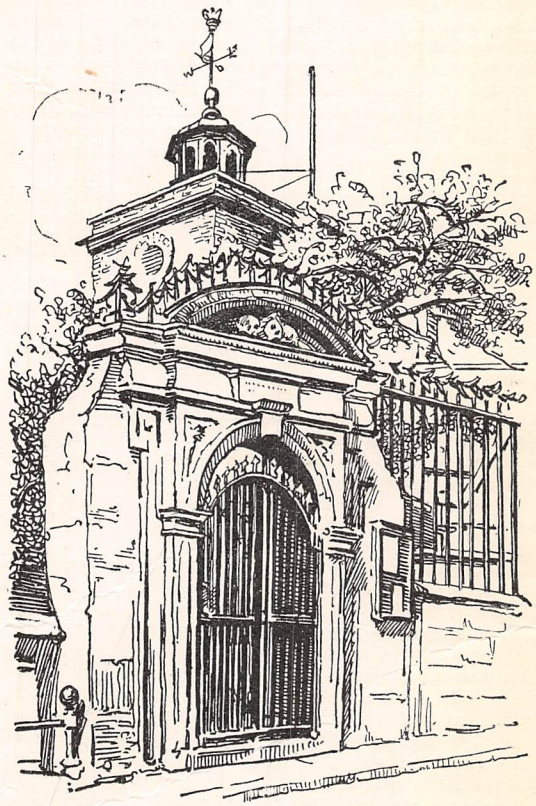
The Water Gate of York House
(Embankment Gardens).

country place, there were seven gates, and most of their names are still in use for the streets that have been built where the gates once stood: the Cripplegate, which means 'covered gateway,' not the 'cripple's gate,' as is generally thought; the Aldgate, the age of which is shown by its name, which probably came from Aeld or Oldgate; Ludgate, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and Bridgegate. This last gate stood at the end of London Bridge; it had a tower upon it, and was built long before William the Conqueror came to England. Newgate and Moorgate were built a little later.

Many think that Temple Bar was a city gate, but it was merely a city boundary, marking the division between London and Westminster. As London grew bigger and bigger, these gateways were no longer needed; they gradually fell into disuse and were pulled down, the people relying on fortifications on the hills further away for the defence of their city.

A great many of the nobles built beautiful villas along the banks of the Thames, and, as the roads in those times were often impassable, the river was much used as a water-way, and was often gay with private barges. Most of these houses had water-gates of their own, with steps leading down to the edge of the river, from which their owners embarked. Somerset House, one of these villas, has long been rebuilt, and of York House, close by, nothing remains but the beautiful water-gate in the Embankment Gardens, designed by Inigo Jones. Owing to the raising and widening of the Thames embankment, the steps no longer show, and the river flows by many yards further away than it used to do.

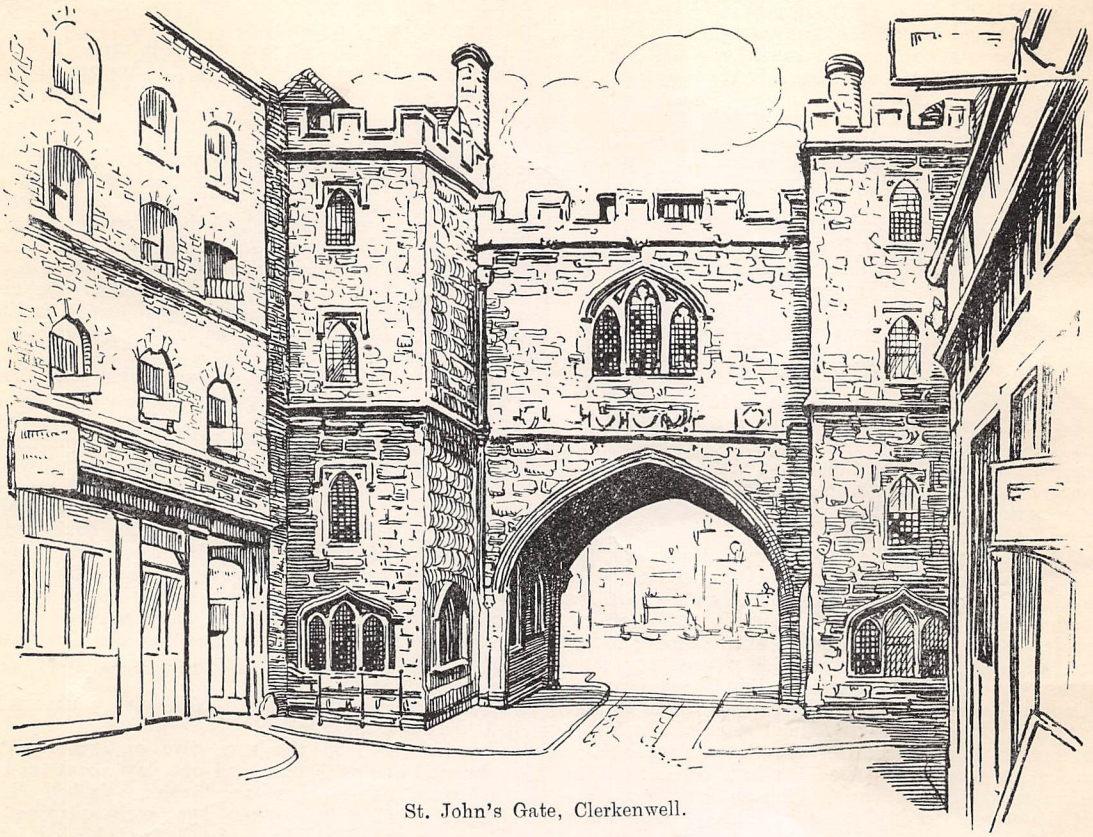
The palace of the Earl of Essex stood where the present Essex Street has been built, and a water-gate is still to be seen at the river end of the street. Some authorities say that it must have been rebuilt, and that the two stone pillars, one at each side, are the only parts left of the old palace. There were many other water-gates, those belonging to wharves, and some at the end of the streets leading down to the river, from which boats could be hired. There were also several free landing-places, such as Blackfriars stairs. One of these gates was called the Oyster Gate, from the number of vendors of oysters



The Plague Gate, St. Olave's, Hart Street.

and other shell-fish that stood on the steps to sell their wares.

One of the oldest of these water-gates was called Billingsgate, from which our own fish-market still takes its name, and which was said to have been called after Belin, an ancient British king, whose ashes were placed in a brass urn and set upon a pinnacle of the gate. The Tower of London had a



St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell.

water-gate of its own (the famous 'Traitors' Gate'), through which many of the prisoners were rowed on their arrival at the fortress they were never likely to leave again.

There are some other old gateways of historical interest still left in London. When, in the year 1665, the Great Plague devastated the city, sixty-eight thousand people perished, and every one went about in dread of the infection. Many of the dead were buried in the churchyard of St. Stephen's, Coleman Street, where stands the gateway, with its ornaments in the shape of skulls, which was put up in memory of the victims.

St. Olave's, Hart Street, another church which escaped the Great Fire of London, has a very picturesque plague-gate at the entrance to its churchyard in Seething Lane, and it is similarly ornamented. This is the church that Samuel Pepys attended, and he describes in his Diary how sad he felt when, on his return to London, after the Plague was over, he walked through the churchyard and saw the many fresh graves.

A gateway of another kind is that of St. John's Priory, Clerkenwell, once the home of the knights of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, until its suppression in the time of Henry VIII. The priory was founded in the reign of Henry I., and must have been very large, as, when it was set on fire during Wat Tyler's rebellion, it remained alight for seven days. The priory buildings were finally destroyed by Protector Somerset. They were blown up with gunpowder, and the stones were used in the building of his new palace, Somerset House, which was rising rapidly by the side of the river Thames.

The gateway, all that now remains of the priory, was the entrance on the south, and was built in 1504 by a Prior named Docwra. His arms are to be seen on one side, while those of France and England are on the other. In later days, Dr. Johnson lived in the rooms over the gateway, and here he wrote articles for a paper called the Gentleman's Magazine, which had a picture of the old gateway on its cover. The building is now the headquarters of the St. John's Ambulance Corps.

Ruth Cobb.

THE TREES OF THE HOMELAND.

I.—THE YEW.

DARK and sombre in the churchyard
Stands alone the ancient yew,
Watching o'er the quiet acre
Like a sentry still and true.

Who, we wonder, chose to plant it
Near the church, on sacred ground?
Did they think 'twould keep a memory
Longer than a grassy mound?

Could it tell us of the people,
  Strange indeed the tale would
Customs all unlike the present,
  Lawless lives, untutored, free.

Many an age this yew-tree stately
  Watched the village change and spread,
Watched the people living round it,
  Saw the varying lives they led.

Since the day when it was planted
  Centuries have rolled away—
Still it stands, a link unconscious
  With a far-off, bygone day.

E. M. Haines.

THE HOGSHEAD.

IN the year 1873 war was going on in the island of Cuba. There had been an insurrection, and there was fierce fighting on both sides. The Spaniards were shooting down the Cubans at sight; the Cuban planters were doing desperate deeds, destroying their own property rather than let the Government troops find food and rest.

A little company of forty-six men, under a Captain Green, fighting for Cuba, had just arrived at a place called Tunas, when, at nightfall, a negro from Puerto Principe came to tell them that the enemy had taken that town, and had surrounded a company of patriots at a sugar-mill, where they (the patriots) were desperately defending themselves.

Captain Green felt doubtful as to the truth of this story, for some negroes were paid spies of the Spanish, not to be trusted. In the Captain's company were eight Americans, five of whom had served in their own Civil War; and, being an American himself, he was naturally disposed to rely more upon them than upon the others. So now he turned to his Americans. 'I wish one of you boys would go down there and see what is the matter,' he said.

Two young men stepped forward, and one of them —whom we will call Mason—was chosen for the perilous task. He was provided with a horse, and also with a black boy (mounted on a mule) to act as guide.

The journey was made in safety. When, at four o'clock in the morning, the travellers came to the outskirts of the town, they hitched up their animals, and went on foot to the hut of a negro gardener known to the boy, who, they thought, would be able to tell them the news, if any there were to tell. From this man they learned that a company of the enemy's cavalry and four battalions of infantry had entered the town on the previous day. There had, however, been no fighting, no revolutionaries being in the town.

The negro seemed friendly, and gave Mason and his boy-guide plenty of oranges and bread. But as soon as they had left him he went straight to the Spaniards and betrayed them—for the sake of a reward.

Though Mason did not know this, he thought that the sooner they got away from the place the better for them it would be! So he mounted his horse, the black boy mounted his mule, and they set out on the return journey. As their animals were very tired they were forced to go slowly. They had ridden for about an hour when they heard from behind a loud 'Hola!' and, looking round, saw a squad of Spanish cavalry galloping after them.

The terrified boy slipped from his mule, took to the guava hedge, and disappeared. Mason wheeled through a gap in the hedge on the other side, and rode for his life through a field of young sugar-canes.

The Spaniards fired at him again and again, but did not hit him. Beyond the canes was a belt of low orange-trees. Dashing through these, Mason came upon a muddy creek, half-choked with high, rank grass. He spurred on his poor, exhausted horse, which, plunging into the stream, landed in the middle of it—and there stuck! Over the animal's head slid Mason, and struggled to the farther bank, covered with black mud, and, of course, wet to the skin.

On this side also were orange-trees. Into their shelter Mason ran. A trooper had caught sight of him, and again shots rang out. But the fugitive came out of the orange-orchard unhurt. Just where it ended stood a deserted sugar-mill. Here, under the storage-shed, were thirty or forty hogsheads of molasses. They were ranged in a row, on their sides, upon a low platform against the back wall.

To the hunted man, in that moment of danger, these oaken casks looked strangely home-like. For as a boy, in his New England home, his occupation during three or four winters had been the riving and shaving of red-oak staves for the hogsheads which schooners conveyed to the West Indies for molasses.

Here, possibly, were some of the very staves he had worked at.

Besides those in the row, two or three empty casks, and one with one head out, lay about on the platform. A sudden recollection flashed into Mason's mind. Once, years ago, while playing at hide-and-seek with other lads, he had hidden himself in an open hogshead, and had not been found!

Should he hide in one now? Yes! for it was his only chance of escape.

There was not a moment to lose. Hastily Mason rolled two of the full hogsheads at one end of the row a little apart from the others. The gap thus made he filled up with the empty hogshead, putting its open end next to the wall. Luckily, the remaining head was painted red, like the rest.

After dropping his carbine into the well at the end of the shed, Mason got close up against the wall, and crawled into the empty hogshead. By means of a few vigorous pulls and shoves, he contrived to move it (with himself inside), so far back that the open end could not easily be detected, even by any one passing close to the row. In fact it was so like the others that Mason felt sure he had nothing to fear—unless it were moved.

Scarcely had he got settled into his hogshead when four or five of the Spanish troopers, who had succeeded in getting their horses across the creek, galloped up to the spot, followed presently by their comrades on foot.

Mason caught glimpses of them through a tiny crack in the head of his cask. Not only had they tracked him to the shed, but, as he was horrified to see, they had now observed his wet footprints on the platform. He had not given these a thought. Surely his enemies must find him now.

But they did not. Shouting, they hurried past the

row of hogsheads, following the track to the well, which they carefully examined. Evidently they thought that Mason might be down there, for they threw in several heavy stones.

Their non-success put them very much out of temper. One man, after leaving the well, ran along on the top of the casks, then slowly returned. For some seconds he stood on the very hogshead in which Mason was huddled up!

What a relief it was to the poor fellow when they all went off. They did not go right away, however, until they had searched the engine-house and other buildings belonging to the mill. This search occupied them for half an hour at least, and twice their officer came back to the well. He seemed unable to rid himself of the idea that the man he sought was there.

How thankful was Mason when at last he could creep out of his cask and stretch his cramped limbs! He ventured no farther than the engine-house that day. In the evening he stole forth, and tried, unsuccessfully, to get his carbine out of the well. Then he went to the creek, and looked about for his horse, but he was nowhere to be seen. So Mason was obliged to go back to Tunas on foot, and very glad he was when he found himself safely there.

E. D.

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 59.)

CHAPTER VI.

THAT evening there came a man to the camp, running very swiftly. He carried in his hand a lemon-coloured envelope. It was a telegram from Government, granting leave for the journey to Paris, and giving the name of the officer who was appointed to take charge of the forests. The man who carried the telegram had run most of the way from the Post Office, twenty miles distant; yet he did not appear tired, for he was used to such long journeys.

There was sleep for the children only in the camp that night. Father had work to finish, which kept him busy until dawn, for he wished to leave everything in order for his successor. There were endless letters for Mother to write, and Miss Gomez to instruct in the arrangements to be made for the children. Miss Gomez was well-meaning and kindly; but her ways and her ideas were not quite those of an English nurse. Also her head was at present so full of thoughts of Sebastien and the coming wedding, that she had little room for anything else; and Mother's heart misgave her as she pictured Miss Gomez at the head of the household—yet there was no one else to put in her place.

'I have written to the servant who is in charge of the house in the hills,' said Mother. 'And I have told him to get the rooms cleaned, and to have everything ready for you.'

'Yes,' said Miss Gomez. But, while she seemed to listen, she was saying to herself, 'Shall I have satin for my wedding-dress, or shall I have silk?'

'The elephant cannot wait here to carry you to the railway. As it belongs to Government, it must go at once to the new officer who is coming. But Julfu will hire, as soon as possible, a cart in which you can travel. He will make arrangements for the horses, and pay and dismiss the camel-men; and he will sell the sheep and goats, and bring you the money that they fetch.'

'Yes,' said Miss Gomez; and now she was wondering how many bridesmaids she would have.

'And you will take great care of the children, won't you? And see that Mary puts on thick underclothes when you go to the hills, and that John changes his shoes when they are very wet, and that Ayah does not give Arnold native sweetmeats to eat. She does not always understand that an English baby and an Indian baby are not quite alike.'

'Yes,' said Miss Gomez, again; and this time she really did listen, and made up her mind to take care of the children in every way. But, unfortunately, her mind was of the kind that cannot stay made up long, but falls to pieces quickly.

The letters were finished at last, and the packing almost completed, and Miss Gomez offered to stick on the many labels that were required—big coloured labels with, 'Wanted on voyage,' and 'Cabin,' and 'Not wanted on voyage,' printed on them, so that it should be quite plain into which part of the ship each box must be put. And while Miss Gomez was thus occupied, Mother stole across to the tent to look at her children asleep.

They were very sound asleep, so sound that they did not wake. And she went softly from one bed to another, a shaded lamp in her hand. And for a long while she stood by each in turn, looking down at the little faces she must leave so soon.

First came Mary's bed—Mary with her dark hair and dark eyelashes on pale cheeks. Mary was not very strong, though she would seldom own that she was tired, or did not feel well. Mother wondered, as she looked at Mary, if Miss Gomez would know, as she herself always knew without any telling, when Mary needed rest. Or if Miss Gomez would understand and pet Mary when Mary needed love. Or if Mary would often cry herself to sleep because Mother was so far away, and she needed her so greatly.

Side by side with Mary's bed was John's. Not very much of John could Mother see, for he always slept rolled up in the bedclothes. Thick fair hair, a snub nose, and a hump among the blankets—that was John. And Mother's heart was anxious as she looked, because she knew that, though Mary might perhaps let Miss Gomez comfort her, John could be comforted by no one but Mother, since he would deem it babyish to let others guess at his unhappiness; and Mother knew also that that sealed-up unhappiness might make him restless, and lead him into many kinds of mischief, and she was greatly afraid lest some harm should happen to her John.

And then Mother crossed the tent to Arnold's cot, which stood close by the bed in which Miss Gomez slept. It was a cold night, but Arnold had kicked off the blankets and his fat legs were uncovered. He lay on his back, one cheek resting on a round, soft fist. Mother drew the blankets up again and tucked them in carefully. Then, all at once she knelt down by Arnold, with her head on the pillow close to his. And all her heart and all her soul and all her strength became one prayer:

'Oh, God, take care of my children,' she prayed. 'Oh, please, take care of them for me.'

(Continued on page 74.)

"For a long while she stood by each in turn."

"On the ground sat Miss Gomez, sobbing bitterly."

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 71.)

CHAPTER VII.

THEY had gone. Mother and Father had started for Paris; Paris which, even yet, seemed only a name on the map. Mary and John watched them out of sight until they could no longer see Mother's handkerchief fluttering, nor Father waving his hunting-crop. Then Mary cried, with no attempt at concealment. But John dug his hands into his pockets, and shut his teeth very hard, and stared at the top of the nearest tree until he could see it quite plainly, and it no longer looked blurred and indistinct, and as if it had at least five tops instead of one. Arnold only laughed and ran about the verandah. He did not understand in the least what had happened, and thought this day just as nice as any other day.

Miss Gomez neither laughed nor cried. She was very full of her new importance. Never before had she been in a position of such authority, and she began at once to give orders to the servants that she might duly impress them. Foolish little orders they were for the most part, but it pleased Miss Gomez to issue them. She sent one man with a needless message to the cook's tent; she found fault with another.

Julfu, who was cleaning the lamps in the bungalow verandah, smiled a little scornfully as he watched and listened. 'Give one who is of no importance a little power,' he murmured, 'and, behold, at once he thinks himself a king.'

John, too, watched and listened, and then he caught hold of Mary's arm and whispered to her. He pretended he did not see that she was crying, because, if he himself had cried, he would have been much annoyed had any one drawn attention to the fact.

'I can't bear to see Gummy playing at being mother,' said John. 'Let's go down to the river. Moti is having her bath now, and we can help to wash her, perhaps.'

Mary dried her tears and followed John towards the road which led down the cliff-side. Julfu watched them go, and then strolled to the edge of the cliff that he might ascertain their object. At the same moment he caught sight of Moti wallowing in the river below, and he returned to his lamps, satisfied. Chotun could be trusted to take care of the children. At the worst, they would return with their clothes a little wet, the probable result of helping to wash Moti.

'Chotun,' John called as he reached the river-edge. 'Chotun, I have come to help you scrub Moti.'

The elephant lay in the shallow water on her side at a little distance from the shore, and both Chotun and the chowra cut were hard at work, scrubbing her with smooth round stones. Every little while she would fill her trunk with water and squirt this over her grey-black shining skin, and sprinkle Chotun and the chowra cut with water also. As they were simply dressed in a piece of cotton cloth twisted round the hips, this shower-bath did not inconvenience them in the least; but Chotun shook his head at John's request.

'This is no fit work for thee, John Sahib,' he said. 'Come at once and carry me through the water so that I may sit on Moti's side and scrub her,' John commanded. 'If you do not come to me, I will walk through the water to you.'

But Chotun paid no attention to the order. He was not as easily ruled as Julfu and Ayah, who both spoiled John completely.

'Mile!' said Chotun sharply to Moti.

Mile means 'Go on' in the language mahouts use to their elephants, and which is different from ordinary Hindustani. Moti upheaved her huge bulk at once and waded, blowing and snorting, to the shore.

'I hate you, Chotun,' said John, stamping with anger. 'When I am a man, you shall never, never be my mahout.'

'Be not angry, John Sahib,' said Chotun, quite unmoved by this threat. 'Now thou shalt help to mix Moti's food. Will that not be better than scrubbing her with a stone? And the Miss Baba shall help also.'

It was always John who was first considered by the servants, and Mary was so used to this that she did not mind it in the least. She knew that they liked her as much as they liked John, but that natives of India always consider boys of more importance than girls.

She followed John and Chotun now, very pleased with Chotun's suggestion. Soon her fingers were deep in a dough of brown meal and water, and she quite forgot, for a few happy, messy moments, that Mother and Father had gone away.

'This morning I saw that solitary elephant of whom I spake,' said Chotun. 'Very early he came and stood close to the camp, regarding it. Very big is he, with tusks of great length and weight.'

'And do you really think he is the same tusker who was here when Moti was caught?' Mary asked.

'Without doubt it is the same, for the tail of that one was very short—so, also, is the tail of this one.'

'If he is so old, perhaps he will die while we are here,' said John thoughtfully. 'And then, when he is dead, we can cut out his tusks and sell them for a great deal of money. I know ivory is very valuable. Father told me so.'

'When his time comes to die, he will not die here,' Chotun answered.

'Why should he not die here?' said Mary. 'I should think he would like to die where he has always lived.'

But Chotun shook his head. 'All elephants go to the same place to die,' he said. 'Hast thou not heard that the elephant-folk have a secret death-valley, and the road to it only those know who there must lay their bones?'

John stopped messing the dough; he was so deeply interested. 'I have never heard of that valley,' he said. 'Tell me more about it, Chotun.'

'I will tell thee what my father told me, and very wise was he in all knowledge concerning elephants. There was nothing hid from him. Thus did he say—when a wild elephant is stricken with a mortal sickness and knows that shortly it must surely die, then does it set its face towards the secret death-place, and journeys thither while there is yet strength left to it. For in that place, and in that place only, can it die in peace.'

'And has nobody seen one of these death-places?'

'I have heard that a hunter, a man of the jungle tribes, sought diligently until his search was rewarded. But, no sooner had his eyes rested on the

death-valley, than his sight departed from him. For many days he wandered in the jungle, blind and helpless, until he was found dying by his own people.'

'What was the valley like? What did he say it was like?'

'Thus and thus did he say: "I saw a narrow valley, and on either side were rocks, grey and barren. And through the centre of the valley ran a river, very dark and very swift. And the banks of the river were white with the bones of elephants, with their bones and with their ivory tusks. There was no grass in that valley; there were no trees: but grey rocks only, and white bones and shining ivory, and the black, silent water."'

Chotun shifted the cake he had made on to a flat iron plate as he finished speaking, and then he placed this on a couple of bricks above the fire. And, as he did so, came the sound of Ayah's voice, loudly lamenting. 'The nurse, Miss Sahib, has fallen and hurt herself. The nurse, Miss Sahib, has hurt herself.' And then came a shrill scream from Miss Gomez. And, at the sound of the scream, from every side the people of the camp ran towards the bungalow.

On the ground in front of the bungalow sat Miss Gomez, sobbing bitterly. Big tears ran down her yellow cheeks. Her yellow hands clasped an ankle clad in a white cotton stocking. 'I have twisted my ankle,' she moaned. 'Oh, how bad is the pain! Ayah must carry me to bed. Oh, how it hurts!'

But though Miss Gomez wept, she was not entirely unhappy. She did not like the house in the hills because it was so far away from Sebastien, who was in charge of the Post Office from which the telegram had come. And, since her ankle was so badly hurt, it was plainly impossible that she should travel for the present in a rough cart over a bumpy road to the distant railway.

(Continued on page 82.)

THE ELEPHANT FERRY.

ONCE upon a time, a man in India—a native—received an embarrassing gift. He had rescued from a tiger a Rajah, who, in his gratitude, presented him with a large elephant.

Now, elephants, being such big beasts, have big appetites, and only a rich person can afford to keep one. This poor man foresaw that in a brief space his elephant would eat him out of house and home. He could not give away or sell the animal; for by so doing he would offend the Rajah. Ruin stared him in the face.

But before the native was quite ruined, a happy thought came to him, as he watched his elephant taking a bath in the river. Could he not employ this huge, splendidly strong creature as a ferryman?

The man's home was near a branch of the Ganges. At times the stream was very rough, and boats and men were whirled about in a dangerous fashion, and put to great inconvenience. But the current would never be too strong for this four-footed ferryman. So harness was made for the elephant, with a long rope as a trace. This rope was attached to a heavy boat, in which passengers were safely towed across the river. Thus the elephant, instead of being its owner's ruin, became a source of revenue.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

3.—RHYMING PUZZLE.

Can you tell me a word that rhymes with Spring?

Is it to adhere closely?
No, it is not to——
Is it to produce from afar?
No, it is not to ——
Is it a great personage?
No, it is not a ——
Will it give support in the air?
No, it is not a ——
Is it to practise vocally?
No, it is not to ——
Is it circular in form?
It may be, but 'tis not a ——
Is it a kind of heather, or a fish?
No, it is not ——
Is it simply an article?
Of course it must be a ——
Will it amuse the children?
Perhaps, but it is not a ——
Is it to cast away?
No, it is not to ——
Will it tie up a parcel?
Yes, for it is ——

C. J. B.

(Answer on page 106.)

ANSWER TO GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS ON PAGE 35.

1. America.
2. Polynesia.
3. Constantinople.
4. Sardinia.
5. Aix-la-Chapelle.
6. Sierra Leone.

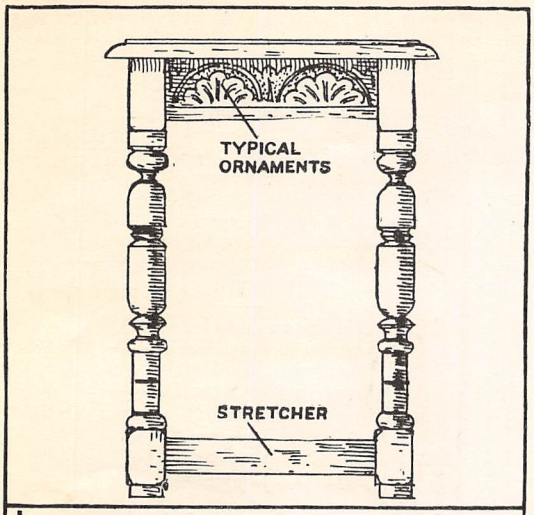
THE ROMANCE OF OLD FURNITURE.

III.—ENGLISH OAK STOOLS AND CHAIRS.

IN this article I propose to deal with different early kinds of seats. As I have said before, a chair, that is a seat with a back, for one person, was for many years only used by the noble and great, and such seats were comparatively rare till the sixteenth century. The form or bench was the ordinary seat, and was, of course, found in all houses. The word 'bench' to us implies a rough kind of seat for several persons. Even in schools benches are rapidly going out of use, such a pampered race are we becoming! But in law we have the terms, Bench of Magistrates, King's Bench, and so on, which do not now mean that they sit on forms; it is a collective term, simply meaning a certain group of men whose work is of a particular nature. It used to puzzle me at one time how it was that there were no pews or seats in Cathedrals (I mean original seats; of course there are chairs now), but of course I realise now that people at worship in early times either stood or knelt, and no seats were provided. Sometimes a low stone seat was built all round the walls and round the bases of piers, but these were only intended to be used by the infirm. The seats found in porches were provided in order that persons could, if they wished, have a little rest before they went in to service.

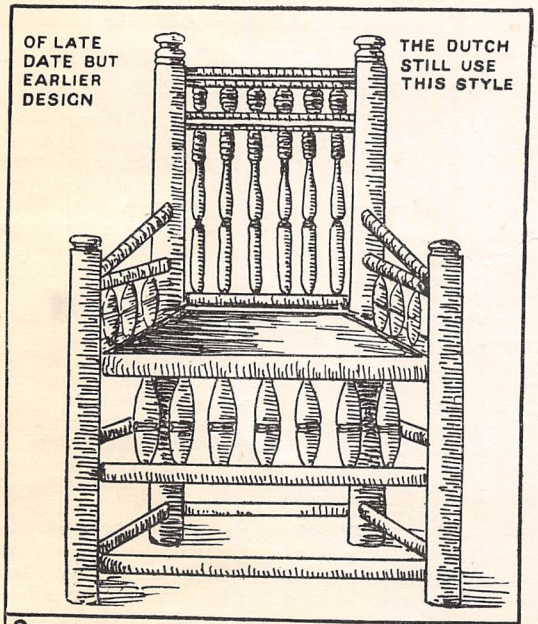
The word 'chair,' too, has a history. A chair, years ago, was a sort of carriage—you have heard and seen pictures of sedan-chairs in which people

were carried about. Now we mean by 'chair' a seat with (generally) four legs, a back and perhaps arms, the whole thing being easily moved from place



1. ELEVATION OF OAK STOOL. DATE ABOUT 1620.

to place. Even now we have an echo of its former greater importance when we read that at a meeting 'So-and-so took the chair.' You see there the idea of the seat of authority, for you know that the person who occupies the chair controls the meeting.



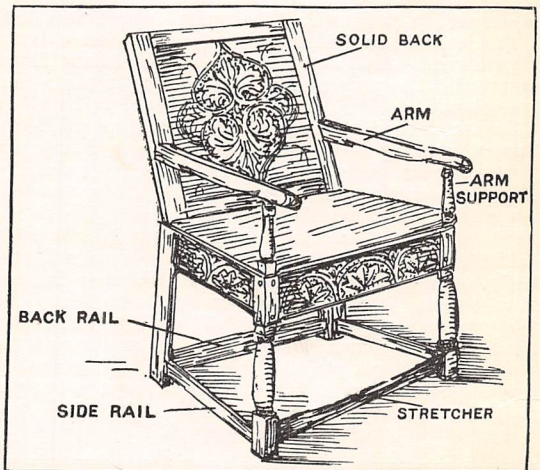
2. TURNED CHAIR. ABOUT 1650. ALL PARTS TURNED.

Well, before chairs were at all common, stools, called joint or joined stools, were very numerous. (Fig. 1 is a typical joint stool.)

They were about the height of an ordinary chair, and had four legs, which were connected by a stretcher between each pair. (This term will be explained later.) Under the seat you here see a very typical form of carving of this period. (Only one side is shown in the picture.)

One of the earliest forms of chair was X-shaped. This is a very ancient shape, for there are Egyptian examples at the British Museum, and the Greeks and Romans used them. Our camp-stool is a descendant of it. There is a very celebrated chair of this form preserved in St. Peter's, at Rome—it is called St. Peter's Chair. An Egyptian specimen has already been described (see p. 13).

Another form of early chair was one with turned rails. It was often three-cornered and does not look very comfortable (fig. 2). It persisted from Norman times (it came over into England with the Normans) right up to the late sixteenth century.



3. TYPICAL OAK ARMCHAIR. ABOUT 1620. NOTE ORNAMENT, ALSO WORN STRETCHER.

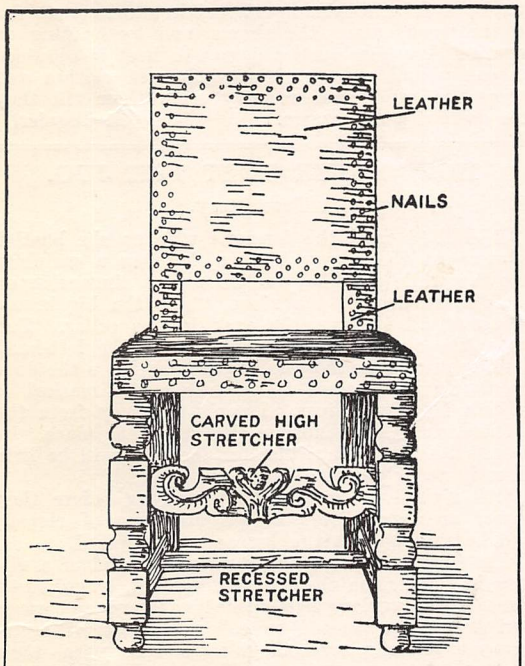
Well, neither of these chairs was very strong; they would not carry a man in full armour, so they soon went out of general use (banished to bedrooms, no doubt!) and a much more solid form arrived. (Fig. 3 is a typical example.) Some of the earliest chairs of oak kept the chest idea, and the seats were really boxes with lids. The arms, too, were often panelled and solid like the backs (good for keeping off draughts!), and they have even been known to have a kind of door in front, so that when a person sat in it, he was quite shut in. From this form of chair came our custom of saying that we sit in an arm-chair, but on an ordinary chair. Our Coronation Chair at Westminster Abbey has solid panelled sides, and it is very ancient.

In order that you may understand when you hear people describing a chair or you read a description, I will here explain and letter the different parts.

In the first place, chairs and tables were both higher than now. The back of the illustrated chair is solid; this was in order to keep off some of the draught so plentiful in houses and castles with no glass in the windows. If the top of the back is elaborately carved, it is said to be 'crested.' (This one is not crested, but I will show you one later.) The

'arm,' of course you know, was invented as a rest, because sleeves were so hanging and heavy. In front the arm is carried on an arm-support. The piece of wood between the front legs is called a 'stretcher' (the pieces between other legs are called side and back rails): it was partly for strength, but chiefly as a rest for the feet, to keep them off the stone floors and out of the draughts. (Tables had stretchers, too, for the same purpose.) If you notice antique chairs, you will see how worn are these stretchers by generations of feet!

Arms to chairs went out of fashion as Elizabeth's sumptuous reign approached. As you know, it was a time of extravagances of all kinds; ladies' dresses became so puffed, slashed, and hooped, that the arms got in the way, so of course they disappeared in most cases, at any rate, from the chief reception

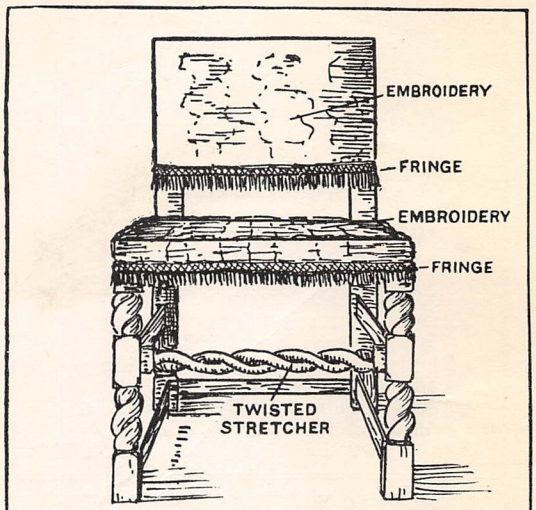


4. LEATHER COVERED CHAIR, 1650, BUT OF EARLIER DESIGN.

rooms. There was a great deal of furniture made from Elizabeth's to James the First's time, as the tradesmen became richer, and built for themselves beautiful houses, and the nobles of the time built glorious homes like Hatfield, Hardwick, or Knole. The Spanish connections of Elizabeth's reign brought a liking for Spanish fashions, so we had embossed or plain leather-covered seats (fig. 4). Later, the legs of chairs became twisted, and seats and backs padded, as seen in fig. 5, from an example in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

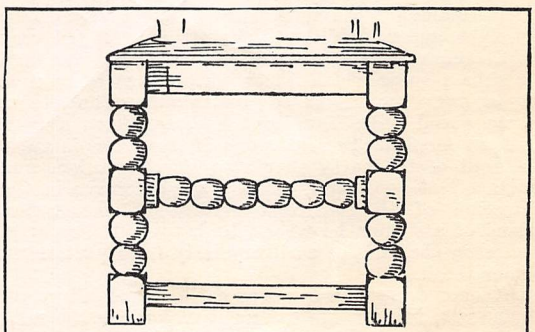
With the elaborate costumes of James the First's reign (Jacobean period) came a desire for cushions, and this brought in upholstered chairs. There are not very many left, because, naturally, materials have worn out, and moths have helped to destroy them, but there are some very celebrated examples at Knole, some actually used by James the First himself. The chairs (the camp-stool idea is here seen again) were of oak, but of course the upholstery was the chief thing; sometimes it even extended to the legs, so that no wood was visible!

All this extravagance was followed by the severe style of Cromwell's time. You will remember from your history how severe and plain were his ideas—he abhorred everything beautiful, it seemed, and



5. OAK CHAIR COVERED WITH EMBROIDERY IN COLOURED WOOLS. DATE 1649.

thought it wicked to have pretty clothes or graceful decorated homes. So he destroyed, or caused to be destroyed or sold, all the beautiful things he found at the Royal Courts. I read that it took years to sell them all, and that most of them were bought by foreigners, so that is why we have in England so little of the beautiful furniture previous to this period. Fig. 6 is a sketch of the front legs of a



6. FRONT LEGS OF CROMWELLIAN CHAIR. SEAT AND BACK WERE MUCH LIKE FIG. 4.

chair of the Cromwellian period, and I can picture the man who would sit in it, a man, almost as square, solid, and severe as the chair—plain pigskin back and seat, and knobbed front legs and stretcher.

I have taken you now through the Gothic, Elizabethan, and Jacobean periods of work in the matter of chairs, showing you how the differences in shape came about—in my next I shall speak of tables, sideboards, beds, &c.

E. M. Barlow.

SUPPOSE.

SUPPOSE the little streamlet
That trickles down the hill
Should say: 'I will no longer flow—
I'm such a tiny rill.
I'm sure that I shall never
Find out the wide, wide sea.'
O! what a foolish little stream
That little rill would be!

And suppose the little sapling,
That is so weak and small,
Should say: 'O! I shall never be
An oak-tree, big and tall.
It's not a bit of good to grow;
A seedling still I'll be.'
Then surely every one would say,
'O! foolish little tree!'

And suppose a little child should say:
'I never shall grow wise,
And so from school I'll stay away;
It's no use, if one tries.'
O! then I think you'd say with me,
'Though foolish was the rill,
And foolish was the tree, that child
Was yet more foolish still.'

Frank Ellis.

A QUEER WAY OF FISHING.

THERE are many queer ways of catching fish, but perhaps one of the queerest and most exciting is that which is popular among youngsters, and older folk too, in the far north of the Dominion of Canada, and the United States, also.

It seems a very simple matter to put on skates and just run a fish down, and catch it when it is too tired to move. But it is a sport which needs the most exceeding agility and cleverness on the part of the skaters.

The three things which are most required are, as one's common sense tells, clear ice and very sharp eyesight, and the ability to skate very well and very fast. One of the skating fishers carries an axe, and another a spear which is barbed, and has to be used by a very smart-handed individual. The others skate ahead with down-bent eye, and keep a keen lookout for fish. Presently one of them who is away in front of the party shouts to his companions and darts off at top speed, making a wide curve in the direction of the unfrozen surface of the water. Then, of a sudden he wheels back toward the party, and soon they notice a silvery body flash past them, under the ice.

At once every one becomes excited, and all go off in pursuit, to turn the fish as it makes for the middle of the great sheet of water, and to try to keep it in the shallows close to the shore. Round and round they skate, wheeling and curving this way and that, for perhaps five or ten minutes, maybe even longer. Slower and slower swims their victim, till of a sudden one of the party makes straight for it, and on peering down through the ice sees it has come to a dead stop, tired out.

Then the axe is brought into play. Very gently its bearer hammers at the ice with the back of it. Upon this the trout is alarmed, and forgets its tiredness, and dashes off again. But very soon the skaters wear out its strength again; and this time it comes to a halt with its nose in the sands of the shallows, and its gills working convulsively.

Again the axeman attacks the ice. But now the fish is too tired to pay any attention to its danger.

Soon a hole is chopped in the ice. Then the punter with the spear, standing over the opening, neatly thrusts the barbed point of the spear into the fish, and lifts it to the surface.

In this manner, on the lakes of British Columbia, a party of boys may often get from three and four to twenty and thirty big, beautiful trout, some of them as heavy as twenty-five pounds.

The greatest danger they have to guard against is getting their clothes wet when the temperature is almost below the zero mark, for then the risk of frostbite is run. So many a party of skating fishers have to end their sport and kindle a great fire in the woods along the shores, and by heaping on logs and branches such a degree of heat is obtained as easily and quickly dries their wet clothes and keeps the zero weather away from them till they are quite dry and warm.

A. Tegnier.

HOW PETER LOST THE JUG.

A True Story.

'PETER!' cried the farmer's wife as she bustled about the roomy kitchen, keeping a watchful eye the while on a bevy of saucepans simmering on the flat surface of the stove, 'take the big brown jug, and fill it from the cask in the cellar. You know the one I mean? It stands on the left-hand side: you can see it quite well if you leave the door open. Father tapped it yesterday and marked it with a large red cross. I can't go away from the kitchen, and there's no one else about the place. Be as quick as you can, child, for the men will be here directly to take the dinners to the field.'

'All right, Mother, I'll be back long before they come,' answered Peter, a sprightly boy of eleven; and he snatched up the jug and disappeared.

The farmhouse stood at the extreme end of a village in Galicia, on the site of some old, long-disused mines; and various half-opened passages and caves had been appropriated as cellars by the villagers. Strange, eerie places they were too, with their shadowy nooks and queer echoes; and perhaps this was why Peter, having crossed the yard and opened the door under the archway, began to sing at the top of his voice as he descended the uneven slope leading down to the wine-cellar. He was not afraid—oh, no!—but it suddenly struck him that he had never been down there quite alone before, and it was reassuring to hear the sound of his own voice.

Dim, uncertain rays of light streamed in through the ventilators in the upper wall, and his footsteps resounded uncannily in the dark recesses. Peter's heart beat fast, but he went boldly on, peering about until his eyes became accustomed to the gloom, and he was able to distinguish the right cask. He placed the jug on the ground and watched the wine slowly trickling into it, scarcely daring to let his eyes wander to the commonplace objects which put on such weird shapes in the semi-darkness.

Presently the wine began to spurt forth in uneasy jerks; the jug, too, seemed to wobble out of sympathy, so Peter stooped down and held the handle to steady it. Was it fancy, or could it really be the

rumbling of thunder that he heard, at first faintly, then nearer and nearer? How dreadful if it were the herald of a violent hail-storm, just when the harvest was in full swing!

There! At last the jug was full, and in a minute or two he would be out in the sweet fresh air, beyond the ban of the hateful, mouldy cellar. Peter turned off the tap, raised the jug carefully from the ground and turned towards the door with a pleasant sense of relief. But he had not taken more than a few hurried steps when the whole place began to shake, while rending, splitting noises sounded on all sides. Then—oh, the horror of it—the ground opened beneath his very feet, and the boy found himself falling—falling into a dark, bottomless chasm—until he was caught from behind with a violent jerk that made him feel quite sick. What was it that kept him dangling in the darkness? He gave one loud scream of agony; then his breath came in short gasps, while a rushing noise rang in his ears and blotted out all consciousness of time and place.

The farmer's wife was wondering, in the meantime, what made Peter so long in bringing the wine. 'Perhaps he couldn't find the right cask, or he has broken the jug and doesn't like to come and tell me,' she thought. 'Anyway, I must go and see what he's about down there. Ha! What's that? It sounds like an explosion in the distance, or as if a whole house had tumbled in. And was that a scream?—Peter, my boy!' and the good woman ran to the court, her motherly heart full of anxiety. Her face turned pale when she found the door of the cellar firmly closed. 'Peter, Peter!' she shouted, and she beat and thumped on the solid panels, only pausing to put her ear to the keyhole to catch the tones of the boy's voice. At first she could distinguish no particular sound; then a low moan reached her ear.

She ran backwards and forwards distractedly. 'Help! help!' she cried.

'Hallo, hallo! What's the matter, Mistress?' asked the deep voice of Michael, the foreman, and the old man came towards her with a good-natured smile on his face, expecting to find an unruly pig or band of fowls being chased out of the yard. 'I've brought Mathias and Stephen to carry the dinner, and——'

'Call them here—quick, quick!' was the reply. 'Peter's shut up in the cellar—I sent him down to fetch some wine, and I was coming to see what was keeping him so long, when I heard a muffled scream and a noise like the falling-in of something. It must have been in the cellar, and now I can't even open the door to get in to my boy!' sobbed the unhappy mother.

Michael's expression changed at once. 'Let me come,' he said in a short, decided tone: 'call the men—they're waiting before the house—and tell them to bring a lantern, ropes, and ladders, as quick as they can.'

A few moments later the door was forced open, and Michael entered cautiously, holding the lantern in front of him and compelling the others to keep back. Having spent the greater part of his life as a miner, he guessed what had taken place, and feared there was little chance of Peter's being found alive. Lying on his chest, he peered over the edge of a gaping cleft which ran across the floor of the cellar: to his great surprise, he saw that the boy's blouse had been caught on a projecting piece of iron some few feet below the level of the floor, thus saving its wearer from probable death.

When Michael reappeared with the joyful tidings, the mother's tears flowed afresh. 'Don't waste time in crying,' said the old man brusquely, 'but go and find ropes and ladders to get him out with. Stop! Fetch the windlass, too, from the well—we may want it.'

While these orders were being carried out, the mother tried to keep up Peter's courage with cheering words from above; but the boy had again relapsed into a half-unconscious state, and was unable to do more than utter a groan from time to time.

Ladders and ropes proved to be of no use. 'There's nothing for it but the windlass,' was Michael's verdict; 'we must secure it at the entrance and fasten the iron pail to it by a strong cord.'

This was no easy matter, but at last all was ready. The foreman, with a light stuck in the front of his cap, stood upright in the pail, holding on to the rope with one hand and feeling his way with the other.

'Slowly, slowly,' he muttered, as the men began to lower him into the depths of the cleft. Had the opening been wider, it would have been a comparatively easy matter to rescue the child; as it was, the old man could not pass him. 'Stop,' he cried to his companions overhead; 'hand me down a noose, and do nothing more until I give the signal.'

'Peter, my boy,' he cried over the edge of the pail, 'I am here, just above you. Can't you see the light? Make one great effort, and you are saved! Catch hold of the loop of rope I am lowering to you, and raise yourself by it till you can touch the pail.'

The boy saw the glimmer of the light, and understood the words. Mustering all his courage and willpower, he seized the rope that dangled before him, and managed to tear himself away from the iron hook which had been his salvation. For a second or two he swayed there in the darkness, dizzy and weak, and fully believing his last moment to be at hand. But the old miner grasped him by the wrist and drew him up, up, until the boy could cling to the edge of the bucket, which swayed under the unequal weight. It was all that old Michael could do to squeeze the boy through the narrow space between the bucket and the wall; but he managed to get him up to his own level and to clasp him round the waist.

'Draw up carefully,' he cried in a hoarse voice. The rope strained and cracked, and many an anxious prayer was murmured by the people overhead. Then, at last, the top of the opening was reached, and Peter fell into his mother's arms. The fresh air soon revived him, but the reaction was great, and he burst into a fit of violent sobs which he could not restrain.

'The jug! the jug!' he exclaimed, hardly knowing what he was saying. 'I must have dropped it when I fell!'

His mother and the neighbours could not help smiling at these words, and when Michael said, 'Perhaps you would like to go down again and look for it, sonny?' Peter broke into a laugh, too, and shook his rescuer's hand with gleaming eyes.

The old mines were carefully overhauled after this accident, and many of the village cellars were closed altogether.

C. M.

"Mustering all his courage, he seized the rope."

"John was sitting in the shade of a big tree."

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 75.)

CHAPTER VIII.

IT was some time before Miss Gomez ceased to moan and weep. She was one of those people who believe that the more noise you make when you are hurt, the more pity you will get. Ayah fussed about, rubbing the ankle, and wrapping cold bandages round it, and Mary tried to keep Arnold quiet by playing with him. John watched them all gloomily. He really was sorry for Miss Gomez, but he thought it silly of her to cry and groan and make such a fuss.

Presently Miss Gomez limped into the bungalow, and went to sleep on the bed on which Mother had slept the previous night; and Ayah came and took Arnold from Mary and put him to sleep on his cot in the tent. He was tired, and gave no trouble, and when he was sound asleep, Ayah squatted down beside him on the floor. She had a palm-leaf fan in her hand with which to drive away the flies that tried to settle on Arnold's plump bare limbs.

Mary followed Ayah and sat down close to her, because she was feeling so very miserable now and could not forget, even for a few moments, that Father and Mother had gone away, and that she would not see them again for very many weeks. And after a little while John crept close too. Ayah was a nice, comfortable person, who was ready to treat him as a grown man or a small boy, whichever he liked best; and as he sat there in the quiet tent he suddenly remembered the white image in the temple.

'Did you go to the temple, Ayah?' he asked.

'Yes,' said Ayah, 'and I took some sweetmeats that I had made with mine own hands to offer to the white image and to Ganesh. Very excellent sweetmeats were they. Now, without doubt, thy father shall be healed. Such offerings are of more use than many doctors.'

'And what was the image like?'

'It was all white, very wonderful. Only the eyes were painted blue and the hair yellow. Never have I seen such another image.'

'And did it move or speak?'

'It did not move, nor did it speak. Yet, so lifelike was it, it almost seemed to breathe.'

'I should like very much to see it,' John coaxed; but Ayah paid no attention to him, and he presently slipped away to talk to Julfu and Chotun. And then Mary laid her head in Ayah's lap, and Ayah stroked her hair with one hand and patted Arnold with the other. He seemed to like the patting, even though he was asleep, and whenever Ayah rested for a moment, Arnold stirred a little.

'Sleep, my baby; bedtime's come,' Ayah cooed. And pat-pat she went between each word.

It was warm inside the tent, and the camping-ground was quiet, for men and animals alike drowsed through the hot noontide hours. And presently Mary also slept, and woke after a little while, feeling refreshed and a great deal happier. Arnold was still asleep, smiling at some pretty dream.

'The little one sees something very beautiful,' said Ayah. 'Babies' eyes see things we cannot see, and babies' ears hear sounds we cannot hear. And also they remember that pleasant place they have so lately left.'

'Where do the babies come from?' said Mary.

'They come from the good God,' said Ayah. 'But I do not think that they like to come. When the time draws near for a baby to be born, God says to it, "Now must thou go and live in that other world of mine." And the baby weeps and says, "I am happy here; I will not go." But God makes answer: "It is my order. Behold, I will give thee a paper on which shall be written the number of the days of thy banishment. From time to time thou canst look at this and know the end and take comfort." But, at the moment of birth, an evil spirit snatches away the paper, and therefore do all small babies cry very greatly and open and shut their fingers, seeking to grasp again that which they have for ever lost.'

'Did God send you any babies, Ayah?' Mary asked.

'Three sons have I had,' said Ayah. 'When the first came, my man was very pleased and gave much money to the priests; but after six months the child sickened and died. Then came the second; and, when he was near manhood, he ate one day a rhododendron flower, and from it took cold and died also. Rhododendron flowers chill all who eat them, but they are good to suck when there is a fishbone in the throat.'

'And the third baby? What became of the third baby?'

'The third is yet alive and has a little money and a little land, and sons of his own. When thou and thine are weary of old Ayah, heart's dearest, there will be a place for her by the hearth of her son, and he will give her food to put into her toothless mouth.'

'We shall never be tired of you, Ayah,' said Mary. 'When we go to England, you shall come too.'

But Ayah shook her grey head. 'I am too old to cross the black water,' she said, 'but some day thou wilt return, a woman grown. And then thou shalt take me for Ayah, and when thou art married, I will nurse thy babies in turn.'

And at this Arnold woke and was ready immediately for a game with Ayah, and Mary ran off to find John. He was sitting in the shade of a big tree, his elbows on his knees and his chin on his hands, just as Father often sat. John liked when possible to do things just as Father did them.

'Mary,' he said, 'I think Gummy's foot must be really rather bad, and so we shan't be able to go to the hills for ever so long, and we shall stay here instead. And I have thought of some perfectly lovely things that we can do.'

He held up his hand, which was very far from clean, and numbered off the lovely things on his fingers.

'First,' he said, 'we will go shooting every day.'

'But perhaps Gummy won't let us go,' said Mary.

'We can ask her anyway,' said John. 'I don't expect she will mind if Julfu goes with us, and I can shoot things for us all to eat: peafowl and jungle fowl and black partridge. Gummy will like that. There are only six chickens left, I heard cook say so this morning, and he said too that it would be very difficult to get any more.'

'What shall we do for an elephant, since Moti is going away?'

'We can walk,' John explained. 'You needn't come if you are afraid. Of course, if we meet a leopard I shall feel that I ought to shoot it, so I think it really might be better if you did stop at home.'

'I'm not afraid,' said Mary. 'I shall certainly come with you.'

'Next,' said John, and he tapped a second grimy finger, 'we will go and see that funny white image in the temple.'

'But we shall not be allowed to go inside the temple as we are not Hindus.'

'We can go when the priest is asleep,' John answered, and went on to the third finger. 'And, last of all, and best of all, we will find that secret valley of the elephants.'

There was triumph now in his face and in his voice, which Mary did not at all understand.

'Why do you want to find that valley so much?'

'I want to find it because it must be simply full of ivory. And, when we have found it, we will take a cart there and fill the cart with ivory tusks; and Julfu shall sell them for us, and we will give the money to Father and Mother. You know Father often says he has not nearly enough. He could not take us to Paris now because there was no money with which to pay the steamer people.'

'But what shall we do if we become blind when we see the valley, like the man of whom Chotun told us?' said Mary, still inclined to be cautious.

And, at that, John scrambled to his feet, put his hands in his pockets, and looked at her scornfully.

'How like you,' he said. 'You always bother about what's going to happen. Now, I just do the thing first, and very often it's all right. And, even if it isn't, I've had the fun of the doing, and you've had nothing at all.'

He began to walk away, whistling as he went, but threw back a last remark over his shoulder. 'You can come with me, or you can stay and play with Arnold, whichever you like best. But I shall go whether you come, or whether you don't come.'

And off he strolled, still whistling loudly by way of showing Mary how little her opinion mattered.

(Continued on page 94.)

WHEN I GROW UP.

I.

WHEN I grow up, what fun I mean to have!
No lessons then, no tiresome school for me—
I need not go to bed before it's dark;
I'll climb for apples on the highest tree,
Or make mud-pies, and dabble in the stream;
A golden purse, of course, will then be mine:
So I can buy such lovely dolls and toys,
And sweets and cakes—oh, dear, it will be fine!

II.

Now I'm grown up, but somehow things are changed;
I miss the dear old school and lessons too!
It's not such fun to sit up half the night,
Mud-pies have lost the charm that once they knew.
Now I can eat green apples when I like—
Alas! alack! they do not taste so sweet!
Nor would I give a single golden coin
For all the toy-shops in the City street.

M. E. Sargent.

HALL MARKS EXPLAINED.

THE marks stamped on articles of gold and silver, known as Hall marks, are made at one of the Government assay offices, and serve to guarantee the quality of the metal.

There are really four separate marks, the hall mark proper, the standard mark, the duty mark, and the date mark. The first shows the town in which the assay was made. A leopard's head is used in London, a crown in Sheffield, and an anchor in Birmingham. The standard mark shows the quality. It differs according to the town or district, as well as the fineness. The duty mark, which is the head of the sovereign, shows that the duty has been paid. The object of the date mark is sufficiently explained by the name, and consists of a letter placed in a shield. This is changed every year.

THE MERCIFUL DRIVER.

IN a suburb of a provincial city there was a new street, the road of which had not yet been properly made up. It was very muddy, and in some places the wheels of the heavier vehicles sank heavily in the mud. One day, when a waggon was thus stuck, a lady in a house close by saw a distressing sight. The driver was thrashing his horse brutally in order to make him pull. By means of her telephone, the lady reported the matter to the police, and an officer came promptly to the poor animal's rescue.

On the following day, a van belonging to a city firm got into the same fix. Again the lady was on the watch, but she soon saw that this time she had no need to fear for the horse. The driver got down from his seat, patted his mare on the nose, fed her with sugar from his pocket, and, laying his head on her neck, talked gently to her. Then he took hold of her bridle, and told her to pull. She obeyed with a will, evidently doing her best for her friend. Presently the man let her rest for a few moments, while again he fed and fondled her. He put his shoulder to the wheel, and again the mare pulled. And so in a short time, without one touch of the whip, without any noise or anger, the van was got out of the mud.

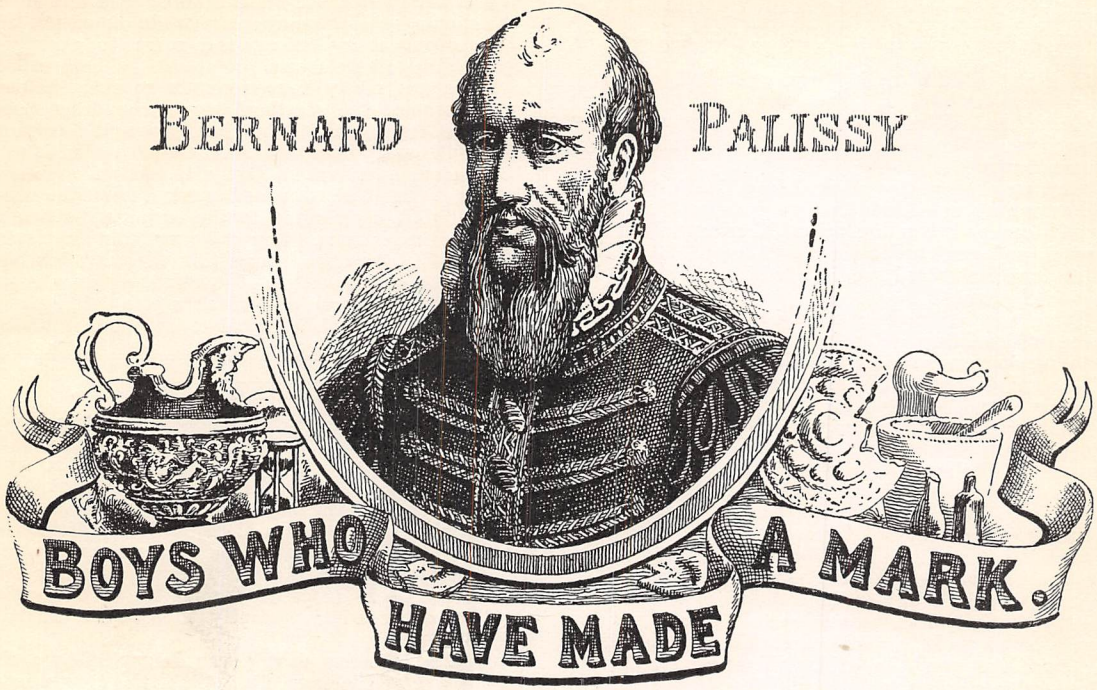
The watching lady, thinking that the firm, whose name was on the van, would be pleased to hear of the incident, rang up their office, and congratulated them on having such a man in their employment.

The next morning, the merciful driver called at the lady's house to thank her for her kindness.

'Your good word came exactly at the right moment, madam,' said the grateful man. 'The company had decided to sack some of us, and I was among the number. I did not know what I was going to do, as I have a family, and work is scarce just now. But last night—thanks to you, madam—I heard that I was to be kept on. When I went into the office to report, the master laid his hand on my shoulder. "Tom," he said, "I hear you got stuck on the North Road to-day." I replied that I had had a little difficulty there. "Well, Tom," said the master, "we have heard all about it, and we say that a man who takes such good care of our horses is one whom we can't afford to lose."'

Thus did the merciful man receive mercy.

E. Dyke.



III.

IT is possible that some of you may not even know the name of Bernard Palissy, while it is more than probable that fewer still know the story of the man who has been said to 'have made the best of both worlds.'

He was a potter—an art which has always been held in high repute, for men worked in clay long before they learned to do so in iron, gold, or silver.

But, sad to say, during the Middle Ages the potter's art was almost lost in Europe. An Italian sculptor, Luca della Robbia, was one of the first to revive it and also to invent a glaze or enamel which made his ware equal in beauty to that of the ancient potters. After his death, however, in 1481, no one else seemed able to produce such beautiful work.

It was nearly thirty years later that a glass-worker named Palissy carried on his trade at Agen, in France. Though belonging to an old family, he was very poor—so poor, indeed, that he was unable to give his son Bernard anything more than a peasant's education. As soon as he was old enough, his father taught him to draw and paint on glass, for glass-working was one of the trades which, in France, those of noble birth could carry on without losing their dignity.

Bernard had to learn a great deal about the minerals used in staining glass—bits of coloured glass were doubtless his earliest toys—and the making and fixing of certain paints, or pigments as they are called. He was a bright, clever boy, and we can imagine what numbers of questions he asked his father about these things. When the answers did not satisfy him, he went out into the forest to find them for himself. 'I had no other books,' he says, 'than heaven and earth, which are open to all.'

It is necessary that a good glass-painter should draw and paint from patterns placed under the glass, so Bernard worked away at his drawing harder than ever; leaf and bough, bird and insect, were his models, his great ambition being to become an artist and originate his own designs instead of copying other people's—a right kind of ambition to have.

By the time he had grown into a tall, straight young man, he was not only a skilled glass-worker, but exceedingly clever with his pencil, and his fame as an artist was known throughout the surrounding villages.

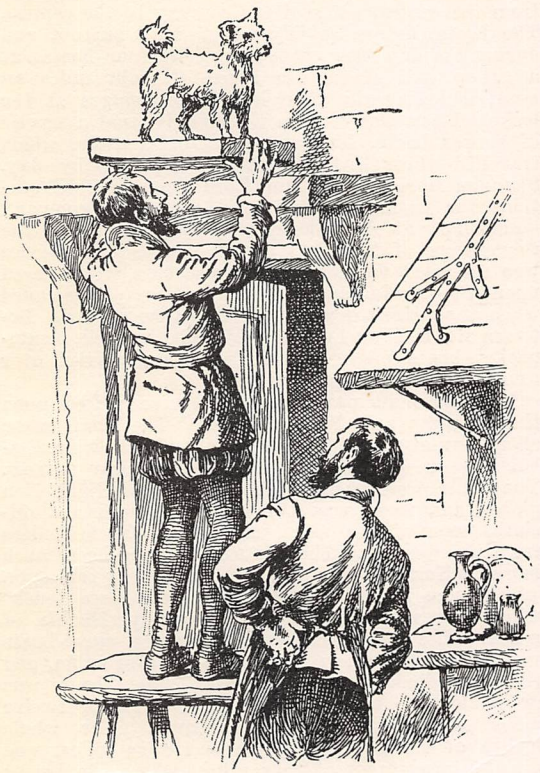
Then France became involved in a war, and there was little or no work to be done in painted glass, so Bernard determined to go out into the world and to win name and fortune for himself.

He left his forest home and travelled far and wide, picking up knowledge as he went, supporting himself meanwhile by painting and mending the glass windows of any churches which needed his services, or, when this work could not be obtained, eking out his earnings by painting portraits. His ten or twelve years' wanderings were at length brought to a close by his marriage.

It was on a bright May morning, in the year 1538, that the inhabitants of the old town of Saintes noticed the arrival of some new-comers—a young couple, the wife carrying a baby in her arms. They took a small house on the outskirts of the quaint old town, attached to which was a workshop; various articles displayed in the window showed the

trade of its owner. But what interested the inhabitants most of all was the model of a dog placed above the doorway; this was life-sized and, we are told, so real that many a time the dogs of the good old town challenged it to fight.

The inhabitants soon discovered that the head of the little family was one Bernard Palissy, who was ready to undertake any work he could obtain as



"What interested the inhabitants most of all was the model of a dog."

surveyor, painter, or glass-painter. They found him clever, too, in many other ways; he understood the use of rule and compass, and consequently when disputes arose about boundaries, he was called upon to act as surveyor. He could also measure and plan sites for houses and gardens, all of which brought 'grist to the mill.' Unfortunately, however, land-measuring came only seldom, so it was on his painting and glass-work that he chiefly depended for support; but being of a hopeful nature and possessing boundless patience, he felt sure he would succeed in making a living.

As his little family grew in number, the wants of the household increased, and, although he kept a bright face for the world, he was often heavy-hearted. He was just beginning to wonder how he could possibly add to his earnings, when a small event proved a turning-point in his history.

One day, about this time, he received a commission from a great man of the neighbourhood and a collector of various old specimens of pottery. After showing some of these to Palissy—who had come to see him concerning the work—he brought out from the cabinet where he kept his treasures an earthenware cup of Italian manufacture, turned and enamelled with such beauty that Palissy could not take his eyes off it.

As he wended his way homewards, he said to himself, 'If only I could discover how to make enamels, I also could make earthen vessels and other things very prettily, more particularly as God has gifted me with some knowledge of drawing.'

Now, Palissy knew nothing then about the art of pottery, and was aware too that no one in France could make enamels; but these things, instead of daunting him, only fired him with ambition to be the only man in the land to do so. 'A little skill and a lot of patience, and I am bound to succeed,' he said.

He hastened his steps, and upon reaching home told Lisette, his wife, about the cup, and that he had set his heart on discovering how to make enamels.

'I shall have to give up my present work,' he

"Palissy could not take his eyes off it."

said, 'and it may mean a great deal of time and expense before I master the art, but,' he went on enthusiastically, 'it will be worth it if only I can succeed in discovering the white enamel which forms the foundation of all others.'

His brave little wife agreed that he should make the trial, so he lost no time in setting to work. First, he bought the necessary materials—purchase of which made a big hole in the slender family exchequer—and then proceeded to build a furnace

away at the end of the garden, where, while he worked, he might be heard singing, in his clear, deep voice, Luther's favourite psalm:

'God is the refuge of His saints
When storms of sharp distress invade.'

For you must remember that Palissy was a French Huguenot, and knew that he might be called upon at any time to die for his faith.

As he sang, his small son, Nicole—who was busily engaged in mimic pottery-work at the door of the shed—joined in with his childish treble, beating time meanwhile with his little wooden spade.

In spite, however, of his singing and cheerful face, things were not going on very well; experiment after experiment ended in failure, but with indomitable courage Palissy started afresh; this he did time after time at great cost and labour. Meanwhile, poor Lisette looked on with concern, and wondered how they were going to live. At last, an unusually bad failure occurred, and his home resources being at an end, and his own health broken, he determined to give up the search, at any rate for awhile, and return to his painting and glass-working.

Just about this time it was decided to survey the salt marshes of Saintonge, and Bernard Palissy was offered the work. This meant regular employment for many months, and peace and happiness reigned once more in the home. The islands adjoining these salt marshes were a favourite refuge for the Huguenots, many of whom not only suffered persecution, but went bravely to a terrible death for the sake of their faith. The sad and tragic events which came before his notice made such a deep and lasting impression upon Palissy that from this time forward—it was about the year 1546—he went heart and soul over to the side of the Reformers.

(Concluded on page 117.)

'GO ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS!'

DEAN COTTON of Bangor had a disagreeable old gardener, who did not like visitors coming to disturb his master, so he used to call out to strangers, 'Go about your business!' and say it in anything but a polite way, too.

The old man was quite a character, and when he died, the Dean had his favourite phrase engraved upon a sun-dial in the garden. Only it was written like this, and people often thought it was Welsh: 'Goa bou tyo urb us in ess.' S. B.

TRAVELLING BY CANAL.

IN bygone days, before railways were constructed, the canals were used not only for the conveyance of goods, but also in some instances for passengers, too. The Bridgewater Canal, which was the first to prove the great utility of canals in England, was opened in 1761; and in 1772 the Duke of Bridgewater established a regular service of passenger-boats upon the canal. Passengers were carried by these boats about twenty miles for one shilling each, and the journey was made as quickly by water as it could have been by land. The first boats carried about sixty people, but larger boats, carrying from eighty to one hundred and twenty passengers, were subsequently built, and in these boats the accommodation was arranged for three classes, who paid respectively one shilling, eighteen-pence, and half-a-crown for the journey. These larger boats were also provided with a refreshment-bar, called at the time a 'coffee-house,' which was attended to by the boat-master's wife.

Passenger-boats were also extensively used on the Irish canals about a hundred years ago, and they were for a time the favourite means of travelling from the central parts of the country to the capital. The boats, known as 'fly-boats,' were narrow, and during the day they were drawn by four horses at a gallop, and attained a speed of eight miles an hour, including the time lost by stoppages at the locks. There was also on the Grand Canal a service of slower boats, for passengers and parcels, which travelled through the night as well as by day. Shannon Harbour and Tullamore were the chief stations for passenger-boats, and the canal company maintained at different places five hotels for the convenience of travellers by the canal. The service was curtailed when rapid stage-coaches were placed upon the roads, and was altogether discontinued when the principal railway lines were opened. Between Killaloe, on Lough Derg, and Limerick, steam-packet boats plied, and in 1836 they carried over fourteen thousand passengers.

In 1831, light passenger-boats were placed upon the Glasgow and Paisley Canal. The boats were about seventy feet long, but only about five-and-a-half feet wide, the canal being exceedingly narrow. The hulls were made of iron ribs and light iron plates, and there was a covering of wood and oil-cloth, open at the sides, to protect the travellers from the weather. The boats must have been much more comfortable than the earliest railway carriages, which were little better than the uncovered trucks which are now used for the least perishable of goods. The passengers on the Paisley canal-boats were charged a penny a mile for the best cabin, and three-farthings for the second. Each boat was drawn by two horses, at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour, including stoppages. The whole length of the canal, which was twelve miles, was divided into stages of four miles, where the horses were changed. This mode of travelling was very popular while it lasted, and nearly one hundred and fifty thousand passengers were carried in the year 1832.

There are one or two accounts which show us how useful the canals were for travelling purposes, and what a journey by water was like. In the middle of December, 1806, some troops, which were dispatched from London to Ireland, were put upon canal boats on the Paddington Canal, and sent by canal routes across the country to Liverpool, just as they would now be sent by rail. The journey occupied seven days, but it was considered a very quick one, as it would have taken the men more than fourteen days to march to Liverpool. Relays of fresh horses were placed at intervals along the canals in readiness to deal expeditiously with this unusual traffic.

A number of workmen and their families were removed to Liverpool from the Midlands by the same methods of conveyance in 1796. About that time Messrs. Worthington, Humble, and Holland took over and enlarged the Herculaneum Pottery in Liverpool, and they engaged a foreman and about forty

workpeople—men, women, and children—from Burslem and the surrounding district, for whose accommodation they erected houses on the south shore of the Mersey, near to the works. These workpeople were gathered together at Burslem, and treated to a farewell dinner. Early on the following morning, led by a band of music and by flag-bearers, they marched down to the Grand Trunk Canal which passes near the town of Burslem, and embarked on the canal boats, which were to convey them to Liverpool. Several hundreds of friends and spectators gathered to see them depart. On the journey they amused themselves by singing, and also by drawing lots for the houses which they were to occupy. At Runcorn, where the canal enters the Mersey, they stayed all night, and on the following morning they embarked on a larger boat, which sailed them down to the mouth of the river. Many of them had never seen the sea, and were filled with surprise when they found themselves afloat on such an extensive sheet of water. Arriving at the landing-place, they were met by a band of music, and marched off to the works, where they took up their residence in the houses which had been built for them.

W. A. Atkinson.

BOBBY, THE BOASTER.

BOBBY was a boaster. It was a pity, because in some respects he was really a very plucky little lad.

'I'm going to the circus this afternoon,' he said, one day, addressing a group of his schoolfellows. 'Grannie says I may, and she's given me the money for it.'

'I wonder at that,' laughed Tommy. 'I thought your Grannie tied you to her apron-strings.'

Bobby flushed redly. 'Not all the Grannies in the world,' said he, 'should keep me from the circus if I wanted to go. Why,' he went on, 'there is to be a real live lion there—think of that!'

'You'd better stop away, old chap,' said another lad, Larry by name. 'The lion might happen to escape, you know, and what would you do then?'

'I shouldn't be a bit afraid,' declared Bobby. 'I should just turn round and fix him with my eye. I read of a man doing that the other day, and he turned tail almost directly.'

'Which—the man or the lion?' asked Tommy.

'The lion, of course,' was the reply.

'I could tell you a better tale than that,' said Larry. 'There was once a chap sitting in his garden in Africa when a lion walked in at the gate. Says he, "Excuse me, sir, but do you know you're trespassing?"'

'What happened next?' queried one or two, as Larry paused to give effect to his story.

'Why, the lion just turned round and took to his heels as though a dozen policemen were after him.'

There were peals of laughter at this, for very little counted for wit sometimes in the playground of Trentham village school.

That same afternoon, Bobby, looking as smart as a new pin, started off to the circus. He had arranged to meet some of his schoolfellows at the meadow gate, but owing to Grannie's clock being slow, he was late in keeping his appointment. In consequence of this, he went to the circus all by himself.

From start to almost finish of the entertainment, Bobby was simply enthralled with all that he saw and heard. But towards the end something happened. The lion-tamer was about to show his wonderful powers, and for this purpose a huge cage was brought into the arena, wherein both the man and the lion were seated. By some carelessness or misadventure, the door of the cage had not been so securely fastened as usual, and when Alaric, the monster lion, rose at his master's bidding, there came an unexpected turn in the programme. The creature in leaning against the door with his massive weight suddenly forced it open, and in another moment he was free.

A scene of confusion followed, Alaric probably being as frightened as the audience. Some of the women and children rushed towards the opening of the circus tent, Bobby the boaster being one of the first to make his escape. A panic of terror filled him, and in a short while his fleet footsteps had outdistanced all the rest. He raced across the fields, feeling sure in his timid little heart that the lion was on his track. Indeed, so vivid was his imagination, that he fancied he could hear the 'pad-pad' of the beast's heavy feet.

'I shall never see Grannie again,' he sobbed to himself. 'I know I shall be killed—I'm s—sure I shall!'

At this moment, Bobby caught sight of a tree with large overhanging branches. To this place of refuge he made his way, and in a few minutes had clambered into safety. How long he sat there, he did not know—it seemed an age. After a while, he heard voices, and peering between the branches, he discovered Larry, Tommy, and half-a-dozen other boys also making their way across the fields.

It was Larry who first caught sight of Bobby in the tree. 'Hullo, old chap!' he said, with a twinkle in his eye, 'what's the matter?'

'The l—lion,' gasped Bobby, too upset to consider his words. 'I thought he was after me.'

'You silly!' cried Larry, in huge enjoyment of the joke (as he called it to himself); 'why, he was caught almost directly—there wasn't anything to be frightened at.'

'I—I thought,' whimpered Bobby, who, after all, was only nine years old, 'that—that——'

'Never mind what you thought,' laughed Larry. 'Come along down; we'll see you safely home.' And Bobby ventured down from the tree.

'It's a funny thing,' said Tommy, 'but I had an idea that you weren't afraid of lions—that you'd only got to fix them with your eye, and they'd turn tail.'

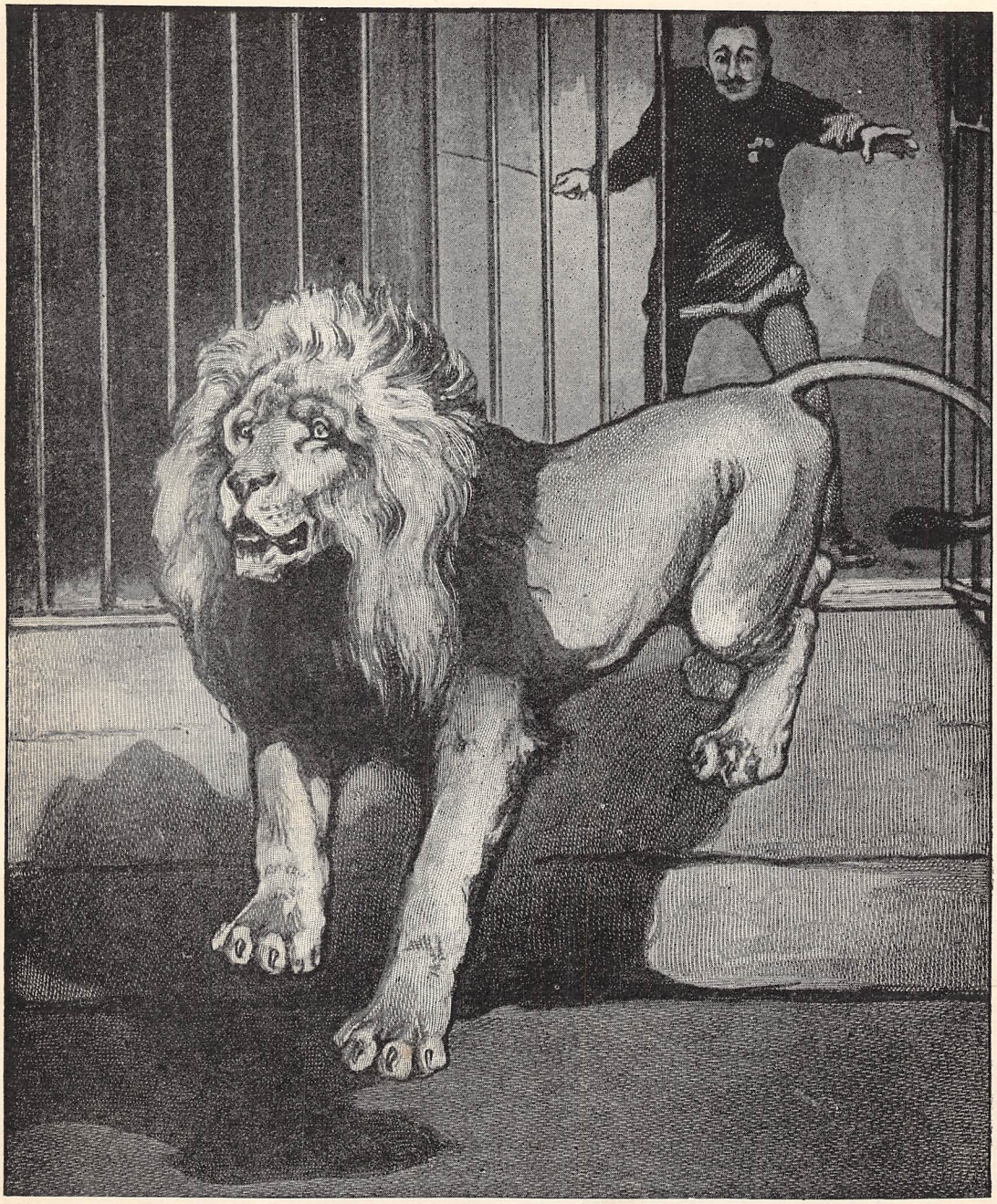
Bobby nearly sobbed outright.

'Poor old chap,' grinned Larry, 'you were up a tree that time, weren't you? Ah well, cheer up. He didn't eat you! that's one comfort.'

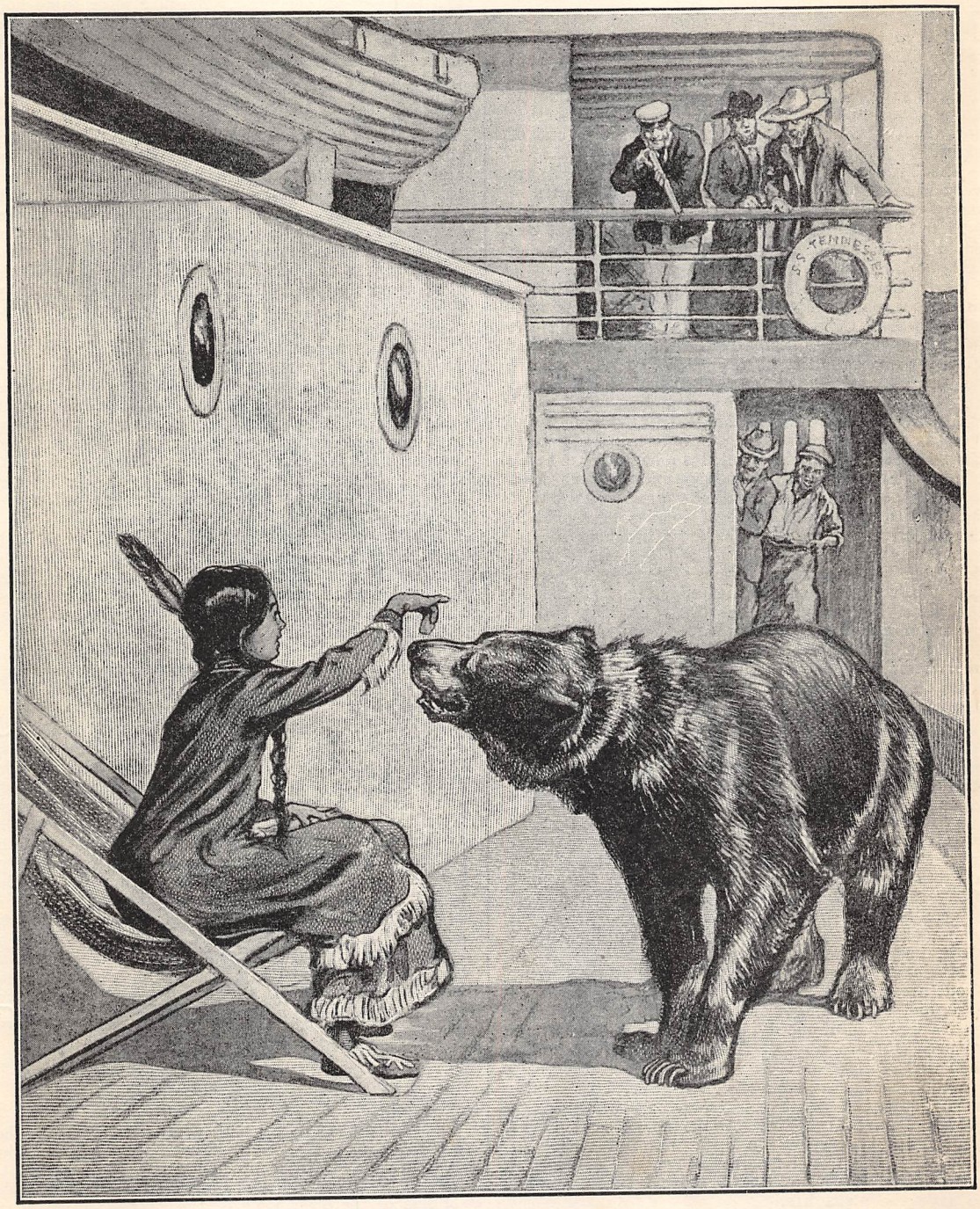
But somehow even this thought did not appear to comfort poor Bobby. Indeed, for the next few days he was the laughing-stock of the school. But good, as it proved, came out of evil, for never again was Bobby heard to boast. Not even when, a month later, he saved the life—at the risk of his own—of Larry's little sister who was in imminent danger of being trampled under-foot by a runaway horse.

After this, the 'lion' incident, as far as Bobby was concerned, faded out of mind.

M. I. H.



"In another moment the lion was free."



"She balanced the apple on the bear's snout."

MINDA AND THE BEAR.

MINDA was a little Red Indian girl. She was born on the banks of the great Yukon River, where in the long winter the sun only comes out for a few hours each day. The summer is short there, but then the sun makes up for lost time by going round and round the tops of the hills, so that for about six weeks at a time it is never out of sight.

The Yukon and the rivers which run into it are very rich in gold, and there are camps of miners in many places. But the country is so large, and the Indian tribes so few and widely scattered, that one could travel long distances and never meet a human being, white or red.

Long, long ago, the country belonged to Russia, and here and there the Moravians built little missions, where they did much good in teaching the Indian boys and girls. The missions have been given up as the old teachers died, and now there are only two on the whole two thousand miles of the river.

At one of these Minda learned to read and write. Very few of the Indians ever care to learn any more than that; but Minda wanted to be able to teach others. The old Father at the mission was kind when he saw how anxious Minda was, so at last it was agreed that she should go to a girls' school in Oregon, seven thousand miles from her home.

She was not afraid to go. The big steamer would bring her back again at the end of four years. That was not very long when she would be learning all the time, and perhaps she might be able to get home for a holiday before that. She was going to see a bit of the great world where all the white men came from, and her heart was glad.

On the ocean steamer, which she changed into at the mouth of the river, there was a party of hunters. Besides many trophies of the chase, they were bringing back with them some bears, wolves, and deer which they had trapped alive. These they would sell to zoological gardens in different cities.

Minda fed the animals with anything she could coax from the stewards, and seemed to have no fear even of the gaunt timber wolves, the largest and most savage wolves in the world. She soon became a great favourite with the officers and crew, and many a dainty bit came her way from the officers' table. She did not neglect her lessons while on board, and could often be seen curled up on a deck-chair, busy at her lesson-book.

Minda was so engaged one afternoon when a great shout arose. A big brown bear had broken from its cage, and the attempts of the crew to drive it back to its den had aroused all the fury of its savage nature. It tore up and down the deck, while the men dived below or took refuge in the rigging.

'Run, Minda! run for your life!' cried the mate, as he saw the great brute lurching with savage growls towards the girl. As he spoke one of the hunting party stepped on deck with his rifle. To shoot the bear would mean a heavy loss after having brought it so far, but it seemed the only way to save the girl's life.

As for Minda, she sat still, and held up a hand to bid the hunter save his fire. From a large apple she bit a goodly piece and tossed it in front of the advancing bear's nose. The temptation was too strong even for his rage. He checked his mad run, and snapped up the fruit. Another piece came hopping towards him. He turned aside for it also, and looked at the girl. She tossed him another bit nearer herself, and still nearer with every little bit, until he was munching them from her knee.

The sailors and passengers looked on in breathless interest, thinking that every moment would see Minda torn by those cruel claws. A shudder ran through them as she patted the great shaggy head and balanced the last shred of apple on the bear's snout. With a snort, which was as nearly a laugh as a bear could manage, he bounced the juicy morsel in the air and caught it, then sat down to see what the next joke might be.

'Now, you one good bear,' said Minda, as if she were speaking to a little boy who had been naughty. 'You come with me; by-and-by you get heap apples.'

Rising from her seat, she walked off along the deck with the bear at her heels. 'Give me apple, quick!' she said calmly to one of the stewards. When he came on deck with it he tossed it to her.

Again she threw the bear little bits, but every one now fell nearer and nearer to its cage. The hunters saw her plan and got big planks ready. At last the bear had to go inside to get what she threw, and he was secured once more, while she kept feeding him.

The hunters were so pleased with the brave little girl's clever scheme that they gave her, when the steamer landed at Victoria, two new dresses, finer than Minda had ever seen before. But the very last thing Minda did before she left the ship was to go to the bear's cage and give him five whole apples.

A. M. B.

CROAKS FROM EGGS.

CROCODILES come from eggs, like chickens, but the mother does not hatch them by 'sitting,' in the same way as a hen. She buries them in the sand, eighteen inches or more beneath the surface, and there the young crocodiles develop. To emerge from the egg and reach the surface, they need the assistance of the parent reptile, and signal for help by making a loud croaking noise when disturbed by passing footsteps. The mother then digs up the eggs, and the young make their appearance.

The baby crocodiles do not open their mouths to make this noise, but croak from their throats in much the same way as we do when suffering from hiccough. The sound has been heard from eggs that were buried as far as six feet beneath the surface.

ROUND THE WORLD WITH THE UNION JACK.

II.—THE OUTPOSTS OF THE EMPIRE.

IN addition to the great countries like Canada, Australia, India, and the rest which form the British Empire, there are many smaller places scattered over the world which also fly the Union Jack.

Some of these outposts of the Empire, as we may call them, although insignificant in size, are of great importance. Others are merely rocky islands, far out of the routes of ocean travel, barren desert lands, or desolate regions of ice and snow. These

may be of little political or commercial value, it is true, but they have a historical and romantic interest, and serve as memorials to the enterprise and endurance of our ancestors, who were not afraid to venture out with ill-equipped expeditions and tiny ships to explore unknown worlds and uncharted oceans.

We must consider, first, the more important of our isolated possessions, and foremost among these is Hong-kong, an island on the coast of China, at the mouth of the Canton River, which has belonged to England since 1841, when it was ceded to her by the Treaty of Canton at the close of the Chinese War. This place has a very fine harbour, and is our principal naval station in the Far East. In 1858 a tract of land on the adjoining coast was acquired, and more territory was added in 1898.

Hong-kong is a Crown Colony, and the city is very strongly fortified. It is divided into a European and a Chinese quarter, and thousands of Chinamen now live there contentedly under British rule. Further north on the coast, England has leased from China the district and Port of Wei-hai-wei.

Aden, which is situated on the south coast of Arabia, is a great coaling-station, and also a fortress, guarding the entrance to the Red Sea, and the approach to Europe from the East. The town is curious, being built in the crater of an extinct volcano; and, as the climate is very dry, the rain-water which flows down from the neighbouring mountains has to be collected in huge tanks. Many of these reservoirs are more than a thousand years old, but they had to be restored in the nineteenth century, when Aden became an English possession.

In early days, before the discovery of the route to India round the Cape of Good Hope, many travellers visited Aden, and one described it as 'the strongest city that ever was on level ground.'

In 1609 the East India Company sent a ship to the place, and later a factory was established there, but it was not declared British until 1839.

England also owns in this region Perim, a small island in the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, and has a protectorate over the larger island, Sokotra, in the Arabian Sea.

Amongst the most remote of all our dominions is the group of the Falkland Islands, which are situated far away in the South Atlantic Ocean. These islands were first sighted by John Davis in 1592, but they were then uninhabited, and remained so until the eighteenth century, when, a port being considered necessary for the ships engaged in the whale fisheries, a small settlement was established.

Spain, however, objected to this being done, for she claimed dominion over the whole of South America by right of the old edict of Pope Alexander, which gave the eastern part of the world outside Europe to Portugal, and the western to Spain. It was not until the middle of the nineteenth century that the British occupation of the Falkland Islands really began.

Still further South are the South Shetlands, which lie almost within the Arctic Circle.

Another lonely island is St. Helena, in the Atlantic, twelve hundred miles from the coast of Africa. It was first discovered by the Dutch, and was occupied by them until the middle of the seventeenth century. Later, it came into the possession of the East India Company. The chief interest of St. Helena is historical, for it was here that Napoleon lived as a prisoner after his defeat at the Battle of Waterloo, and here he died in 1821. We can picture the great Emperor in his dreary place of exile, thinking of the days of his vanished power and splendour, or, perhaps, dreaming of another island where his childhood and boyhood was spent, for we are told that Napoleon could always, if he shut his eyes, remember the strange aromatic fragrance of the tangled brushwood that covers the mountain slopes of his native Corsica.

Far away at the top of the world are the vast snowbound territories that really form part of the Dominion of Canada, and yet have a history and interest of their own. This white, desolate land was for centuries the scene of great adventures, terrible hardships and wonderful deeds of heroism, when English explorers were trying and failing, again and again, to discover the North-West Passage, which should prove to be a short cut to India and the East.

It was quite early in the sixteenth century that this idea first took possession of the minds of sailors, and Cabot, Frobisher and Davis all journeyed northward on the famous quest.

We have a graphic account of Frobisher's voyage, which tells us how the gallant Sir Martin set sail from the Thames on the 8th of June, 1576, in his barque, the Gabriel, of thirty-five tons, and how, as he passed Greenwich, Queen Elizabeth waved her hand to the adventurers from her palace window.

The expedition was away for four months, and although Frobisher failed in his attempt to discover a new route to the East Indies, he visited unknown lands, saw many strange sights, and became acquainted with the Eskimos. These people he describes as 'infidels with long black hair, flat noses, and tawny in colour, wearing seal-skins, the women marked in the face with blue streaks down the cheeks and round the eyes.'

When he returned to England in October, Frobisher brought with him an Eskimo, and also one of the native canoes made of skin. The explorers were joyfully welcomed to London, and the people crowded round them, eager to see and admire the 'strange man' and the strange boat, both of which were 'such a wonder unto the whole city as seemed never to have happened the like great matter to any man's knowledge.'

During the eighteenth century Hylot and Baffin tried to find the mysterious passage, while later came Ross, Parry, Franklin, and many others, whose names we may see commemorated on the maps of the Polar regions.

The North-West Passage was discovered at last, in 1850, but in consequence of floes and icebergs it is of no real value, and before long the construction of the Suez Canal made any other route to India and the East unnecessary.

The old history of Polar travel is an heroic one, but we have explorers even now, when so little of the world is left undiscovered, who are as ready as the great sailors of the sixteenth century to risk their lives and to endure exposure and hardship.

It is a long journey from the Arctic regions to the Antarctic, but there too Englishmen have penetrated and the English flag has been planted. We all know the story of the five men who carried the Union Jack right down to the South Pole, only to

"The people crowded round to see the 'strange man.'"

find, when they reached the goal, that another nation had been before them. And we know, too, how Scott and his companions lost their lives on the weary homeward journey, when within a few miles of food and safety.

The British flag flies over all the Dominions of the British Empire, in America, in Africa, in Asia, and in far-away Australia. But its loneliest, strongest outpost is in our newest territory, the desolate, uninhabited Antarctic region, where, through the sunlit midsummer nights and the long dark days of winter, its only guardians are the brave dead men who gave their lives for their country's honour, and followed in the footsteps of Grenville, Captain Cook, Sir John Franklin, and all the other great heroes of exploration and discovery.

The Wind

THE wind is a mighty, mighty man,
A giant great and grim;
His wings are strong, his wings are wide,
They span the world from side to side,
And reach past where the planets glide
To touch the red sun's rim.

In summer-time he never moves—
He sleeps beneath the sun—
Except he breathes a gentle sigh
That stirs the leaves and grasses high,
And dappled clouds across the sky
Trail softly one by one.

But when the nights are dark and cold,
When the moon is lost to sight,
He spreads abroad his mighty wings,
In savage glee he laughs and sings,
Across the world his great voice rings
In songs of fierce delight.

He swings across the groaning land,
Across the waters deep;
He churns to spray their tossing waves
Amongst the frightened ships he raves,
And whistles through the ocean caves,
And wakes the world from sleep.

Then rushes back around the house:
In bed I lie and quake:
And down the chimney comes his shriek,
The doors all shake, their hinges squeak,
I hear the bending branches creak
When the giant wind's awake.

F. O'NEILL GALLAGHER.

HOW TO MAKE LEAF SKELETONS.

YOU will have noticed when walking under trees in the autumn that some of the fallen leaves have decayed, leaving a delicate network of veins or ribs. This network is called a skeleton leaf because all the soft green part has disappeared. But it is very seldom you find a perfect skeleton ready formed on the ground, and, of course, they are always very brown and dirty.

You must first gather the leaves from different trees, taking care to select those that have not been spoiled by caterpillars. The best way to make the soft parts decay is to put the leaves in water with some cabbage, and leave it to 'go bad.' Put a few broken pieces of cabbage leaf in a large glass jar, with the leaves that are to be skeletonised on top. Then add some more cabbage and cover well with soft water. If possible, use rain-water for this purpose. Put the jar in some quiet corner of the garden, covered over with a plate to keep insects out and prevent the water evaporating.

Leave them entirely alone for a month or six weeks. Then have a basin of warm water handy, and, taking the leaves out one by one, rub them gently between the fingers while holding them under the water. This should bring away all the soft part, but if portions of it stick to the ribs or skeleton they must be removed with a camel-hair brush.

At first, some of the leaves are sure to be spoilt by the rubbing process. Try to avoid tearing the delicate skeleton, but start with several leaves of each kind in case of accident. It will very likely be found that some are not ready after being a month or so in the water. All these should be laid aside and put into fresh water, with new cabbage leaves above and below. Cover over as before and give them another fortnight or so.

The skeleton leaves are extremely fragile, and must be handled with the greatest care. They must first be soaked in clean cold water for a couple of days, after which they may be bleached white. A quarter-pound packet of bleaching powder will be needed for this. Put the contents into a basin and add three-quarters of a pint of water. Crush any lumps at the bottom of the basin and stir up with a piece of wood, then let the liquid stand for a few hours. Skim off any white scum that forms on the top, and pour the clear fluid into a bottle.

To bleach the skeletons place them in two jars—one for fine and one for coarse specimens—stacking them stem downwards. Cover with water to every quart of which a wineglassful of the solution of bleaching powder has been added. Several hours must be allowed for bleaching. When they are nice and white, take them out and rinse. Use warm water first, and then several changes of cold to remove all trace of the bleaching solution. To dry, place between sheets of warm, dry blotting-paper and press gently.

Skeleton leaves look very effective when mounted neatly in an album. The leaves should be of tinted paper, preferably grey, as the bleached skeletons do not show up so well on white. A very little clean gum-water applied to one side with a camel-hair brush will be sufficient to fix them. The value and interest of such a collection is increased if a note is made on each page, showing the name of the tree to which the leaf belongs and the date.

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 83.)

MARY sat under the tree and considered John's schemes, and the longer she considered them the more attractive did they appear.

To shoot every day! It would be delightful—a perpetual picnic. She and John would get up very early, just before sunrise, so that the creatures of the night would still be abroad. They would learn to walk very softly, as Julfu walked, so that neither animal nor bird should know of their coming. And it would be so interesting and important to provide food for the camp: almost as good as being wrecked on a desert island.

To see the funny white image in the temple! That would also be interesting, especially as temples were unknown ground. Of course the priest must sleep sometimes; probably when the day was hottest. It would be easy to creep into the temple then, and it was certainly clever of John to think of this.

And lastly, to find the death valley of the elephants! To collect the tusks with which the ground must be strewn! To sell them for a great deal of money! How pleased Father and Mother would be when they came back from Paris with all their money spent, to find a new supply waiting for them. And Mary thought of a splendid plan for the giving of this. She and John would put all the money on a dish, and tell Cook to put a cover over the dish, and send it to the table. And then Father would take the cover off, and he and Mother would be so pleased and surprised that they would scarcely be able to speak. And Mary would say in a careless voice, as if it was something not at all important, 'John and I earned that money, and it is all for you.' Mary laughed to herself gleefully as she thought how nice it would be.

Of course there were difficulties and dangers to be reckoned with. The fierce wild things of the forest might be angry with the strangers who invaded their domain, and try to work them harm. The old priest might awake at the wrong moment. And last, and worst of all, was the possible blindness which might result from the sight of that strange valley of the elephants.

Yes—this was, indeed, a serious danger. Mary did not know if she had the courage to face it; but then she remembered that the man who belonged to the jungle tribe was a native of India, while she and John were English children. It was not likely, she told herself, that the same misfortune would befall them as befell him. Mary did not despise natives, nor look down on them in any way; but she knew that they have many beliefs and customs which are not shared by English people, and this made her feel as if everything must be different for the two races.

John came back again after a little while and strolled past Mary. His hands were still in his pockets and he was still whistling; but directly Mary began to speak, he stopped to listen.

'I am coming with you,' she said, and John took his hands out of his pockets and sat down beside her, that they might arrange together just what they should do. John knew that Mary was cleverer

than he, though she was more easily frightened, and that she would remember many useful things that he would probably forget.

CHAPTER IX

Miss Gomez slept until it was almost tea-time. When she woke she was still very unhappy, and her ankle had swelled until it looked like three ankles rolled into one. Mary came and stood by the bed, and looked at the swelling with sympathy and interest.

'I think you ought to send for a doctor, Gummy,' she said. 'Just suppose if it never went back to its proper size again.'

'No, no,' said Miss Gomez, 'I do not want a doctor.'

She was afraid lest a doctor might say that travelling would not harm the ankle. 'No, no,' she repeated, 'Ayah shall make me a compress of plantain-leaves, and soon the swelling will go away. And Ayah can look after Arnold. You and John can have a nice holiday. You need not do lessons. You can play all the time.'

'May we go shooting with Julfu?' Mary asked.

'Oh, yes,' Miss Gomez answered quickly, pleased with the thought that the children would thus be happily employed, and well knowing that Julfu was to be trusted. And then she began to call loudly for Ayah and the plantain-leaves.

It was not nice when bedtime came that evening; all the beds had been moved into the bungalow, for Moti was to carry away the tent early next morning; and, as there was not room in the little bedroom for four people to sleep, Mary's bed and John's also were placed in the sitting-room. Usually they would have thought this rather amusing; but now it seemed to remind them of the fact that Father and Mother had gone away. Miss Gomez, who noticed that the children looked unhappy, thought they were nervous because they must sleep alone.

'There is no need to be frightened,' she said. 'I will leave the door open between the two rooms,' upon which John answered quickly:

'We do not want it open, thank you. We are not at all frightened.'

But, despite this, the door was left open; and, through the opening, came lamplight and the sound of Miss Gomez' voice as she chattered to Ayah, while she ate her dinner. And Mary and John felt strange and cross and unhappy. They thought it was because everything was different from bedtime as they knew it, and they tossed from side to side and felt as if they could never sleep again.

Miss Gomez finished her dinner at last, though she had asked Cook to send her so many courses that it was a very long affair. Then Ayah went away, and the lamp was put out, and Arnold woke and cried for a little while and went to sleep again; and when he was asleep, Miss Gomez slept too.

For a little while John listened. Then, very softly, he crept across to the door and closed it. Next, instead of getting into his bed again, he wrapped his warm quilt round him, climbed on to the end of Mary's bed, and gave her a little kick to make sure that she was awake and ready to listen to him.

'Mary,' he said, 'I want to talk about all the things we are going to do. If we don't talk, I shall think too much about missing Father and Mother. I feel as if that thought was waiting to pounce on me like a leopard pouncing on a goat.'

'It's pounced on me already,' said Mary, for now she understood what that strange, unhappy feeling really meant.

'Then talk,' said John, 'talk quickly, and then, perhaps, we'll forget,' and John went on talking very fast indeed.

'I told Julfu we wanted to shoot to-morrow, and very early he will wake us. And Chotun will let us all ride for a little way on Moti's back, sitting on the top of the rolled-up tent. And then, when Moti crosses the pass into the next valley, we can walk home again through the forest. And we shall be sure to see plenty of things to shoot, because it will be so early that everything in the jungle will still be awake.'

'It's funny to think that they wake in the night and sleep in the day, isn't it?' said Mary.

'It must be awfully nice that way,' said John. He turned a little on the bed so that he could see the firelit camping-ground through the window. 'Some day we will go out and hunt in the night, but Julfu would say "No" if we asked him now to let us go.'

'He will never take us out at night.'

'Oh, yes, he will, when he sees that I can shoot quite well, and that we are not at all frightened. And he will come with us to the temple, and to the death-valley of the elephants.'

The horrid feeling was coming close again. Perhaps it was the lonely night that brought it. John talked faster than ever. 'It will be jolly when we have the money,' he said. 'I am quite glad that Father and Mother went away so that we can make this nice surprise for them.'

'I am not glad exactly,' said Mary, 'but when you put it like that it does make things better.'

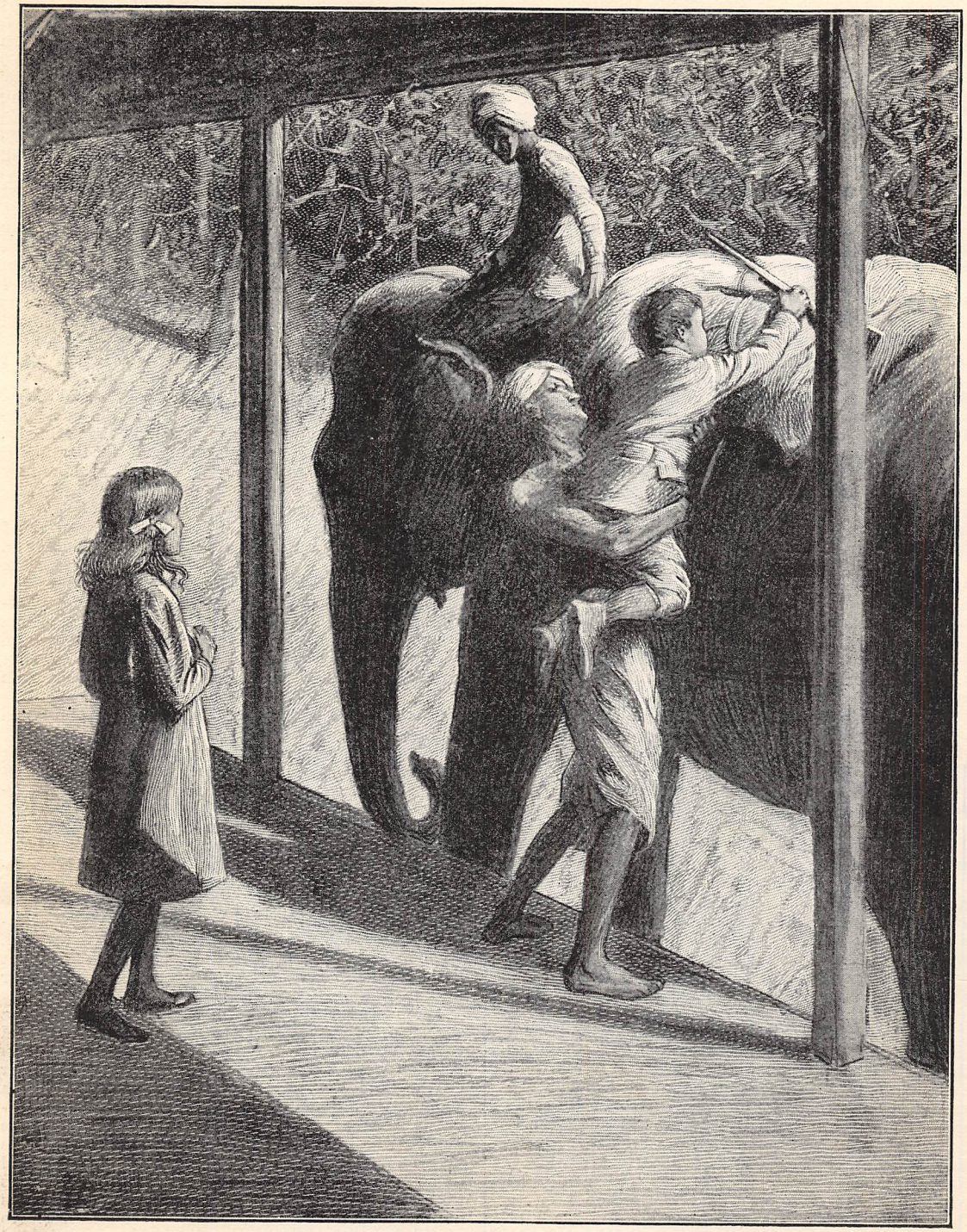
And, thinking about the money, she fell asleep; and John, too, slept, so soundly that it seemed but a little moment before Julfu's voice was whispering at the verandah door.

'Wake, little Sahib—wake, Miss Baba. Here is tea and toast—eat, drink, and get ready.'

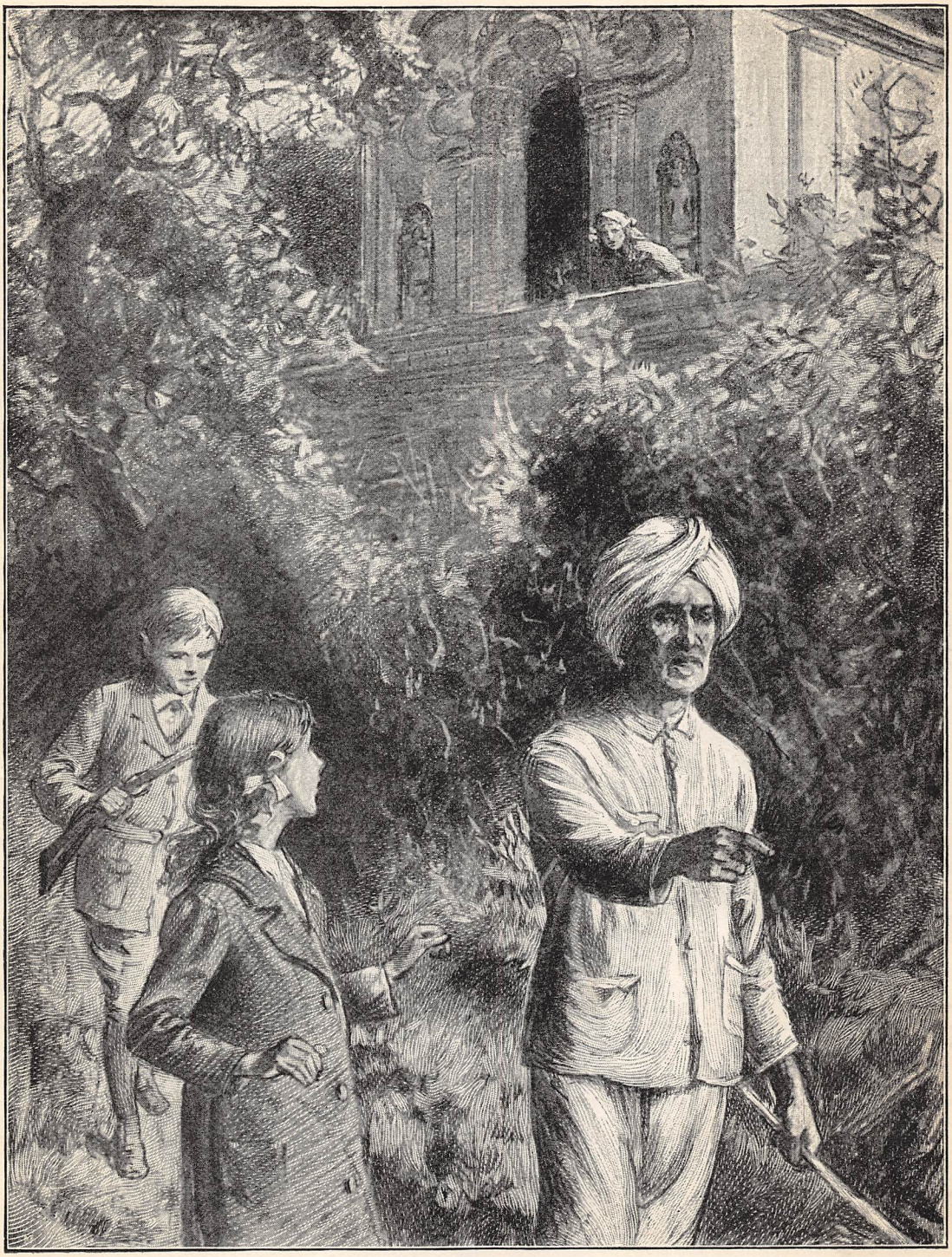
He pushed the tray he carried through the doorway. It held a pile of buttered toast and two cups of hot tea. Mary and John ate and drank very quickly, and then dressed more quickly still. Outside, where the tent had stood, Moti knelt: and, through the door of the bungalow, which was a little open, Mary and John could plainly hear Chotun talking to the elephant.

There was the sound of a scuffle, and then a squeak from Moti. That meant that she had tried to get up before the ropes which held the tent in position were fastened, and that Chotun had hit her on the head with the iron stick he carried. For a short space all was quiet. Then came a bigger scuffle as Moti got upon her feet, this time with the approval of Chotun, and then she swayed up to the verandah, where she stood waiting for Mary and John. Chotun smiled gravely at the children as they scurried out of the room, buttoning their coats as they came. Julfu helped them in turn on to Moti's broad back, and then took his place behind them.

(Continued on page 98.)



"Julfu helped them on to Moti's broad back."



"A face peeped at her from over the wall."

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 95.)

VERY softly Moti strode across the camping-ground, for there is nothing in all nature that moves more silently than an elephant when it pleases. The air was chill with the little wind which blows to prepare the way for the dawn, and the servants were stirring and rousing to the day's work, but still night lingered. The water of the river looked almost black as Moti stepped down into it; but, as it swirled against her huge legs, it burst into silver ripples in the moonlight.

Half-way across Moti stopped to drink, and blew another shower of silver from her trunk. Then, at a word from Chotun, she climbed the steep bank opposite, and entered the forest which crept here to the very edge of the cliff.

It was very quiet in the forest. Yet, as Mary's ears grew used to that quiet, she discovered that beneath the silence were many little sounds.

There was the sound of trees whispering to each other; of dead leaves softly falling, or a dried branch cracking. There was an echo, also, of footsteps now and then; the quick, scratching tat-tat of a bird, or a stag's careful, dainty tread; and once a wild boar grunted as it rooted.

The path wound upward always. The trees grew less dense presently. The ground under-foot was no longer soft, but rocky: and, suddenly, it was no more night, but day, for the sun had slipped above the horizon and, in one moment, defeated the darkness and filled the world with light. From her perch on Moti's back Mary could see the river beneath, the camp on its far bank, and in front, above her, high walls of rock through which wound a narrow path.

'This is the pass,' said Chotun. 'It is called the Door of the Elephants.'

'And why is it so called?' asked John.

'Who knows? This is a country of elephants. He who gave the pass its name was dead ere my grandfather lived. Perhaps he also built the little temple yonder.'

And as he spoke Chotun pointed with the iron stick in his hand to a small white temple built on the very summit of the rocks. It was surrounded by a low, rough wall, and a little flag on a long red stick was fastened to a tree which overhung it.

'Is that the temple of the people who look for gold in the river?' Mary asked.

'Yes,' said Julfu. But he did not seem interested in the temple, and began at once to talk of something else.

'See, Miss Baba, just round the corner is the head of the pass. There must we dismount from Moti's back. There is a little track which leads through the forest, and will take us to a shallow ford low down the river. By its aid we will reach the camp.'

In another moment, Moti had climbed to the head of the pass; before the road descended again there was just space for her to kneel. Julfu slid first to the ground, and caught Mary and John in turn as they slid after him. Then Moti lumbered to her feet once more, raised her trunk in salute at Chotun's bidding, and continued her slow, steady march towards her distant destination. Mary and John watched for a little while until the trees hid the elephant from their sight; and, meanwhile, Julfu searched for the track which would lead by a round-about route from the forest to the camp.

'Here is our path,' he said at last, and motioned to the children to follow him. As Mary turned to obey, she glanced upwards at the temple which was perched some fifty feet above her; and, as she did so, a face peeped at her from over the wall—a face which vanished before she could be quite certain if its colour were white or brown.

CHAPTER X.

'Did you see that, John?' Mary whispered.

'Did I see what?' John whispered back.

'The face that peeped at us over the wall.'

'I saw something like a shadow, browny white,' said John. 'I expect it just was a shadow. Shadows often look like faces.'

'But it seemed much more like a face than a shadow, and much more white than brown.'

Julfu looked back at the children at this moment, and laid his finger on his lips in warning, and they stopped talking immediately. But, as she followed down the narrow winding path, Mary's thoughts busied themselves with the face which had looked at her over the wall. She grew more certain every moment that it had been a white face and not a brown.

Down dropped the path very steeply, so steeply that, presently, the children were forced to jump from rock to rock. Julfu's quick eyes travelled incessantly from right to left; his ears were alert to interpret each sound. Every little while he would stand very still, and then Mary and John stood still also, like two small statues. It was rather dark under the trees, and the very air seemed full of mystery. Mary was aware of a funny tingling sensation in her finger-tips and her toes. She felt as if round each next corner something surprising must be waiting. But, though the path twisted often, every new twist was as empty as that which had preceded it.

The path reached level ground at last, and then, for a while, it ran parallel with the river. John began to grow impatient as he realised this fact. Very soon, he thought, they must reach the ford; and, so far, there had been no chance of firing the little rifle. He pulled at Julfu's sleeve, and then whispered to him, 'Let us go further into the forest. I do not want to go back to the camp until I have shot something.'

Julfu hesitated, standing on one leg, and rubbing that leg with the foot of the other. It was almost breakfast-time already, and the children had walked a considerable distance. It would be wiser to return to the camp, he knew. Yet he could not bear to disappoint John, for Julfu was infinitely tender-hearted where his young master was concerned.

'There is an open space at the head of the valley,' he said, slowly. 'The spotted deer graze there at times. I will take the Sahib to the place. But if there are no deer, we must search no further, but return to the camp instead.'

And he turned from the path which led to the ford, and took another which wound through the forest close to the foot of the hill. This, also, was narrow, so narrow that Julfu walked first, while Mary and John followed in single file. They could

not have found the way without Julfu's help, for the path was only visible to an eye trained to tracking. It was newly made by the deer, and led direct to the grassy plain.

(Continued on page 106.)

THE FAIRY WEDDING.

THE word went round at the rise of the moon,
That a fairy wedding would be:
It was set for the middle of joyous June,
While the leaf was still young on the tree:
And how do I know that it happened last night,
When I was not there to see?

The hawthorn-tree by the gate last night
Was white with the bloom on each spray;
But when I awoke the grass all around
Was strewn with the petals of May,
Thrown after the bride by the kindly old tree
To bid her good-speed on her way.

HOME-MADE FABLES.

I.—THE OAK AND THE SQUIRREL.

THE squirrel burst into verse. 'Burst' describes it; for it is only fair to him to say that there was no forethought in what he did. The fact was he was carried away by his feelings, and as the month of the year was April, and he promised not to do it again, he hoped he might be forgiven. This is what he sang:

'Wake up, giant oak, wake up,
Thy myriad buds uncurl;
April would drop in each leafy cup
A gem from her shower of pearl.

'The elm and the lime are in leaf;
The chestnut his banner flies;
But the royal oak, of our woods the chief,
From his slumber will not rise.

'You're keeping the song, my sire,
Of welcome to waiting spring;
Imperfect must be the gladsome choir
With the oak unready to sing!

'Trill loud in his ear, sweet thrush,
His deafened sense to probe;
His drowsy eye my tail shall brush,
Till he wakes, and dons his robe.'

First he piped it upon one of the topmost branches of the oak, then upon each of the great limbs, and after that in the main fork. Suddenly he stopped his drumming, and listened. There was a stir below in the bole of the tree. Then a voice spoke:

'I listened to your song with pleasure; but for the rest I can bestow no praise. It was decidedly silly.'

'Oh, you liked my verses?' replied the squirrel, seizing the favourable comment with all a young author's eagerness. 'I'll compose some more. But, I say! when are you going to wake up?'

'The question is more pert than pertinent,' said the oak. 'What evidence have you that I am asleep?'

'Why, when I look round at other trees and things, I see they are in leaf. Why don't you blossom?'

'My little friend,' said the oak, 'you make a common mistake. Your judgment is based upon the superficial. As there are thoughts too deep for words, so there is life whose springs are so deeply hidden that death itself may sleep above them in apparent triumph. But it is a delusion, and death sooner or later finds it is. Wait, I say, wait.'

'That's all very well,' said the squirrel. 'I may believe you are awake, but I want others to know it. Everybody is making unkind remarks, and, as I think I am a sort of a relation, I cannot help feeling ashamed. I half-killed a young lizard this morning for calling you an old stick-in-the-mud. Then one constantly overhears comparisons: "Look at the elm," says one; "And the sycamore," says another; "It makes me shiver to look at the oak," adds the third.'

'How old are you?' asked the oak.

'Quite nine months,' replied the squirrel, in a tone which showed he felt that such a fact ought to ensure confidence.

'Ah! I thought so. Well, live, and you may learn, although it doesn't always follow. It will take me another fortnight to bud completely, and I shall not be out in full leaf under a month.'

'Oh! if that's the case,' said the squirrel, 'I shall leave home and go abroad. Things are too slow here for me.'

'Please yourself,' said the oak, his voice now having a distant sound, so that the squirrel could scarcely make out the concluding words. He just caught—'Some people's appreciation of home never begins till they leave it, and then increases with every mile they drift away from it.'

The squirrel's 'foreign' regions were not farther off than a neighbouring clump of trees, and in them he pitched his summer tent. He could see his old home, and when early June completed the unfolding of spring's embroidery, there stood the oak, in its lovely dress of green, and he felt secretly proud of his old friend. But the beeches made splendid quarters, and he frolicked the summer days through with plenty abounding. It never occurred to him at this time to write more verses. He was breathing, he was living poetry, and that is as much better than writing it as sunshine is better than gas. But early in October came the change. In a week the beeches were bare poles, the scattering of leaf and fruitage being ruthless. The oak stood serene, its foliage reverting to the golden-green tints of May, yet still instinct with sap and energy. The squirrel had come back to it, and for a long time perched in a snug bower of leafage in his favourite old spot with a very humble demeanour. After maintaining a long and becoming silence, he remarked, half to himself—

'I don't deserve an acorn, but——'

'You may have every one you can find, and that will be thousands,' said a hearty voice. 'Ah! little friend, you have lived since I saw you last!'

'Yes,' replied the squirrel, 'and I have learned. I am venturing on some more verses. You praised my last; what do you think of—

'Things that take the longest to mature,
The greatest stress and hardship will endure.'

'Stop!' called out the oak. 'You have learnt the lesson. Not another word.' Francis T. Read.

IN THE WARS. A Story without Words.

'A pretty little black and-white puppy scrambled out.'

CYRIL AND BOB AND THE PUPPY.

ON one side of the garden gate was an inviting-looking hamper; on the other side stood four children, wondering who could have left it there, and what could possibly be inside. So far as they could make out, there was no label attached, and there was no sign of any one in the road, though Bob, leaning over the top bar of the gate, had craned his neck in each direction in search.

What made the children so excited was the fact that mysterious sounds were coming from the deserted hamper, as if something alive were rustling in straw.

Dollie and May were a little nervous, but their brothers were eager to fathom the mystery.

They were not allowed to go beyond the gate by themselves, but it was an easy matter to stretch out a hand, and pull the hamper inside the garden, without breaking this rule.

The sounds were unmistakable now, and the boys' excitement and the girls' nervousness increased.

'We ought to open it,' declared Cyril. 'There is something alive inside, and it might get smothered, poor thing!'

'Yes—and there's no sign of a label,' agreed Bob. 'It's our duty to open it.'

Out came Cyril's penknife to cut the string, and up flew the lid of the hamper, as a pretty little black-and-white puppy scrambled out.

Dollie and May rushed off in a fright, and hid in the summer-house, but Bob and Cyril were wild with delight.

'Some one has deserted him—that's certain,' said Bob.

'Yes! Fancy leaving him in that basket to take his chance whether anybody fond of dogs found him!' said Cyril indignantly. 'It's lucky for you, old fellow, that they dropped you at our gate,' he added, patting the dog affectionately.

'I say, Cyril! Do you suppose Father and Mother would let us keep him?' asked Bob eagerly.

'I'm quite sure they would, but they won't be home till to-morrow evening,' answered Cyril, 'and I'm afraid Cook and Mary and Nurse would make a terrible fuss if we took him in. Servants who are not used to animals seem to have an idea that they make more work.'

'Then don't let's ask them,' said Bob. 'Let's hide the puppy till to-morrow night. It ought to be easy enough—he's such a mite, and as good as gold, you can see.'

Cyril eagerly agreed to this plan, and as they could not smuggle the hamper into the house unnoticed, they threw it into the road, and Bob hid the little dog inside his coat, as they hurried up to their bedroom with him.

They played with him for half an hour; then Bob suggested they had better show themselves downstairs, in case their absence should arouse suspicion. As they dared not take 'Spot' (as they had named the puppy) with them, they made him a 'comfortable nest' in the middle of the bed, and gave him some biscuits to amuse himself with till their return.

They did not get another chance to steal upstairs unseen before dinner, and before that was over, Aunt Sophie called to say she was going to take them all for a walk in the country that afternoon, giving them tea at a farmhouse.

This sounded delightful, but Cyril and Bob felt secretly anxious about Spot. Not even to Aunt Sophie could they explain their difficulty. They held a hurried consultation as they went upstairs to get ready for their walk.

'If we leave him in the bedroom, Mary will be sure to discover him, when she comes up to turn down the sheets,' said Cyril. 'There isn't a single place where she might not look, if he happened to whine.'

'I know,' cried Bob. 'No one will go in Mother's room till to-morrow—we will hide him in her wardrobe!'

As they lifted the dog to transfer him to his new quarters, they both gave an exclamation of dismay—sheets and pillow-slips were clawed and bitten into holes!

'That shows he's hungry,' said Bob; 'perhaps he doesn't care for biscuits yet. You go down and smuggle up a basin of bread and milk, Cyril, while I make him a cosy bed in mother's wardrobe.'

The boys so enjoyed their afternoon with Aunt Sophie that they forgot all about Spot, until the torn sheets reminded them of him, as they got into bed.

It was too late then to attract attention by attending to his wants, so they comforted themselves with the thought that he had had one good meal, and they determined to be up early next day.

Unfortunately, they both overslept themselves, and only got down to the nursery as Dollie and May were eating their porridge. They had so sooner seated themselves than Mary came in.

'I'll thank you to come upstairs and look in the mistress's wardrobe, Nurse!' she said. 'Such a scene as I never saw in all my life—milk running out from under the door; and such sounds that I don't like to open it to see what's inside—it might be a dog, or a monkey, or a snake for all I know! Which reminds me to tell you that Master Cyril's bedclothes are torn something shocking! And before I go on with cleaning the mistress's room, perhaps you'll just step up, Nurse, and see what's amiss.'

The boys rushed past Nurse and Mary, and reached their mother's room first, and released Spot, who showed great delight. But what a state poor Mother's wardrobe was in! A frock had been clawed to ribbons as far as Spot could reach it, and the bread and milk had made, as Mary declared, 'the most terrible mess she ever did see!'

Of course, Nurse was very angry, and Spot was sent back to the station, where it appeared he had come from.

'There was a man inquiring all round about here yesterday for a dog sent in an empty basket and left in the road,' said Nurse. 'It seems the carrier remembered seeing the name of our road on the label before it was lost, and he was inquiring at all the houses, who was expecting a dog. He didn't want to carry it up all these long garden paths, and so left it outside—he was next door when you naughty children tampered with it. The carrier's cart was round the corner.'

The boys listened dejectedly to Nurse's explanation. They felt they could never be happy again, now they had lost their treasure.

The next day something very wonderful happened. As soon as Father and Mother came home, Bob and Cyril ran to them with their confession, and expressed real sorrow for all the damage that had been done.

Mother then told them that had they only waited, they could have had Spot without any trouble or worry, as the missing label had been addressed to them. She and Father had bought the puppy for the boys, and sent him on in advance as a surprise!

Mother readily forgave her small sons, but reminded them that actions which need to be hidden

are always wrong. 'To help you to remember this,' she said, 'you must wait a week before claiming Spot for your own, and I have no doubt that Dollie and May will look after him for you till then.'

A. C. Vernon.

BEASTS OF YESTERDAY:

Some Animals Extinct within the Memory of Man.

II.—THE PASSENGER PIGEON.

I THINK that I may call the Passenger Pigeon extinct, for there is now only one individual alive—an old female in the Zoological Gardens at Cincinnati, U. S. A.

From the following description it will be seen that the bird was a very beautiful one. The wings were long and pointed, and the tail consisted of twelve tapering feathers. The bill was black, and similar in form to that of the turtle-dove; the legs, which were purplish-red, were short and strong. The head and cheeks were pale bluish-grey, the breast and sides of a brownish-red with a purplish tinge, while the lower part of the body was white. The lower part and sides of the neck were of a purplish-crimson, reflecting tints of emerald green and gold, and the upper plumage was of deep bluish-grey, some of the feathers being spotted with black. The quills were blackish-grey, with their outside edges bluish-grey; the tail had the two middle feathers entirely black and the other five on each side grey at the base, with a black bar, and passing into white at the ends. The female was rather inferior in size, and the colours of her plumage were much duller than those of her mate.

They began breeding early in the spring, and were said to produce two or three broods in the year, each brood, according to Wilson, the naturalist, consisting of a single young one. Audubon, another authority, however, mentions that they laid two pure white eggs, of a broadly oval form, and further adds: 'It is a remarkable fact that each brood generally consists of a male and a female.' The nest was much like those of the wood-pigeon and turtle-dove.

The range of this bird was roughly from the Gulf of Mexico to Hudson's Bay, a distance of about two thousand four hundred miles. They were not scattered all over this area, as, for example, wood-pigeons are spread all over England, but they lived in huge flocks wherever food happened to be plentiful. For instance, they would stay in Kentucky until all the mast was gone, when they would migrate to Georgia or Carolina and feed on rice.

Where such myriads of birds bred in one 'rookery,' they naturally soon cleared off all the food in the neighbourhood of the nests, and were thus forced to travel great distances to find food. Audubon mentions the extraordinary fact that these 'pigeons have been killed in the neighbourhood of New York with their crops full of rice, which they must have collected in the fields of Georgia and Carolina, these districts being the nearest in which they could possibly have procured a supply of that kind of food.'

I can best show how the apparently impossible task of exterminating the species was carried out by quoting Wilson's historic account in the American Ornithology. 'The roosting-places are always in the woods. When they have frequented one of these places for some time, all the tender grass and underwood is destroyed; the surface strewed with large limbs of trees, broken down by the weight of the birds collecting one above another, and the trees themselves killed as completely as if girdled with an axe. The marks of their desolation remain for years on the spot. . . . When one of these roosts is first discovered, the inhabitants, from considerable distances, visit it in the night, with guns, clubs, long poles, pots of sulphur, and various other engines of destruction. By the Indians a pigeon-roost or breeding-place is considered an important source of national profit and dependence for that year.

'The breeding-place differs from the roost in its greater extent. Not far from Shelbyville, in the State of Kentucky, there was one of these breeding-places, which was several miles in breadth and was said to be upwards of forty miles in extent! In this tract almost every tree was furnished with nests wherever the branches could accommodate them. The pigeons made their first appearance there about the 10th of April, and left it altogether with their young before the 25th of May. As soon as the young were fully grown and before they left the nests, numerous parties of the inhabitants, from all parts of the adjacent country, came with waggons, axes, beds, cooking utensils, many of them accompanied by the greater part of their families, and encamped for several days at this immense nursery. Several of them informed me that the noise was so great as to terrify their horses, and that it was difficult for one person to hear another speak without bawling in his ear. The ground was strewed with broken limbs of trees, eggs, and young pigeons, which had been thrown down from above, and on which herds of hogs were fattening. Hawks, buzzards, and eagles were sailing about in great numbers, and seizing the squabs [young pigeons] from the nests at pleasure, while, from twenty feet upwards to the top of the trees, the view through the woods presented a perpetual tumult of crowding and fluttering multitudes of pigeons, their wings roaring like thunder, mingled with the frequent crash of falling timber; for now the axemen were at work, cutting down those trees that seemed to be most crowded with nests, and contrived to fell them in such a manner that, in their descent, they might bring down several others, by which means the felling of one large tree sometimes produced two hundred squabs, little inferior in size to the old ones and almost one mass of fat. . . . These circumstances were related to me by many of the most respectable part of the community in that quarter, and were confirmed, in part, by what I myself witnessed.'

Although the above description is extraordinary, it seems to agree with the accounts of other writers. Even as late as 1884, hunters appeared to carry off between five and six thousand pigeons! State laws were passed for their protection, but they were utterly disregarded.

The last great flight of pigeons was in 1888, when large flocks passed northwards, but without stopping to breed; the very last flock seems to have been seen in the then unknown land to the north of Wisconsin. In the following year a few small flocks and odd birds were seen, and then—the American Passenger Pigeon vanished from off the face of the earth!

G. Bathurst Hony, M. B. O. U.

A "Rookery" of Passenger Pigeons.

"In another moment the little rifle was at John's shoulder."

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 99.)

BUT, though the deer had made the path, other of the jungle people used it also. Julfu soon noticed that the bushes on each side at a certain height were bent and pressed apart. He frowned a little, and searched for further signs to help him; and presently he stooped and picked up a small branch which lay on the ground newly broken.

'An elephant has passed this way,' said Julfu. 'The solitary tusker perchance. In the night hours he trod this road. It were best to turn back again, lest we meet with him.'

But this suggestion John stoutly opposed. 'If it was in the night,' he argued, 'then the elephant must be ever so far away already. It's quite safe to go and look for the deer. Go on, Julfu; go on.'

And again Julfu hesitated, and looked at his young master in a queer, helpless fashion. He would have known how to refuse a like request from Mary, but it seemed to him that John, who would presently be a man, had already something of a right to command, and, in the end, Julfu yielded, and began to search for the path again; and John whispered to Mary as they followed, 'I have thought of such a splendid plan. If we do meet the elephant—though I expect he really is far away—but if we should meet him, then I will fire at him with my rifle. The bullet's too small to kill him, of course, but it might hurt him enough to make him think he was going to die; and then he will go straight to the valley, and we can follow in his tracks.'

'But, perhaps he will be so angry when you wound him that he will kill us first?' said Mary.

'He will never guess who has wounded him. We shall all be safely hidden, and he will think that the bullet has fallen from the sky, or something of that sort.'

Mary very much doubted this fact. She was tired with the long walk, and a little frightened because of the face which had peeped over the temple wall.

The path grew wider every moment, the trees less close together. Between the tree-trunks the grass was thick and very high. It was coarse grass, and almost as yellow as straw; and presently there were trees no longer, but grass only, and Julfu halted again.

'There is a patch that was burnt two months ago in the centre of this plain,' he said. 'Now it is covered with short young green stuff, and it is on this that the deer come to feed. We will lie down at the edge of the old grass, and it may be that a stag will step close to us.'

Then he showed the children how best they could lie securely hidden. As Mary settled herself in place, she peered anxiously through the yellow stalks at the open green space beyond. It was empty, save for a pair of black partridges running busily hither and thither. There was no sign of the wild elephant. So great was Mary's relief that presently she dozed a little and then she fell asleep.

She slept and she dreamt; and in the dream it seemed that John and she stood in the secret valley of the elephants. It was a grey valley, as Chotun had foretold. Grey rocks, dark river, and, above, a grey sky of clouds. Only the ground was white—white with ivory; and, knee-deep amidst the ivory, there stood an elephant with huge curved tusks. And, as Mary watched, the tusks dropped out; first, the one on the right hand, then that on the left; and the elephant picked up the tusks in turn in its trunk, and handed them to her. She thought it was the trunk touching her before she realised that she was awake again, and that John's hand was squeezing hers.

'Look, Mary, look!' he whispered.

And Mary looked where John pointed, and she saw that on the further side of the green space the yellow grass was moving very oddly. There was no wind to disturb it, yet it swayed as if it bent to a storm. And next, between the dry stalks, showed something huge and dark; and through the grass, which was as high as his back, pushed the head of a great male elephant with the white tusks gleaming on either side.

Mary gazed, open-mouthed. She had no eyes for John—John, who had risen to his feet in his excitement, and thus exposed himself to the elephant's sharp eyes. In another moment the little rifle was at John's shoulder.

Julfu's startled cry came just too late. 'Stop, Sahib, stop! Dost thou wish to die?'

Quick on the cry rang out the report of the rifle; and, before its echo had died away, the elephant was crossing the plain with swift, enormous strides, and Julfu, Mary, and John were running a race for very life itself.

'Between the trees! between the trees, little ones!' Julfu shouted as he went. Mary could scarcely hear what he said because of those great feet thudding on the ground behind her, and because of her own blood thudding in her ears. But fear taught her the safest road, and she and John doubled and twisted amidst the tree-stems while Julfu kept to the more open path.

(Continued on page 118.)

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

4.—BURIED EXPLORERS.

1. How does the wasp eke out a living in the winter?
2. The exiled Scottish peasantry, Frank, linger over the poems of Burns.
3. In every savage land or wide ocean throb affinities which bind us to nature.
4. It's a Canadian shack let on lease to Bob and Co. O! keep it by all means.
5. Those men are so slow. Nan, send them away.
6. Come here, Mark. Ha! Mischief again?
7. He makes a poor living. Stone-breaking is often heart-breaking.
8. He had a vision, I believe, but I shall not believe it.
9. He fell with a thud, so now he is more careful.
10. He was rescued, the spar keeping his head above water.

A. B. Cooper.

(Answer on page 147.)

ANSWER TO RHYMING PUZZLE ON PAGE 75.

Cling.	Wing.	Ling.	Fling.
Bring.	Sing.	Thing.	String.
King.	Ring.	Swing.	

NEVER SAY FAIL!

KEEP pushing—'tis wiser
Than sitting aside,
And dreaming and sighing
And waiting the tide.
In life's earnest battle
They only prevail
Who daily march onward
And never say fail!

In life's rosy morning,
In manhood's firm pride,
Let this be the motto
Your footsteps to guide;
In storm and in sunshine,
Whatever assail,
We'll onward and conquer,
And never say fail!

HOME-MADE FABLES.

II.—THE OLD WEATHERCOCK.

'WHICH way is the wind this morning, Mr. Bridles?' asked Prim, the lady's-maid, of the coachman, who was leaning against the stable-door, in his shirt-sleeves, smoking his pipe.

'Plump east,' replied Mr. Bridles, shortly. 'Same as yesterday,' he added, with another puff or two; 'hasn't moved a point all night.'

'That's queer,' remarked Prim. 'I thought the smoke from the bakehouse chimney was the other way when I first looked out at six o'clock.'

'Well, there's the vane,' said the coachman, rather rudely. 'If you don't believe me, look at the vane; that is,' he added, with some contempt, 'if you understand it.'

'Oh! no doubt you are right, Mr. Bridles,' said the maid, meekly. 'But there's another day of staying indoors for my lady, that's all. You know Dr. Wiseman says she must never go out when the wind is either east or north.'

'Well, it's east now,' said Bridles, 'and east isn't west, is it?'

'It suits you well enough,' mentally remarked Prim, slipping off. 'It's been east all the week, and the carriage has not been out of the coach-house once, and you have had precious little to do for your wages, Mr. Bridles. It's I and Nurse who have got to suffer for it. Here, Nurse,' she added aloud, meeting that individual, 'the mistress won't go out to-day. The wind seems stuck in the east!'

Mr. Bridles continued to smoke in the most complacent manner, his eyes fixed upon his polished top-boots, which he kept tapping with a short stick, when he heard a pecking sound overhead. He looked up and found the old weathercock had opened one eye. A jackdaw had pecked out the other years before, and had carried it with other pilferings into the loft.

'Disbelieving lot, those women,' said the weathercock; 'won't learn properly to understand anything in the world, nor take the word of their superiors who do know.'

'You are right,' said Bridles.

'They must have something fresh every morning of their lives, or they're not satisfied anyhow,' continued the stuck-up old vane, feeling encouraged. 'East I am, and east I mean to stay till it suits me to move. As though there was any doubt about me! Pshaw!'

'But you are wrong, for all that,' interposed a tall ash-tree, with a distant-like yet clear voice. 'Excuse me, but you are most certainly wrong, and are generally wrong. Look at the way I am bending, and judge for yourself. The wind is due west. A love-breathing wind, fresh from the summer sea.'

It took the old vane some moments to recover from the anger it felt at this opposition. At last it crowed out in its hardest tones, 'Impudent jackanapes! who asked your opinion? You, a chit of a stripling that was only a groundling a few years ago! What are your over-grown boughs to me? I never take advice of anything younger than oaks; so hold your tongue, baby!'

'But I don't move myself, do I?' said the ash, with some spirit. 'Neither do you, Mr. Vane. We are both in the hands of the wind, or ought to be.'

'Wind!' shrieked the weathercock. 'Wind! What do I care for the wind more than for you, babbler? I am placed here to direct the wind, and not for the wind to direct me!'

'Yes, and crow and lord it over everybody in that cocksure way, like your original in the barn, and show more noise and temper than sense and judgment,' said the ash, getting a trifle stiff for a tree of his sort. 'Mr. Bridles,' it continued, waving towards the coachman, 'just be good enough to get up the loft ladder and look across at the vane upon Daisyfield Church steeple. It is three times as high as our positive friend here, and is quite free from the tricks of any side-winds. If it isn't pointing due west this minute, I will drop every leaf in June.'

The coachman said he wasn't going to climb any ladder, or take the trouble to look at any other weathercock than his own. He had gone by it all his life, and right or wrong it was near enough for him. Besides, it paid him to stick to it. He was no fool!

Just then the yard-bell was rung sharply.

'That's Doctor Wiseman's ring,' said Bridles, briskly, at the same time placing his pipe upon the stable window-ledge. 'I must be off. His mare will want a rub-down and a mouthful of hay.'

And off he shuffled. A quarter of an hour afterwards an unusual bustle was heard in the kitchen quarters, and the pigeons flew up from the courtyard with a whirr, as there came into the yard the doctor, Prim, the maid, and the nurse.

'Where is your vane?' asked the doctor, hurriedly.

'There, sir, upon the stable,' replied Prim. 'That's the one, sir.'

'Ridiculous!' exclaimed the doctor. 'I am surprised at your simplicity. Cannot you see that for a weathercock to be true it must be placed high above all such prejudices as these walls, trees, and angles? That rickety absurdity is influenced by every local breeze that sets in from anywhere. Either remove it, or never allow it to guide you upon a serious question again. Her ladyship's life may be sacrificed to this silly mistake. The wind is west, and has been west for some time. Coachman, your mistress should be taking her carriage exercise, and upon her behalf I order you to put your horses to as soon as possible.'

Bridles touched his hat, and went about the doctor's orders, excusing himself as he did so by say-

ing, 'It was all along o' that there old weathercock. Nobody supposed it was right, but a good many people went by it, howsoever.'

'After all these years' service,' groaned the vane, as it was taken down that afternoon, 'and never a testimonial, nor a friend to stand by me at the last. Oh! this self-seeking, ungrateful world!'

'You shouldn't have been so positive,' whispered the ash; 'if you hadn't been so stiff-necked this morning, and had listened to those better able to judge than yourself, you might have kept your place for years. But I am sorry for you, and if I can be of any service——'

'Chatterer, torment me not!' replied the old vane. 'I'll die rather than own myself wrong in this instance, or any other.'

And the old pedant was accordingly pitched into the cellar, for ever condemned to oblivion.

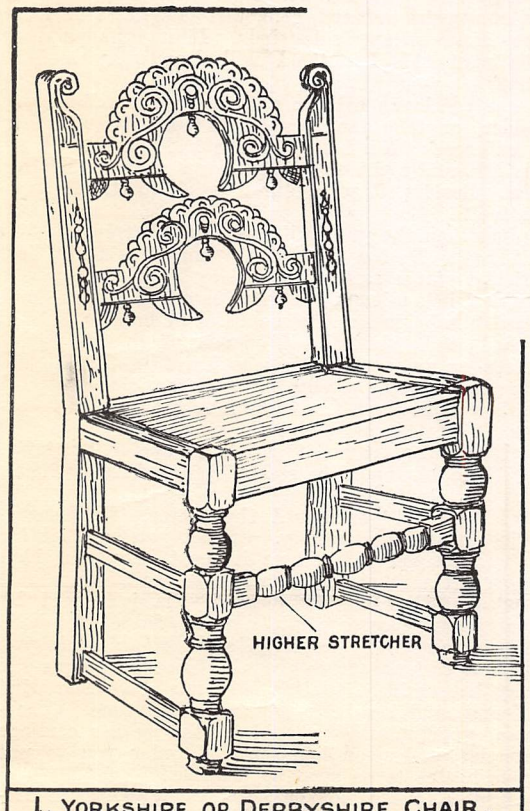
Francis T. Read.

THE ROMANCE OF OLD FURNITURE.

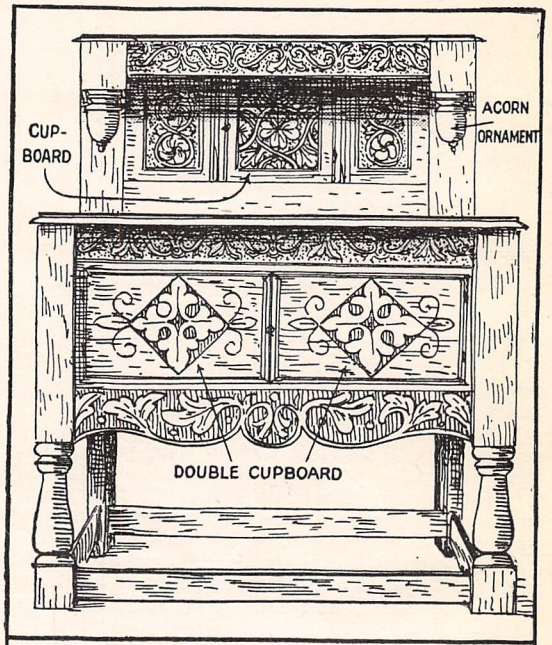
IV.—THE OAK PERIOD (continued).

I AM now going to tell you of other furniture besides chairs. As a matter of fact, I could go on talking about oak chairs for two or three more articles, because there are more chairs left than any other form of furniture, and of a wonderful variety of designs. I shall try to tell you most about chairs, because you are more likely to meet them than other pieces of furniture, and I wish to concern myself chiefly with things you are likely to see in your friends' houses, or in your own homes.

The forms of decoration, too, which occur on chairs also occur on other pieces of furniture. You can always visit the wonderful collections in our museums, and study the catalogues. I hope that the knowledge you will pick up from my articles will help you to understand the many unique examples you can see at these museums. I have spent much time at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, sketching for these articles, but I have tried to pick out the simple examples most like those we see in private collections.



1. YORKSHIRE OR DERBYSHIRE CHAIR.



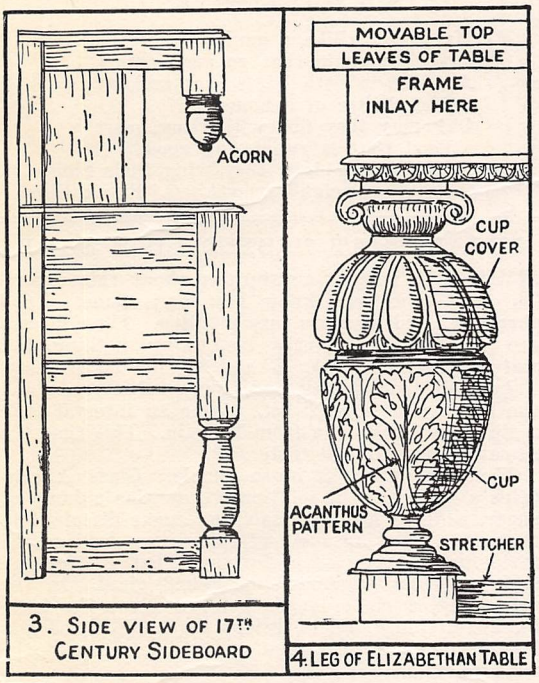
2. 17TH CENTURY SIDEBOARD.

Before I talk about other furniture I must show you one more chair. Fig. 1 is what is known as a Yorkshire or Derbyshire chair, because made most plentifully, but not entirely, in those counties. There are many in existence, and if you take notice of my sketch you will easily 'spot' one whenever you meet it. They belong to the Jacobean period, and are all most quaint; the back has two complicated rails, both alike, having a curious crescent-shaped ornament in the middle, with turned-down horns; then, in the hollows of the crescents, and also on either side, are queer little bell-like or acorn-shaped drops. I might mention that in some examples these drops stand up as knobs, instead of hanging down.

Whenever I see one of these chairs I am reminded by these crescents and drops of a Japanese pagoda. These features, together with curious in-turned curls on the tops of the sides of the back, are always present—so look out for them. The legs you see are somewhat like others I have shown you, but I want

you to note that the stretcher has got up too high for the feet to rest comfortably upon it! Now, this points to the fact that draughts were being prevented somewhat in houses, and so the original use of the stretcher went out, and it is more or less an ornament from now onward; later you will find it disappears altogether.

Now I must really move on to other furniture. You will remember the early cupboards I have already shown you (see p. 52); well, they were the beginning of sideboards. Fig. 2 shows you a pretty little one I sketched at the Victoria and Albert Museum. It is only about three feet six inches high, and most beautifully carved; it has a cupboard at the top in the middle, also a double cupboard at the bottom. The carving is not deep—in fact, it is what we should now call 'chip carving;' but we must remember that oak is very hard to carve, and that is why it was not very 'under-cut,' or deep, in early times, when only very poor tools were available. This point about tools is one which must be kept constantly in mind when you are criticising the ancient carving, and you must always try to realise the infinite amount of labour which then had to be put into the carving of what now would be easy with modern elaborate sets of tools of the

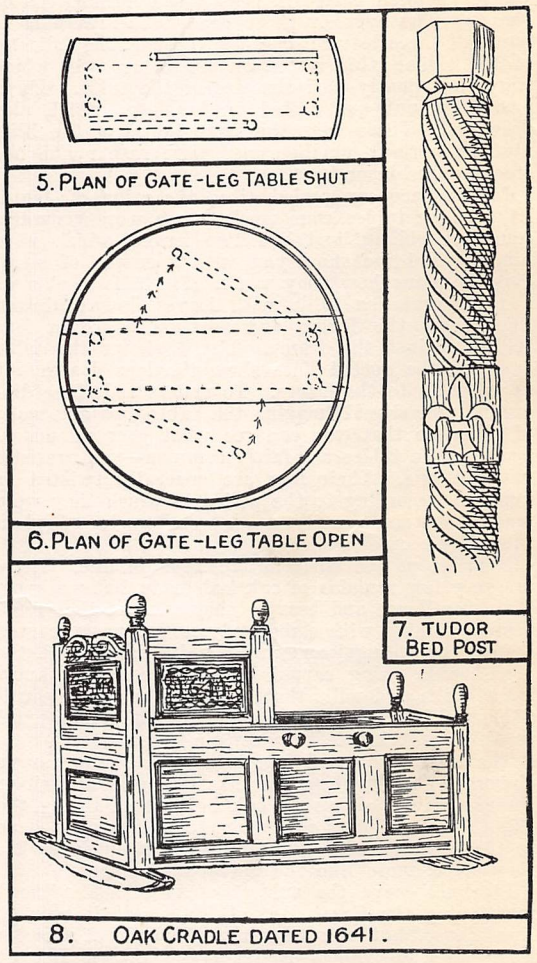


3. SIDE VIEW OF 17TH CENTURY SIDEBOARD

4. LEG OF ELIZABETHAN TABLE

finest tempered steel. I have heard people say, when looking at a piece of carving hundreds of years old, 'Well, I don't think much of that. Why, I did a piece on a milking-stool quite as good as that!' So always remember the different circumstances under which these pieces of furniture were made, and give a kindly and appreciative thought to that workman of many, many years ago.

To return to our sideboard. It stands on four legs, with a stretcher, also side and back rails. Fig. 3 is a side view of the same; I give this because I want you to note the overhang at the top and the heavy acorn drop from it, also the shelf in front of the top cupboard. In some examples the middle cupboard comes right out to the front of the overhang and shelf, and the sides of the cupboard slope back to the back of the sideboard, thus leaving a small



triangular shelf on each side of the cupboard instead of a square shelf. I am sorry I cannot spare space to give an illustration, but if you go to the Victoria and Albert Museum you will see several such as I have described. There is one with the date '1603' carved along the top of the cupboard, and the door of the cupboard is occupied by a carving of a portrait of a lady; this is interesting, because it shows the costume of the times.

Now as to tables. After the trestle tables came the draw-tables. These had very heavy frames, with stretchers and four legs; these legs in the Elizabethan period became very bulbous, or melon-shaped, and were supposed to represent a cup with a cover. Fig. 4 is one leg of a very massive table of this description. There is a classical look about

it, for the top mouldings are like the capital of an Ionic column; the 'cup-cover' is moulded in thick flutes, and the 'cup' is decorated with acanthus leaves, all of which are ornaments borrowed from early Roman times. The frame of the table is inlaid with holly and bog-oak. (Holly is a white wood, and bog-oak is black. Bog-oak means oak which has been buried in peat bogs for hundreds of years.) The tops of these draw-tables were composed of three leaves: one, the top one, the full size of the table: this rested on the other two, which were each nearly half the size of the table. These two drew out and rested on brackets, which also drew out. These were the large tables of the Elizabethan period; smaller ones were rather like the stools, only higher.

In the Jacobean period (i. e., the reign of James I.) gate-leg tables were used; these were generally round or oblong, and had two leaves, which were hinged. Let me show you with a couple of small diagram-plans how they work. Fig. 5 is a plan of a round gate-leg table with leaves down; 'dotted lines show the frame and position of extra legs folded against the frame. Fig. 6 shows the table open, as the dotted lines show the legs drawn out as supports to the leaves. To understand these diagrams, you should imagine the table-tops are made of glass, so that you can see what goes on underneath! The tables are fairly common—you are sure to meet one. Their legs are generally twisted or knobbed, according to the period in which they were made; or some early ones were made of plain squared pieces of wood.

Now let us see what bedsteads were like. There are very few remains of oak bedsteads, but we know they were large and heavy; they were of the 'four-poster' family, with elaborately carved posts, carved testers (or ceilings) and very highly ornamented, the head-boards being carved with figures. We know from books and wills that bedsteads were very valuable and highly esteemed, being specially mentioned in wills as being left to certain persons.

The covers too and hangings of beds were very elaborately embroidered in silks and gold and silver thread. Fig. 7 shows an oak bedpost of Henry the Eighth's reign—it is fairly slender. When we come to the walnut period you will see how much thicker they were, more like the bulbous table-legs.

I cannot leave the subject of bedsteads without mentioning the Great Bed of Ware. It is now at Rye House, but was once the property of Charles Dickens, who bought it from the Crown Inn at Ware, in Hertfordshire. It is the largest known bed, being ten feet nine inches long and ten feet nine inches wide; it is said it would hold eight people comfortably, four sleeping with heads at head of bed and four sleeping with heads at foot of bed, all feet in the middle! Now, in order that you may realise how big this bed is, I tell you that the size of an ordinary double bedstead, for two people, is six feet six inches long, and four feet six inches wide.

As a last piece of furniture I give you a sketch of an oak cradle (fig. 8). On the panel at the side is the date, '1641,' and on the back are the letters 'G. B.' and 'M. B.' Cradles of wood generally have a date on them, so there is no doubt of their age. One can picture the happy father and mother (whose initials I expect were G. B. and M. B.) having this made for their first little child. This was something like three hundred years ago, and yet there is the cradle in the Victoria and Albert Museum, black with age, but as sound as ever. I wonder how many little ones were rocked to sleep in this cradle.

I give you this sketch because it shows you the shape of the early cradle. The decoration was a matter of taste, and perhaps of means, too. In some books on furniture which I have consulted lately, I read that cradles were very scarce in London after 1666 because most of those in stock were burned in the Great Fire; and therefore you rarely find cradles dated about that year, and, in fact, this is one reason why furniture of dates around that year is rare. E. M. Barlow.

BIRDS AND THOUGHTS.

WITHIN my little garden,
Birds come and go all day;
I hear the rustle of their wings
What time they fly away.
They take the food that I prepare,
They find it sweet and good,
And then they spread their wings and fly
To forest or to wood.

My heart is like a garden;
The thoughts that go and come
Are like to little birds that seek
The shelter of a home.
Oh! may they find within my heart
Food that is sweet and good,
Ere, like the birds, they wing their flight
To other neighbourhood. Frank Ellis.

SUGAR THAT TASTES LIKE SALT.

THERE is nothing mysterious about this experiment—once you know how it is done. Until then, the result appears very puzzling. Three glasses are required, apparently containing nothing but water. Call them A, B and C, for convenience. Take a sip from A first and from B afterwards, and the latter will taste sweet. After an interval take a sip from C and then from B again. This time the same water in B will taste salt.

The explanation is quite simple. Glass A contains a little salt in solution, C contains a lump of sugar, while B has both salt and sugar dissolved in the water. Taking a sip of salt water deadens the taste for that particular flavour. That is why you taste only the sugar in the second glass. In the same way, a sip of sugar-water deadens the taste for sweet things, and so brings the taste of the salt into prominence when next you drink a sip of the mixture.

THE BROKEN PROMISE.

ERNEST OSBORNE was in the garden, playing bat and ball with his little twin brothers, when the gate burst open and his chum Fergusson entered.

'I say,' he began excitedly, 'have you heard the news? Dent is staying at the Grange—Colonel Hunter is his uncle—and he has been asked to play in the cricket match this afternoon. Our village

against Greenside, you know. Come and have dinner with me and we can go together.'

'Thanks,' replied Ernest. 'Oh, won't he show them a thing or two!'

'Who's Dent?' asked one of the twins.

'Dent's the cock of our school and the captain of the cricket team. He's a knock-out at footer and it's a fair treat to see him in the gym,' explained their brother, adding, a moment later, 'I'm his fag, and it's a big honour. All the chaps envy me!'

Phil gave a little skip. 'And we shall see him play! How lovely!'

'Oh, I say, kids, I can't take you! I didn't know Dent would be there. He'd laugh at me and think I'd turned nursemaid. Besides, he might want me to fasten his pads, or something,' Ernest finished lamely.

'You promised!' said Dick with a quivering lip.

'I know I did,' replied his brother; 'but I tell you that was before I knew Dent would be there. I'll take you somewhere else another day, instead. I'm ready, Fergusson!'—hurriedly.

Left alone, the two small boys looked at each other miserably.

'I don't think Dent can be a very nice fellow for all he's so clever,' said Dick with a gulp.

'I wish he hadn't come,' added Phil. 'Shall we go on playing?' he suggested, after a long silence. 'You can bat first.'

But the game had lost its fun, and soon they gave it up.

Suddenly the gate opened again, and a tall young fellow came in. 'Hullo, kiddies,' he said, 'does Osborne live here? What's up? You do look down in the mouth!'

'Ernest's out, and we don't feel very happy,' replied Phil sadly.

'We can't go to the match because Dent's going to play in it,' said Dick, with a catch in his voice.

'Dent's the cock of Ernest's school and the captain of the cricket club,' explained Phil.

'And a knock-out at footer, and a fair treat in the gym, and Ernest's honoured by being his fag,' finished Dick.

'How does that prevent you going?' inquired the visitor with a surprised laugh.

'Well, you see, if he saw Ernest with us he'd laugh and think he had turned nursemaid, and that would never do.'

'So Ernest won't take you? What a shame! Are you playing cricket now? Let me play too.'

He picked up the gorgeously-coloured indiarubber ball and moved towards the miniature wickets, handing Dick the tiny bat.

The two were wreathed in smiles again. 'Are you a good player, Mr. ——? We don't know your name?' asked Phil.

'I'm considered pretty good—and you can call me Arthur.'

The game waxed fast and furious. The twins were playing their best, and when each had had a long innings and run up a big score, Arthur took the bat. In spite of the smallness of it he did brilliantly, and when he was finally caught out, the twins shouted with delight.

'You're a wonderful player, Arthur,' said Phil admiringly.

'But you caught me out!' laughed Arthur. 'You were bowling for a catch, Dick. Two such cricketers as you ought to see the match. Meet me at the gate at two o'clock sharp. I'll take you in.' He put on his coat and hurried away.

Two o'clock sharp found the small boys in short white cricketing flannels waiting at the gate, full of excitement. A minute later a motor came up, and out jumped their new friend, accompanied by a lady and gentleman.

'Ah, here you are!' he greeted them. 'These are my friends, aunt.'

The lady and gentleman shook hands kindly with them, and they were all conducted to the best places on the Grand Stand. Here the two were planted on chairs and each supplied with a box of chocolates.

The afternoon was one long delight. Every ball which was fielded by Arthur was a signal for a storm of clapping from four small hands. In the interval he came and had a chat, and while their elders had tea, they were plied with buns and milk. But the climax came when he was batting. Yells of delight followed every run he made; but it was not till the end of a brilliant innings, when every one was shouting, 'Well played, Dent! Well played, Dent!' that they realised who their new friend really was.

'Do you hear what they are calling him?' whispered Phil in horror. 'And I said he couldn't be a nice fellow!'

Dick nodded. 'And I said I wished he hadn't come.'

For a few minutes all the pleasure was gone. Then Dent appeared. He lifted Dick out of the chair, and dropped into it himself, pulling the little fellow on to his knee. 'Hullo, kiddies, why such glum faces?'

The youngsters hesitated, and then in a whisper poured out their confession. 'We didn't know you, Arthur, or we should never have said such things,' finished Dick penitently.

Dent laughed. 'Forget all about it and let's enjoy ourselves this lovely afternoon. Are there any chocs left?'

The match was over at last, and was a glorious win for Dent's side. As they made their way out they came across Ernest, who stared as if he could hardly believe his eyes. 'How did you get here?' he managed to gasp at last.

Dent put his hand on the boy's shoulder and drew him aside. 'Look here, Osborne, I've always thought you a decent youngster, but when I called at your house this morning and found those two jolly little kiddies down in the mouth, left lonely and disappointed of their treat, and all put down to my account, you went down considerably in my opinion. Promises must be kept whatever the cost. Do you understand? Whatever the cost!'

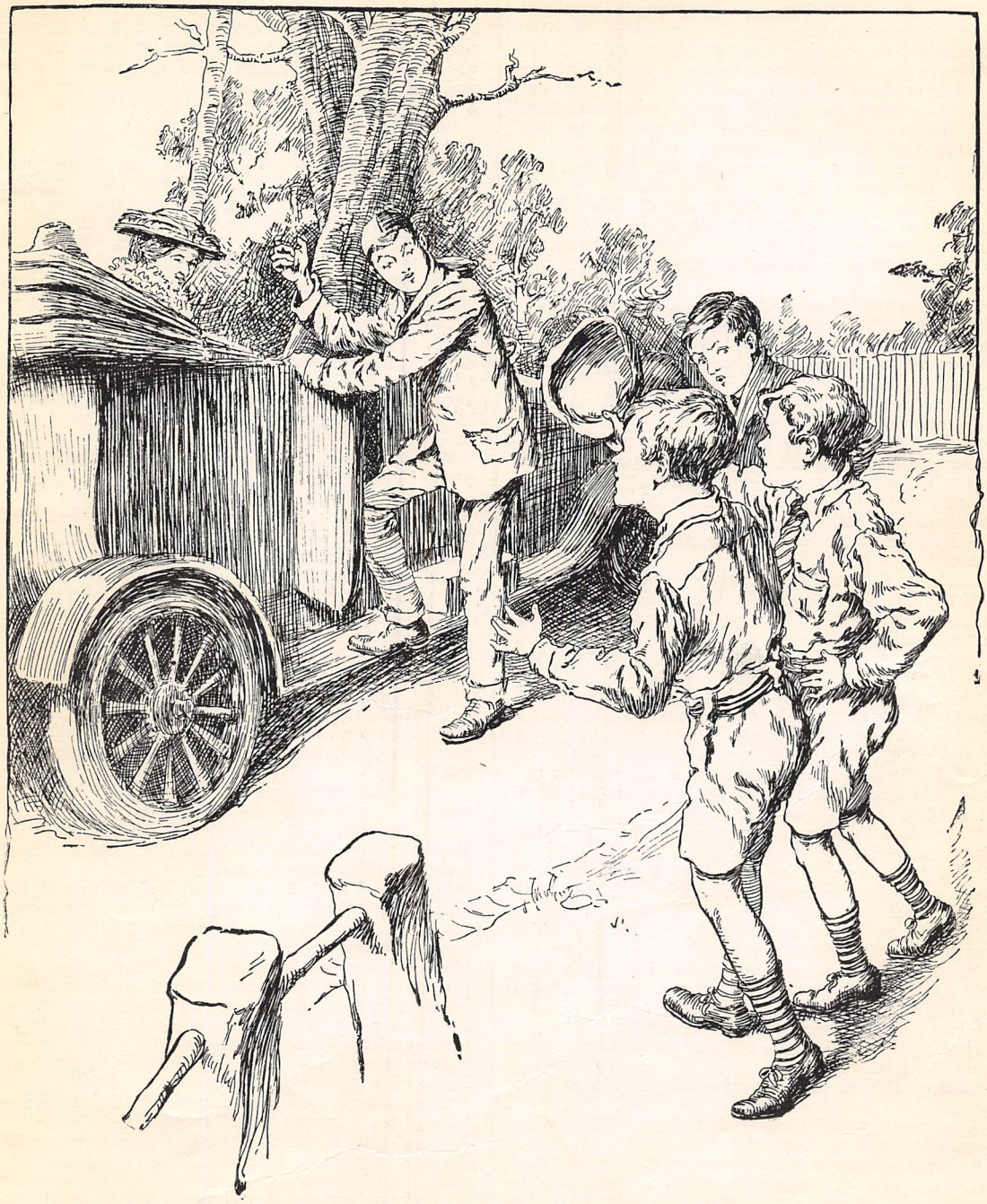
Ernest hung his head shamefacedly. 'I'm sorry, Dent! I was a cad!'

The motor drove up. Colonel and Mrs. Hunter got in, and Dent sprang in after them.

'Good-bye, Arthur! Thank you ever so much! It's been a glorious afternoon!' chorussed the twins, waving their caps.

'Arthur!' gasped Ernest under his breath in horrified amazement, looking as if he expected the sky to fall.

'Good-bye!' replied Dent. 'I shall be coming one of these days to have another game of cricket. Good-bye!'



"'Good-bye! It's been a glorious afternoon.'"

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"Sprawling at full-length amid the wreckage of the breakfast-tray."

FAIRIES—AND A FAILURE.

'I SUPPOSE there aren't such things as fairies, really?' said Lucie, gazing rather wistfully out of the nursery window at the line of blue hills in the distance.

'Cook says there aren't, but I don't believe she knows everything,' replied Derek. 'She didn't know that you could pick up the white rabbits by their ears, and——'

'I have thought of a plan,' put in John, suddenly. 'It began coming into my mind when Cook was talking about fairies this morning, and it's been growing and growing ever since!'

'Do tell us!' chimed Lucie and Derek in chorus.

John slid off the rocking-horse, and perched himself on the low window-seat, with an air of much importance. 'Let's all be fairies ourselves for a week,' he said. 'Then, when Cook sees it's all true, and not "imagination," as she calls it, we can stop; and she will just think it's the fairies flown away again.'

'How? What can we do?' asked Lucie, breathlessly interested.

'Oh, we will just do her work. That's the way the good fairies help people,' replied John.

'Cooking!' cried Derek, excitedly. 'Oh, what fun! We will make jam-puddings, and toffee, and I'll——'

'Silly! that's not what I mean,' interrupted John, scornfully. 'We must do things early in the morning, before she comes down. Light the fire, and clean the doorstep, and——'

'Cook the breakfast!' broke in Lucie, dancing about excitedly. 'Then she will find everything done, and think there's a fairy helping her! Oh, what fun it will be! Let's start to-morrow!'

'We shall have to get up at five!' put in Derek, gleefully.

'Sh——' whispered John, holding a finger to his lips, and a moment later the door opened, and the entrance of Nurse, with a smiling face and laden tea-tray, put an end to further planning before bedtime.

In the silence and darkness of the early hours next morning, three mysterious little figures crept stealthily down the stairs. The boards creaked eerily, and there were several smothered giggles, but no one spoke till the kitchen-door was safely shut behind them.

'I'm going to light the fire,' began Derek. 'I know they do that first.'

'I shall clean the boots,' announced John. 'I have often watched the boot-blacks doing them, in London, and it looks ripping!'

'What shall we have for breakfast?' came Lucie's voice from the larder. 'There's only some ham and dozens of eggs.'

'Buttered eggs!' said John, marching off to the coal-shed, with a pair of boots. He applied several dabs of blacking, and, brushing away eagerly, had nearly completed a second pair when Lucie appeared in the doorway with rather a puzzled face.

'How many eggs do you think I'd better put in?' she asked. 'There's you, and me, and Derek, and Nurse, and Baby, and Mother, and——'

'Two each and one for the pot,' suggested John. 'I think that would be about right.'

'That's twenty-one, then,' said Lucie, after a moment's thought. 'Oh, John, look what you're doing! You're blacking Mother's brown boots!'

John looked from her dismayed face to the half-blacked boot in his hand. 'Oh, bother—I never noticed!' he said, anxiously. 'I shall have to wash it off.'

'The fire won't light!' came Derek's voice from the distance. 'You must cook on the gas-stove. I'm going to wash the doorstep.'

For some minutes the silence was only broken by the cracking of eggs, as Lucie tapped them against the edge of a basin, and a great splashing of water, as John held the half-blacked boot under the scullery tap.

'It won't come off,' he said, at last. 'I will try monkey soap later; but I'm going to lay the breakfast now.'

Lucie was too absorbed in melting the half-pound of butter that she had found in the larder to make any reply, and while John darted off into the kitchen she began stirring the twenty-one eggs into the saucepan. A heavy footstep on the path outside made her look suddenly towards the window, and she dropped the wooden spoon in alarm as she saw the figure of a man outlined indistinctly against the first faint light of the sky. 'Derek! John!' she cried, in a frightened voice, as she burst through the kitchen door. 'There's a burglar outside! I saw him! A great, big man, and he's got a sack on his back!'

She stopped suddenly, as the door-handle was violently rattled, and then a weird cry rang out, and made the three children cling to each other in alarm.

'It's a lunatic!' said Derek, in an awed voice.

'My air-gun!' cried John, excitedly, making for the door. He did not notice the laden breakfast-tray that was balanced insecurely on the edge of the table, and, as he brushed past it, a terrific crash of broken china echoed through the room.

Darting forward, with outstretched arms, Lucie fell headlong over Derek's bucket of water, and a moment later she was sprawling at full length amid the wreckage of the breakfast-tray, in a soapy lake that flooded the whole kitchen floor. The sudden opening of the door made her scramble hurriedly to her feet, and, as a substantial form appeared on the threshold, the three children looked at each other in horror-struck silence.

'Sakes alive!' cried Cook, throwing up her hands in dismay, and flopping limply into the nearest chair. 'Whatever have you children done?'

'We wanted you to think we were fairies,' said Lucie, lamely, wringing the water out of her blue cotton pinafore. 'Because you said there weren't any.'

'I've cleaned the boots!' put in John, triumphantly, 'and Lucie's cooked the breakfast!'

'And there's a burglar outside!' added Derek. 'That's what made us upset these things.'

The repetition of the weird cry brought Cook to her feet. 'There's the sweep!' she said, hurrying towards the door.

'I told you it wasn't a burglar,' said John.

Derek did not reply. He was staring in a bewildered way at the kitchen clock. 'Why, it's only half-past four!' he exclaimed. 'We came down an hour too early! You said it was five when you woke me, Lucie!'

'I—I thought it was,' said Lucie, faintly, struggling to keep back her tears, as she looked up at the clock. 'Perhaps—we'd better go back to bed.'

It was a very downcast little party that wended its way up the stairs in the cold morning light, and as Lucie crept under her eiderdown some hot tears fell on to the little crumpled pillow. What a miserable failure it had all been! They had tried so hard to help, and Cook would never believe in fairies now. The sunlight was streaming into the room when she opened her eyes again, and John's voice roused her from her dreams.

'It's all right, Lucie. I have told Mother, and she says that Cook was right, and there aren't any fairies really, and she says she will forgive us, because we did mean to help—only we did it in the wrong way.'

A DIFFICULT PERFORMANCE.

IF any one asked you if you could write your name, you would probably take it as an insult to your education. But try to do it under the simple conditions described below, and you will find it exceedingly difficult. Fix a mirror upright on the table, and lay the paper in front of it. Then hold a newspaper or sheet of cardboard in the left hand, so that you are unable to look directly at the paper, and try to sign your name by following the reflection in the mirror.

A simpler experiment is to try and draw a square in the same manner. There will be very little difficulty in making the four sides fall into position, but when you try to draw diagonals, from corner to corner, the difficulty will become apparent.

The laughable results obtained by this trying experiment show how closely the hand depends upon the eye for guidance. It is really very much easier to write blindfold, because then one is not led astray by the direction of the lines being reversed, as they are in a mirror.

'MEMORY.'

THERE are matches I have played in,
There are players I have met,
But of all the games I ever played
There's one I can't forget.
For when at night I see in dreams the days that once have been,
There comes the memory of the day I played for our 'fifteen.'

The match was on a Wednesday,
And when the Tuesday came,
The list was placed upon the board
And on it was my name.
'Tis true, because two men were crocked, I had the chance to play,
Yet never new-made knight was half as proud as I that day!

We played 'away,' and lost the toss;
The foe were first to start.
The ball came straight to me at half;
I stood with sinking heart,
And as I tried to gather it, I heard our Captain say:
'Now, forwards, quick! Get round the man! You haven't got all day!'

The game went on. In vain I seemed
To struggle with my fate.
I either failed to pass at all,
Or else I passed too late.
'Now, smartly, half! Quick, sling it out! Now mind you tackle low!'
My feet were lead, my wind was gone—yet on I had to go.

And many times I missed the ball,
And many times the man;
Yet all the time, as best I could,
I kicked and passed and ran.
And when the whistle sounded loud to show the game was o'er,
The School had won by two clear goals—the score was 14—4.

And as, cast down, I made my way
In silence from the ground,
Our Captain, passing, paused to say
(How pleasant it did sound!)—
'We had good luck to win to-day—at times we were hard pressed,
And, young 'un, you were not so bad—at least you did your best!'

'Tis so with life. We seek our aim
Mid toil and strife and pain;
Whilst error, folly, sorrow, wrath
Oft make our efforts vain.
Yet when at last our day is o'er, and it is time to rest,
Then we can face our end like men—if we have done our best!

VERY OLD-FASHIONED.

NOWADAYS we think ourselves exceedingly clever, but the fact is that many of our ways and customs, tools and playthings, are not nearly so new as we suppose them to be.

A learned professor, while exploring in Greece, found a perfect set of false teeth, made on much the same plan as that of our modern dentists. 'They were actually gold-filled,' says the professor, 'although they probably dated back to the fourth century before Christ.'

In the same country, ladies' perfume-boxes containing scents and rouge have been unearthed. False hair was worn as long ago as five thousand years before Christ.

Greek and Roman men habitually used a razor, which, however, differed in shape from that of the modern article. It had the form of a crescent, and was made of bronze and steel.

The ancient Egyptians seem to have had many of the same things which we employ or enjoy. Trade unions, it appears, existed in early times, for the mummy of a woman has recently been discovered upon the label of which is an inscription signifying that she was a member of the 'Guild of Cake-sellers at Memphis.'

In a museum at Manchester there are tip-cats which are known to date from somewhere between three thousand five hundred and two thousand years before Christ. It would seem, therefore, that when Abraham visited Egypt, he might have seen boys playing the game of 'tip-cat.' He might also have seen them spinning whip-tops and playing with balls of stitched and gored leather. For all these things, brought from Egypt, are to be seen in the museum.

E. D.

"The cows fled in alarm."

A FRIENDLY EMU.

JOEY was the name of a friendly emu brought over to England. While on board ship, the sailors let him out of his cage when they were washing the decks; Joey liked having the hose turned on him.

Arrived in England, the bird was sent into the country: he was put into a field where he tried to 'chum up' with the cows. They fled in alarm, however, with their tails up, Joey chasing them wildly.

The emu used to go for walks with the children of the family; he also followed the gardener about, and would sit down close by, and watch him digging. Sad to relate, poor friendly Joey came to an untimely end: he put his head out of his cage one day, and a fierce bulldog snapped it off. S. Braine.

A SOLDIER'S SON.

THERE are very few English boys who have not heard of Sir Henry Havelock, who served his country so splendidly during the Indian Mutiny, and marched to the Relief of Lucknow.

There is a fine incident recorded of his son, who afterwards became Sir Henry Havelock-Allan, and one that shows how he had learnt from the example of his father the duty of obedience.

One day his father took him into the City of London, as he had some business to transact there. Sir Henry Havelock, when they were near London Bridge, had a call to make where he wished to be alone, and he told his son to wait on London Bridge till he came back for him.

In the pressure of the business that he had to transact, he forgot all about his son, and after it was transacted made his way home.

His wife was surprised to see him enter the house alone, as she knew the boy had been with his father, and at once said, 'Where's Henry?'

Then suddenly the soldier remembered, and said, 'Oh, he's on London Bridge!'

He made a hurried explanation of the meaning of his words, and then as quickly as he could made his way to London Bridge, where he found his son waiting for him, knowing that he might safely stay there till his father came to fetch him.

F. E.

BOYS WHO MADE A MARK.

III.—THE HUGUENOT POTTER.

(Bernard Palissy.)

(Concluded from page 86.)

WHEN the marsh-surveying work was finished, Palissy returned once again to his search for the white enamel, labouring hard and zealously for two long years; but the terrible thing was, that meanwhile these experiments were swallowing up the little balance left over from his recent work, the home was falling into decay, his wife was ill and two of his children had died.

All these things determined him to make but one further attempt, so he went, as he thought for the last time, to the furnace; having placed inside three hundred trial pieces, he sat down and anxiously awaited the result. At last the material on one piece began to melt. It is taken out and set aside to cool. Palissy fixes his eyes on it; he hardly dares hope, he has had so many disappointments, yet—surely his eyes are not deceiving him—surely as it hardens it grows white! Yes, 'white as snow and polished as marble!'

Beside himself with joy, he hastened home across the meadows which separated the furnaces from his home, bearing the precious white enamel potsherd in his hand.

'See, dear wife!' he cried, rushing into the room where she lay ill in bed, and holding up what he carried; 'I have found it at last!'

The poor sick wife raised herself up and shared in his joy and excitement. 'At last, at last!' he cried; 'now success is in view!'

The next thing was to try the successful mixture for the white enamel on a large scale, so Palissy set to work with renewed courage, toiling feverishly day and night, for not only was he anxious to succeed, but poverty was again knocking at his door.

At last—after months of toil—all was completed, and the vessels, covered with the mixture, were arranged in the furnace. The exciting moment had come; he kindled his fire and fed it, heaping on the wood—which was very expensive in France in those days, being the only fuel used—for the heat must on no account be allowed to slacken.

The hours passed into days, yet the enamel did not melt, so Palissy, believing something to be wrong with his mixture, pounded and ground fresh materials and covered new pieces with it. But now another difficulty met him: he had used up all his faggots, and found himself without money to buy any more; in desperation he began tearing down the garden palings, as well as the trellis-work which supported his vines! This still proving insufficient, he smashed all the furniture, and had to break up

"He sat down and anxiously awaited the result."

even floors and window-frames before he succeeded in melting the enamel.

'Ah!' you will say with a breath of relief, 'how glad and proud his family and friends must have been when he at last succeeded!'

Not a bit of it—his wife and children were on the verge of starvation, and in the moment of success his neighbours, only remembering this, mocked at him,

crying out that he was mad, and with bowed head he slipped away down the street to be alone and think things out. He felt sure he had now discovered the art for which he had been searching for years, and so—though plunged in distress at the suffering he had caused his family—he was only the more determined to succeed; and, as if to back him up in his resolve, unexpected help came to his aid through the kindness of his friend, Victor, a little deformed innkeeper, and once again he set to work. Success seemed really in view when a mischance happened—his furnace burst, and the splinters struck against and spoilt all the beautiful vessels and medallions.

Palissy was filled with disappointment and grief, and we can readily believe that the neighbours did not think any better of him for this last failure; even from his own family he met with nothing but reproaches for what they called his 'foolishness'—they took no count of the patience and perseverance which shone through the failure. But, as we have already said, he was a man who could own when he was beaten, so he set himself to do paintings, and by the sale of these, and in other ways, he managed to repair his household fortunes, entirely abandoning, for the time being, his experiments.

This was about the year 1549, by which time he had spent eight years in trying to invent enamelled ware, and though the worst part of his toil was over, it was yet another eight years before he attained to the fullest perfection of his art, during which time he was able to keep his family in tolerable comfort. He had many more disappointments before he came to the end of his struggles, but at last fortune smiled on him.

Exquisite specimens of his pottery, known as 'Palissy Ware,' still exist; they are very characteristic of their maker, for he loved Nature, and it was from the world around him that he drew the ornamentation for his work: this was so artistic that it soon made him famous. He not only had many important patrons, but his beautiful designs in art pottery commanded high prices.

But we must not conclude without saying a few words concerning Palissy's interesting history as a Huguenot. It would take far more space than we have at our disposal to tell this part of his story at all fully: of how on Sundays he took it in turns with six other poor unlearned men to gather together a few neighbours and read them portions from the Bible; nor yet of how from this small beginning grew the Reformed or Protestant Church of Saintes. Palissy continued one of its foremost supporters, and, what is more, was not afraid to confess his faith boldly. His plain speaking, in fact, made the honest potter a great many enemies; he was arrested, carried off secretly one night, and imprisoned at Bordeaux, his workshop being thrown open to a wild rabble, who trampled over it and broke all the pottery upon which he had been busy.

Palissy's imprisonment not only threatened to put an end to an ornamental art, but stopped the decorative work on the establishments of the various rich and important personages who employed him, so these bestirred themselves on his behalf. Foremost among them was the Constable Montmorency, one of his chief patrons, who betook himself to the Queen-mother, Catherine de Medici. He explained how this rare workman and clever artist had been imprisoned, and how difficult it would be to find such another. He hinted, too, how useful he might be found in carrying out royal work.

'Let an edict be issued in the King's name,' said Queen Catherine, 'appointing this Palissy "Worker in Earth to His Majesty."'

You can imagine that the Constable lost no time in carrying out these instructions, with the result that Palissy was speedily released.

He set to and repaired his workshop, and was soon busy again at work. You may possibly think that his imprisonment made him fear to speak out the truth any more—not a bit of it; the simple-hearted man gave voice to his opinions as a Huguenot with greater freedom than ever.

After a time he removed to Paris, and established a workshop in a place allotted to him in the precincts of the Tuileries, Queen Catherine having engaged his services to make vases, cups, plates, rustic basins, and statuettes for the adornment of the rooms and gardens of the palace she was having built there. Attended by her courtiers, she often went to watch how the buildings were progressing, and to direct the works of 'Master Bernard of the Tuileries,' as he was now called.

During the ten years which followed his settling in Paris he continued his work as a potter, following at the same time his studies as a naturalist. Though he made no secret of his faith, he survived the terrible Massacre of St. Bartholomew, but in 1585 he was again arrested as a Huguenot and thrown into the Bastille. We can imagine what he must have suffered when shut away from the beautiful sights of nature he loved so well. Once more the sentence of death was deferred—as it had already been several times—through the intervention of his powerful friends, but at last the Council pressed for his execution. Then the King, unwilling to yield to these counsels, went, in company with his courtiers, to visit Bernard and urge him to save himself by turning convert; upon which Palissy replied: 'Sire, I am ready to yield up my life to the glory of God,' and—steadfast to the end—he did so.

Thus ends the story of a self-taught man who, undaunted by difficulties, undeterred by failure, laboured bravely on, and when by faith and toil he at last won fame and riches, gladly sacrificed these things rather than become a traitor to his religious convictions. Think you not it was well said of Bernard Palissy that he 'made the best of both worlds'?

C. M. Foot.

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 106.)

CHAPTER XI.

IT was not without a purpose that Julfu chose the open path. He hoped that by thus doing he might draw the elephant after him, and so avert its anger from the children. He had little doubt of his own ability to escape unless some accident tripped him up. Presently he would out-distance his pursuer, return by a roundabout way, find the children, and take them back to the camp. But had the open path held death for him, Julfu would still have chosen it if only thus could he have saved the lives of Mary and

John, and it would have seemed to him no heroic act, but plain duty merely.

Down the open path he ran, and after him went the elephant. It seemed incredible that so huge a beast could move so quickly; but it was spurred by a great anger, for from one shoulder trickled a thin stream of blood. Also its feet covered so much ground at a stride that they could easily outdistance smaller feet, naturally more nimble. Its trunk was upcurled; its little eyes glowed with a red and angry light. Julfu kept just a few yards ahead, and ran gaily on, not at all afraid.

In and out among the tree-trunks Mary and John doubled and twisted. As yet they did not understand that the danger was past. It seemed to them that never again would they be able to stop, but that they must run on and on, always with this dreadful fear pursuing them; and so they left the path of the deer far behind, and when, at last, they realised that they were safe, they were in a part of the forest quite strange to them. This fact did not alarm them very greatly at first, because they were anxious about Julfu.

'If the elephant has caught him!' said Mary. 'Oh, John, just think if the elephant has caught him!'

'But Julfu can run quite fast,' said John, anxious to comfort both Mary and himself. 'Much faster than the elephant.' He wanted so much to believe that Julfu had escaped that he succeeded very quickly in doing so. 'I'm quite sure he is all right, Mary. And now we must get home again. I wonder which is the way?'

'If we walk straight on, I expect we shall come to the river by-and-by,' said Mary, 'and, perhaps, we shall be able to see the camp. Or we can find out which way the water is running, and then we shall know if we are above or below the ford.'

They began to walk as she suggested, but there was no path, which made it very difficult. For a long time they walked, but not for a long way, because they were so tired that they could only go slowly. There was no sign of the river, and the forest grew thicker rather than less dense. They found themselves, at last, at the foot of a hill.

'Shall we climb this hill?' said John. 'From the top of it we may be able to see over the valley.'

His voice was quite cheerful, for he knew that most of the trouble had been caused by himself, so he rather wanted to pretend that there was no trouble at all. But it was a poor pretence, and beneath it John was very much ashamed: most ashamed of all, perhaps, because he had so foolishly betrayed their hiding-place to the elephant; but he was also ashamed because Mary must suffer through his fault. She followed him now up the hill without saying anything, because she understood what John was feeling, and she was sorry for him.

It was a hard hill to climb. There was still no path, and the children pushed their way through the thick undergrowth. Their heads ached, their legs felt heavy, and, worst of all, they were both hungry and thirsty. It was five hours since they had eaten the toast and drunk the tea Julfu brought them. They stopped at last because they were really too tired to walk any further, and they looked at each other most unhappily.

'We are lost,' said Mary. 'If some one does not find us before night, perhaps we shall die of hunger. For how long can people live without food, John?'

'I don't know,' said John. He felt so very empty already that it quite hurt him. 'Perhaps for a whole day.' And at the prospect of so many hours more without any meals, he felt emptier than ever. He sat down on a big stone and looked about him. Was there nothing that he and Mary could eat? No berries, no wild fruit? But it was not the season of berries nor of fruit, and the trees were decked with leaves merely.

'If only we had something to drink,' said Mary; her voice was husky because her throat was so dry. 'I would not mind being hungry so much if we could get some water.'

'I read in a book that it hurts like anything to die of thirst,' said John gloomily.

'And Mother and Father will mind dreadfully when they hear we are dead,' said Mary. 'I suppose Julfu and the servants will find our dead bodies after a little while.'

'Only our bones,' said John. 'The jackals will eat us.' And at this conclusion they looked in opposite directions, that neither might see the tears in the other's eyes.

Then, all at once, John jumped to his feet and stood gripping Mary's arm and listening intently. 'Stand still,' he whispered. 'Don't speak, don't move. Some one is coming.'

And now Mary also could plainly hear the sound of footsteps. They were light footsteps, certainly not the footsteps of an elephant. They were ascending from below, and they drew nearer every moment. Then, between the tree-trunks, there was a gleam of orange, and the next moment there came into sight an old, old man with a long white beard. He was dressed in scanty yellow clothes, and round his brown, wrinkled throat was a string of carved wooden beads. He stared at the children and they stared back at him in mutual surprise. Then over the kind old face a smile slowly spread, and Mary and John smiled in answer.

It was Mary who spoke first. 'We have lost our way,' she said; 'and we are very thirsty and very hungry.'

'Poor children—poor little ones,' said the old man. 'Come with me then and I will give you to drink and to eat, and we will find the way home again.'

He seemed to take their presence in the forest so much as a matter of course that both John and Mary were a little puzzled; but as Mary looked closer at the wrinkled face, she understood dimly that the old man was but a child himself. He was so old he had ceased to be astonished at anything, but took life simply as a child takes it.

'Come with me,' he repeated, and he held out his hand, and Mary put hers into it. They toiled slowly together up the steep hill, with John following behind. Mary was too tired to talk, she could only pant and stumble at the old man's side; and then John called to her eagerly: 'Look, Mary, look! We are close to the little temple!' And Mary glanced up to see that they had almost reached the summit of the hill, and above them were the rocks on which the little building stood.

(Continued on page 122.)

"He stared at the children and they stared back at him."

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"'Greeting,' the strange person repeated."

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 119.)

THE old man did not climb directly towards the temple. He went round the base of the rocks instead, and there, hidden between two of them, was a tiny hut. It was scarcely eight feet square, and the walls and roof were thatched with the coarse yellow grass of the forest, so that at a little distance it looked almost part of the hillside. The floor was of earth, beaten hard and smooth, and carefully swept, and there was no furniture save a bedstead in one corner with its legs lacquered red and yellow. There was a neat little roll of brown blankets at the end of the bedstead, and a big red earthen jar of water stood at one side of this, and a hookah, or Indian pipe, on the other.

'This is my house,' said the old man. 'I am the priest of the temple. Sit here by the door and rest, and I will bring you some milk and some food.'

He disappeared in the direction of the temple, and Mary and John could hear him calling to a goat, and the patter of the goat's feet as it answered to his call. Very soon he returned with a brass vessel full of milk and a handful of small, sweet oranges, and, as his guests ate and drank, he watched with evident satisfaction.

Presently he began to question them. 'From whence did ye come?' he asked.

'We came from across the river,' said John. 'Our camp is there, on the farther bank.'

'I have seen it,' said the old priest, and he nodded and smiled. 'And the people who bring me offerings have told me of it also. And there came an old woman from thy camp to ask that her master might be healed of the bite of a dog.'

'That was Ayah,' said Mary. 'And now I think we ought to go home again. We can find the way for ourselves quite easily. It was very kind of you to give us the oranges and the milk. We are very much obliged indeed.'

The food had made her cheerful once more. She was in a hurry now to get back to the camp, that she might find out if Julfu was safe. And John, too, was eager to be gone. But the old priest glanced at the sky and shook his head.

'It is early yet,' he said. 'At noon there will come men from the gold-seekers' camp with an offering for the temple. When the offering is made and they return, they shall guide you safely on your way; ye are over-young to walk the forests alone. Be patient, then. Look at the sun; very soon it will be noon.' For since the old man had neither watch nor clock, he told the time always by the sun and the stars.

He watched now until he knew that the noon hour was at hand; then, once again, he disappeared in the direction of the temple, and presently the children heard the sound of men talking as they ascended the steep path. And then all was silent, except for the occasional tinkle of the temple bell; so silent, that Mary and John thought themselves still alone, until a voice said very softly, in Hindustani, 'Greeting.'

They turned at the sound, John's hand tight in Mary's, both a little frightened, a good deal astonished. At the back of the dark hut stood a figure clad in leopard-skins, which fell loose from the shoulder, a wreath of scarlet flowers was twined in its hair, and its hands also were full of flowers. But those hands—the legs bare from the knee, the face framed by the flower-wreathed hair—were white. The blue eyes beneath fair eyebrows were the eyes of no native of India.

CHAPTER XII.

'Greeting,' the strange person repeated, and then moved forward towards the children. And now Mary and John could see that the blue eyes and white skin were matched with yellow hair. At first they were not sure whether it was a man or a woman at whom they looked, because the hair was so long—as long as Mary's own. But the voice was the voice of a young man, full and deep—not soft and high like the voice of a girl.

He was close to them now, and he looked, with a puzzled expression, from their hands to his own, and then bent down and examined their faces closely.

'Ye, also, are white,' he said. 'In truth, ye are white. I do not understand. I thought that I, alone, was white in the whole world. Are there, then, many other white people also?'

'Yes, of course,' said John, before Mary could answer. 'Why, England is full of white people; and so is France, where Father has gone, and there are heaps of white people in India as well.'

'I thought that only was white,' the young man repeated. 'Then do ye also live in a temple as I live? And do men bring offerings to your shrine, and lay them at your feet? Surely, if there are so many who are white, there are not offerings sufficient for them all!'

'I don't understand,' said John, a little puzzled, in his turn. But Mary had already guessed that this strange person must be the white image of which Ayah had spoken. She supposed that he played at being an image as she and John sometimes played at tableaux. It must be an amusing game, Mary thought.

'We don't sit in temples,' she said. 'We live in a house; and, sometimes, we camp in a forest. And nobody brings us offerings; except that, of course, we get presents on Christmas Day and on our birthdays.'

'And the presents are not put at our feet, but on the table,' said John, who liked to explain everything very clearly.

The strange young man looked still more bewildered. 'I do not know what the words you use mean,' he said. 'Camping, what is that? And Christmas and birthdays, what are these strange things? Are they, then, the names of the feast-days which they keep at your temple? There are also special feast-days at mine.'

'But we don't live in temples,' said Mary again. 'We live in houses. We live as all the other white people live.'

'The common people live in houses,' said the young man. 'But I, who am white, live in the temple. Since ye have no temple of your own, I will let you share mine. I do not believe the tale that ye tell of many other white people in the world.'

He sat down on the floor of the hut, and began to weave the scarlet flowers he carried into a wreath. His fingers, plainly used to the work, moved quickly, setting each blossom in place. 'It is for you, the wreath,' he said to Mary. 'Because you are prettier

than he is.' And he waved his hand in John's direction.

'Prettier!' John repeated, a little scornfully. 'I am glad I am not pretty; I would much rather be ugly. I am a boy, not a girl. Boys do not want to be pretty. They do not care for such silly things.'

'I do not like ugly things—I like that which is beautiful,' said the young man, and he stroked the shining leopard skins in which he was clothed. 'See how splendid are the creatures of the forest. Shall we alone, then, be ugly? It is foolish to speak thus.'

But John did not want to argue any more. He was too much interested in the leopard skins. 'Where did you get those skins?' he asked, and he waited eagerly for an answer. Very likely this strange person was a great hunter, and could be persuaded to take him, John, hunting also.

'I slew those to whom they belonged,' said the young man. He spread one of the skins between his fingers, and pointed to a hole. 'See, the door that my arrow opened. By that door the life went out.'

'You shot a leopard with an arrow?' John asked. There was respect in his voice, but there was doubt also. If a rifle bullet sometimes failed to kill a leopard, an arrow, surely, would do little harm.

'The arrow was poisoned,' the young man explained. He placed the finished wreath on Mary's head; and then, from a little hollow in the wall, he took a small earthen saucer. It was partly filled with a thick, dark liquid.

'In this I dip my arrows,' he said. 'It is made from poisonous berries which grow in the forest. But I do not often take life, only the lives of my enemies. Among the people of the forest I have many friends.'

'Are they quite tame? Will they come near you?' Mary asked.

'They come at my call,' the young man answered. 'They know the names that I have given them. What other friends have I—I, who live all alone?'

He stopped speaking suddenly, to listen. Then he put the saucer away, and as he did so he began to shake all over, and into his eyes crept the shadow of a great fear. 'Do not tell him you have seen me. Tell no one,' he said, and he ran towards the back of the hut. Very quickly his fingers drew a piece of the thatched wall aside; beyond loomed a narrow dark passage. Into the passage he slipped and drew the thatch to, behind him, and as it settled once more into place, the old priest appeared at the opening of the hut.

(Continued on page 135.)

THE MYSTERIOUS FLUTE.

'THERE it is again!' cried the gaoler, angrily. 'This time I shall catch the fellow.'

A soft, piping noise—the muffled sound of a flute—could be distinctly heard, and it certainly came from one of the cells. But which one? The gaoler, who had been puzzled before by hearing the faint music, was sure he knew now. Hastily unlocking the door of one of the cells, he burst into the gloomy little room.

'Rascal,' he cried, 'I have got you this time!'

But the prisoner was sitting quietly on the one chair he possessed, doing nothing at all. No flute was to be seen, and although the gaoler searched the cell—and this not for the first time either—he could find nothing. There was no musical instrument of any kind there; but one can imagine that a twinkle lurked in the captive's eye.

Baffled and annoyed, the gaoler turned the key of the cell once more. It was not long before the faint, mysterious piping was heard again; but, try as he would, he could never find out the secret. It was not until the prisoner was released that it was revealed. The man had taken out the hollow rail of his chair, bored a few holes in it, and so made a rough flute. Directly he heard the gaoler coming he simply slipped it back into its place. The name of the prisoner was John Bunyan.

BRITANNIA'S BULWARKS.

I.—BELOW DECKS.

A HORSE can tow slowly through the water five times the weight that it can move on rails at the same rate. This is due to the friction between water and an object moving slowly through it being small, whereas the friction made by wheels and axle with rails and the fixed parts of the truck is considerable. But if the speed be gradually increased in both cases it comes about that the horse pulling the truck gains quickly on the barge-horse, and even if twenty horses were harnessed to the barge it would still fall behind. For an explanation we must look to the fact that the rolling friction of the truck, and the resistance offered to its motion by the air, does not increase with the speed nearly so fast as does the resistance of water, which is heavy and has to be shouldered aside, as it were, by anything passing through it. Draw your hands flatways through the water slowly, and it moves easily enough; immerse it in the sea as you lean over the edge of a fast-moving boat, and you feel a decided pull, and the water rushes up your wrist and arm. Should you be unlucky enough to fall flat on the water when attempting a dive you get a convincing, if painful, proof of the stubbornness of water if treated roughly. Very likely you have noticed how easily you can row a boat at a certain pace, but what a tremendous lot more work is required to catch up a boat going a little faster. And everybody knows that the average man, who can cycle at twenty and run at fifteen miles an hour, cannot swim at three.

Nowadays, we all want to get ourselves and our belongings from one point to another as quickly as possible. A torpedo-boat destroyer, almost filled up with engines, is able to do up to forty miles an hour; but it is a mere speed machine, and would be unprofitable as a carrier of cargo or passengers. A fast passenger ship must have very powerful engines which occupy a great deal of space; but it must also have plenty of room for the passengers. The reason why the dimensions of great ocean liners have increased rapidly in recent years is simply this: that the larger the ship is, the smaller proportionately is the power required to drive it at a certain speed, and the larger the room for passengers and cargo.

To make this plain, let us suppose Ship A to be represented by a wooden box with a bottom and four sides each a square foot in area; and Ship B to be a similar box with bottom and sides each of four square feet area. Both are loaded till the top is level with the water. Box A displaces one cubic foot, box B eight cubic feet; but if they are drawn flatways through the water, B will offer only four times the resistance of A at the same speed. From

this it is evident that, if A and B are ships of similar shape, B will need much less power—that is, smaller engines—in proportion to its size than will A.

Enormous ships, such as the Olympic, Mauretania, and Kronprinzessin Cecilie, and our biggest warships, would, even if slow steamers, need very large engines. But, as they belong to the 'ocean greyhound' order, and every knot means a quite disproportionate increase of power, they all demand such a huge output of energy as to render their engines the most powerful steam-engines in the world. Each of the Mauretania's four propellers has seventeen thousand horse-power to turn it; each of the Kronprinzessin Cecilie's two, twenty thousand; and each of the Olympic's three, sixteen thousand. All these huge engines have to be fed with steam sufficient to run them at full speed continuously for several days at a stretch. To help to realise the enormous power used to drive a large liner across the Atlantic, the following calculation is of interest: suppose one horse-power to be equal to the united efforts of ten men, then the muscular power of seven hundred thousand men working continuously would be needed to keep the Mauretania moving at twenty-five knots, or of two million one hundred thousand if they worked in eight-hour shifts. One may observe that this number of men would weigh at least one hundred and fifty thousand tons—ten times as much as the engines and boilers used—which shows the much lower efficiency of the human engine, weight for weight.

Let us now go below decks to inspect what may be called the heart and muscles of a great liner. De-

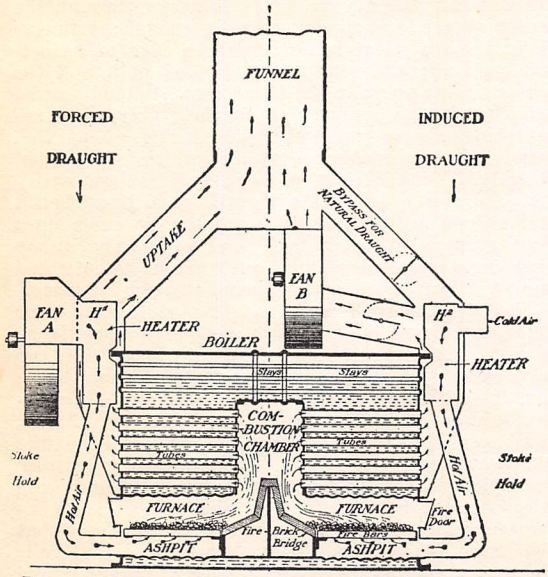

Fig. 1.—Section of Scotch marine boiler, showing forced draught on left and induced draught on right.

scending flights of ladders and passing through various doors we come to an electrically-lit chamber, below the water-line, where men, stripped to the waist or wearing the thinnest of vests on their bodies, are stoking a row of huge cylindrical boilers, one of several sets in the vessel. Each boiler towers above one's head, being sixteen to seventeen feet in diameter. At each end it has three or four furnace doors, which are opened in turn to receive a charge of skilfully-thrown coal, and have the clinker on the fire-bars loosened and raked out by a long iron. Through every door five or more tons of fuel—two and a-half ordinary coal-cart loads—are discharged every twenty-four hours.

In principle these cylindrical boilers are the same as that of a locomotive engine: the hot furnace

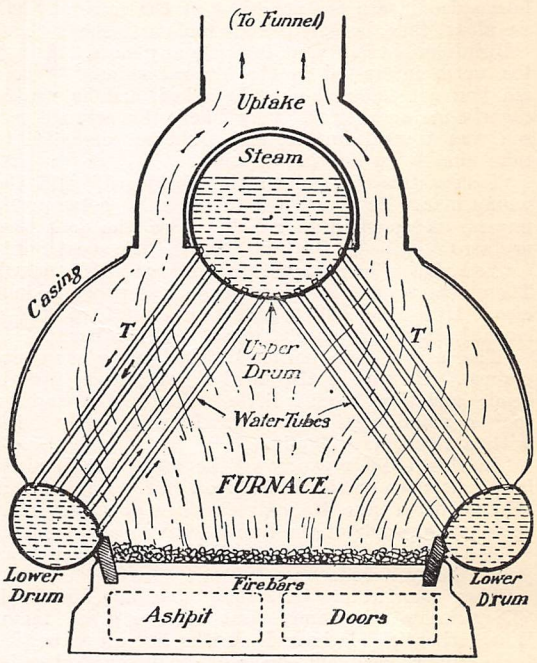

Fig. 2.—Section showing interior of Yarrow water-tube boiler. (Only five pipes (T) are shown on each side, for clearness.)

gases pass through a large number of tubes surrounded by water, on their way to the funnel. One may observe, however, that in proportion to their height these boilers are rather stumpy, being only twenty feet or so long. Could one's vision penetrate the shell, one would see nests of tubes running from a furnace and its corresponding fellow at the other end of the boiler to a central combustion chamber, where the gases, mixed with a due proportion of air, are able to burn completely. From this chamber they travel back through other nests of tubes, placed above the first sets, to the furnace end, where they are caught in great hoods which carry them to the funnels (fig. 1). A large boiler of this description has a heating surface of about one-sixth of an acre—the area of quite a good-sized garden—and six to eight grates each as big as a large kitchen table. Its strength has to be enormous, for on each of the two hundred thousand square inches of its shell is a pressure of one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds.

On a cruiser or battleship the boilers are usually of a very different kind from those of a liner. A warship seldom travels at full speed, but may be required to do so at short notice. To heat the large quantity of water used in a cylinder-boiler takes a

HOME AGAIN FROM THE SPANISH MAIN.

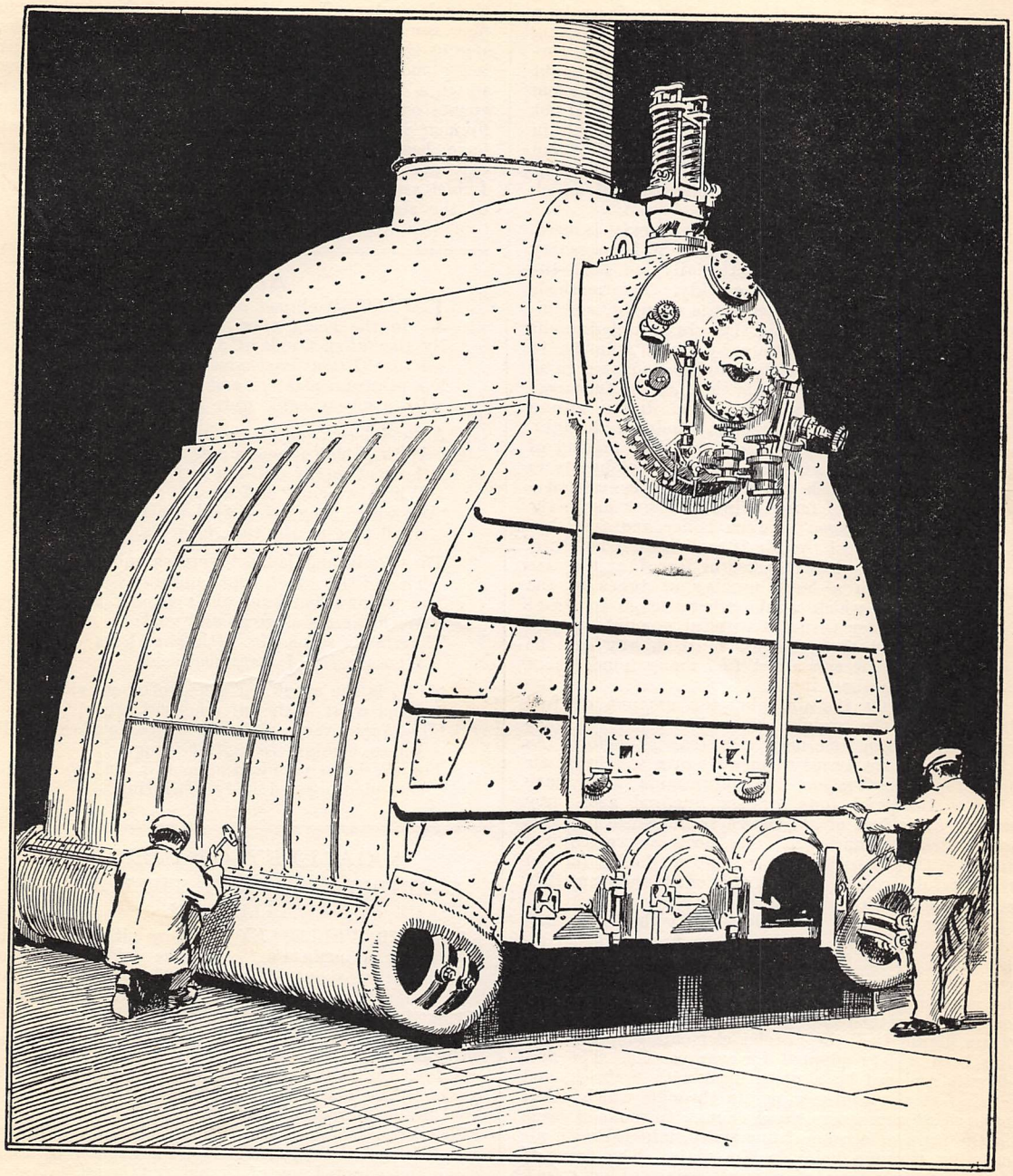

Fig. 3.—A Yarrow water-tube boiler (outside view) of the warship type.

long time, and must not be done too rapidly, for fear of straining the plates. Therefore a kind of boiler is chosen for warships which contains a comparatively small amount of water, while it still has as much heating surface as a cylindrical boiler, and can be heated quickly without damage. In several makes a large upper drum is connected with two smaller drums, one on each side of the fire-bars, by many hundreds of straight or bent pipes, exposed more or less directly to the flames. The two sides of the furnace chambers are thus merely pipes placed very closely together in several ranks. The water travels upwards from the small drums to the large through the pipes nearest the flames, and down through the pipes farthest away, or through special pipes at the ends of the ranks (figs. 2 and 3).

The amount of steam that a boiler produces in a given time depends upon both the area of the heating surface and the amount of fuel burned in the furnace. The furnace of a boiler under natural draught may be compared to the grate in an ordinary room with a 'blower' placed in front of it. The hot gases rise up the chimney, fresh air rushes in through the bars and fuel to take their place, and the oxygen of this air combines with the carbon of the coal to produce gases, the formation of which causes heat.

In many stokeholes natural draught only is used. If the boilers have to be driven hard it is necessary to increase the air-supply artificially, so that the fuel may be consumed more quickly. Two methods of doing this are used—forcing the draught, and inducing the draught (see fig. 1). In forced draught the air from outside is blown by fans (A in fig. 1) either direct into the stokehole, which is closed in so that the only way of escape is through the furnaces; or drawn out of the stokehole and driven into a closed ashpit under the firebars. Induced draught, which we have already referred to when talking of the locomotive, is effected on shipboard not by steam —fresh water is much too valuable to be wasted— but by the suction of fans (B in fig. 1) buzzing in the 'uptakes,' or passages between boiler and funnel.

To economise fuel the air is well heated before it reaches the fire by being sucked or forced, as the case may be, through a large number of tubes in the uptakes. Heat which would otherwise go to waste is in this manner turned to useful account, as you will understand that cold air must in any case be warmed before it can affect fuel many hundreds of degrees hotter than itself.

By increasing the draught, the amount of fuel burned and the weight of water converted into steam in a given time may be increased fourfold. As the fuel requires twenty times its own weight of air for proper combustion, the Mauretania must have twenty thousand tons, or six hundred and forty million cubic feet of air, blown through the furnaces every twenty-four hours. The horse-power required to move this quantity of air is about double that of a powerful locomotive; but the loss is very small in comparison with the gain.

Coaling a vessel is a very dirty business, and stoking requires much labour, one fireman being allowed for every furnace, and two coal-trimmers for every three furnaces. (These would, of course, not be working all at the same time, but in watches, as one man can tend two or three furnaces.) In recent years, liquid fuel, the heavier elements of petroleum, has been widely adopted for war vessels. The fire-door is replaced by a plate lined with firebrick, and having at the centre a nozzle through which oil is pumped at a pressure great enough to make it issue in the form of a cone of fine spray, mingled with air entering through holes in the plate. The flame is regulated by means of a small valve. Liquid fuel, weight for weight, raises considerably more steam than coal, is put on board more easily, and is handled far more cheaply, one man being able to look after a large number of furnaces. It is also a much simpler matter to turn off the oil than to damp down a coal fire; the oil leaves no ashes behind it, and creates no smoke if properly burned.

In the stokehole which we have just visited can be seen a large funnel-shaped pan with a lid. This is the ash-ejector. From the bottom of the pan a large pipe runs slantingly upwards and out through the side of the ship above water-level. Pointing into the lower end of the pipe is a water-nozzle. Once every watch a cock is turned and very high-pressure water spouts out of the nozzle and up the pipe. Then the firemen open the lid and shovel in all the ashes that have been drawn from the furnace. The water catches the ashes as they reach the bottom of the funnel and shoots them out through the pipe clear of the ship's side. Archibald Williams.

(Continued on page 141.)

APRIL.

I WALKED abroad one day in the spring,
In the heart of a warm, green glade:
By the fallen trunk of an old oak-tree,
I saw that a feast was made—
For primrose platters and crocus cups
On a mossy bank were laid.

Around I saw, on either hand,
With golden flounces and frills,
A host of merry dancing girls,
Whom we call 'daffodils.'
'We wait,' they cried, 'till the Piper Wind
Shall pipe us the tune he wills.'

The 'lords and ladies' were camping near,
Their little green tents unrolled;
The willows had hung their slender boughs
With tassels of green and gold;
The violets stood like little page-boys
Who vessels of fragrance hold.

'Who is the guest?' I asked of them all,
'And what is the gift she will bring?'
''Tis April,' they cried, 'whom we love best of all,
Whose coming we joyfully sing;
For she is so young, and so fair, and so sweet,
Our glad-hearted Lady of Spring.'

N. M. C.

A GALLERY OF HEROES.

I.—ARTHUR WELLESLEY, FIRST DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

ARTHUR WELLESLEY was born either in Dublin or at Dangan Castle, in the Irish county of Meath, on or about May 1st, 1769. Both the place and the actual day of his birth remain uncertain, owing to the carelessness with which such events were recorded at that period of our history, especially in Ireland. Yet he was born 'The Honourable Arthur Wesley,' the son of an Earl, because his father nine years before his birth had become Earl of Mornington in the peerage of Ireland.

The grandfather of the future Duke of Wellington was Richard Colley, or Cowley, the nephew by marriage and adopted son of Gerald or 'Garret' Wesley, a landowner on a considerable scale in the counties of Meath and Kildare. Garret Wesley, like his kinsman, the great John Wesley, was descended from the ancient Somersetshire family of Wellesley, which originated at the village of Welswe, near Wells, and a branch of which migrated in the thirteenth century to Ireland. But although the second Earl of Mornington (Marquis Wellesley) and his younger brother, the Duke of Wellington, both chose little Somerset-

shire towns or villages for their territorial titles, it is very doubtful whether they had any Wesley or Wellesley blood in their veins. Their father's father was a Colley, son of the brother of Garret Wesley's wife. The Colleys were, like the Wellesleys, of remote English descent, having sprung from Rutlandshire. They had been among the earliest of English families to settle in Ireland, and as they mainly intermarried with Irish women in the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the Duke of Wellington must be considered an Irishman.

Richard Colley-Wesley, who adopted the surname of Wesley on succeeding to the estates of his uncle-in-law, Garret Wesley, was raised to the Irish peerage in 1747 as Baron Mornington, a rank increased to that of an earldom in the case of his son Garret. The first Earl became the father of several notable men—William, afterwards Marquis Wellesley, and a great Governor-General of India; Arthur, Duke of Wellington; and Henry Wellesley (Lord Cowley), a skilful ambassador.

Arthur was the fourth son of an improvident and dreamy man, devoted to the study of music, and careless in his expenditure. When Lord Mornington died in 1781, his estates in Ireland were heavily encumbered with debt, and he left a widow and a family of five sons and one daughter insufficiently provided for. Arthur was at that time about twelve years old, and it was decided by his eldest brother that he should go into the army. He was therefore taken away from a Church of England School at Trim, and accompanied his mother (who found him stupid, dull, and of slow, thick speech) to London. Here he attended for a few months a preparatory school in Chelsea, from which he was transferred to Eton in 1782. But Eton fees and charges proved too expensive for his mother, who took him away to reside at Brussels with her for about twelve months in 1784-5. During this time in Brussells he pursued his studies in French and in subjects suited to an army career. When his mother returned to England in 1785, Arthur Wesley (he did not sign himself 'Wellesley' till some years later) was sent to complete his education at a French 'academy,' conducted by an engineer officer, at Angers.

In this capital of the great province of Anjou, whence came our long dynasty of Plantagenet kings, the future Duke of Wellington acquired that considerable knowledge of the French language which in after years helped him so much as negotiator and administrator in the Spanish Peninsula, in France, Belgium, and Austria. He also learnt at this quasi-military school a good deal of the same military science which made his rival, Napoleon Bonaparte, the master for some years of Western and Central Europe. [It is curious to think that these two marvellous men, who shaped the history of the world of the nineteenth century, were born within a few months of one another in 1769, and were both studying the art of war in France at the same time, the one at Angers and the other at Brienne.]

Arthur Wellesley, on his return to England in 1787, found that through the influence of his eldest brother, Lord Mornington, he had been gazetted as an Ensign into the Seventy-third Regiment. His transfers and promotions in the army between infantry and cavalry succeeded one another rapidly, and were not perhaps entirely connected with special merit. In the middle of his military career, he was returned, in 1793, to the Irish Parliament as member for Trim, a borough that virtually belonged to his brother. He was then ruddy-faced and of somewhat pleasing appearance, his nose not having acquired that great bony projection which made it too prominent a feature in his face in after years for any one to describe him as handsome.

At this period he fell in love with Catherine Pakenham, the third daughter of Lord Longford, and plighted his troth to this pretty Irish girl. The match seemed a suitable one on both sides, but both were poor, and any idea of marriage was put aside indefinitely until Wellesley should have made a career which carried with it a suitable income. Meantime, he took an active part in the debates of the Irish Parliament, but not by any means on the side of liberty; he showed himself, in fact, a rather bitter opponent of reform. His attempts to live in Dublin, not only as a member of Parliament, but as an aide-de-camp of the Viceroy, soon got him into debt, for he had but little money from his father's estate, and small pay as an officer or official. At this period he was lodging in the house of a wealthy bootmaker, who, noticing his dejection and embarrassment on account of his debts, advanced him a sum of money which paid them off completely. Wellington never forgot this obligation. He not only paid off the loan in a few years by henceforth living with the utmost economy, but he took every opportunity of showing his regard and esteem for his helper-out-of-difficulties, and even for the children of the kindly bootmaker, a family which, through the Duke of Wellington's efforts, attained such distinctions in other fields that probably their descendants are completely unaware that their family fortunes started from the sale of boots in Dublin.

(Continued on page 130.)

'A CAPRI BOY.'

THIS pretty water-colour picture, which hangs in the Tate Gallery, is the work of Hamilton Macallum, and was painted in 1883. Macullum was born in 1841, at Kames, in Argyllshire. His father, a manufacturer, wished the boy to devote his energies to business,' and so it was not until he was twenty-three years of age that the art-loving youth was free to follow his own bent. He then came to London, where he entered the Academy Schools. He quickly made up for lost time, beginning to exhibit about 1866. From then until the production of his last picture, 'The Crofter's Team' (also in the Tate Gallery), he was a constant contributor to London exhibitions. He died in 1896.

He is best known for his charming sunshiny sea-pictures. 'Gathering Seaweed,' like 'A Capri Boy,' is a water-colour picture, and it also is in the Tate Gallery. Other characteristic examples of Hamilton Macallum's work are: 'Hoisting the Jib"; 'Coral Fishers'; and 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.' He used to work in full daylight, in a glass studio or in the open air. Some of his favourite haunts were Amalfi, Holland, Heligoland, the Western Highlands of Scotland, and the Devonshire coast. Of this artist it has been said that 'if his range is limited, his mastery has been the greater, and his fidelity alike to nature and his own marked individuality has made his work deservedly esteemed.'

E. D.

A Capri Boy. By Hamilton Macallum.

In the Tate Gallery, London.

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Arthur Wellesley, First Duke of Wellington. From a painting by Joseph Simpson, R.B.I.

A GALLERY OF HEROES.

I.—ARTHUR WELLESLEY, FIRST DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

(Continued from page 127.)

OWING to his elder brother's influence, and not, apparently, to any display of his personal abilities, Arthur Wellesley had become a lieutenant-colonel in 1793, after only six years' service in the Army. But soon after this promotion he joined the army under the Duke of York in the Low Countries, an army which was intended to co-operate with the Prussians and Austrians to punish France for the execution of her king. Military operations were, it is true, hampered by most adverse weather—constant rain in the summer and autumn and a hard frost in the winter, which permitted the French to move enormous forces into the country over the frozen canals. The people of Belgium, moreover, had no great desire to be delivered from French rule, while the British soldiers lost all enthusiasm for this campaign when they realised that they were not fighting under a general worthy of the title, the Duke of York having shown his complete lack of military genius. The long succession of hardships, repulses, and retreats taught Arthur Wellesley the art of warfare, especially in the important direction of transport and food supply.

In 1796, being by this time a colonel in the army, he was sent with his regiment, the Thirty-third, to play an important part in the conquest of Southern India. It was, however, touch-and-go as to whether his distinguished military career should open in Tropical Asia or Tropical America, for the Ministry of the day were much inclined to send Wellesley and the Thirty-third Regiment to the West Indies for the similar purpose of attacking the French in that direction; and even after he had reached India, in 1797, he was on the point of being sent farther on to assist in the conquest of the Philippine Islands from Spain, when a dispatch sent overland from India (a desperate venture in those days) informed the Government of the day that the British position in India was seriously affected by French intrigues. An Afghan soldier-adventurer from northern India had usurped the control of the great southern Indian State of Maisur (Mysore). His son, Tipu Sahib, had succeeded him, and had hoped, with the aid of the French, to drive the British out of India.

Arthur Wellesley had become filled with a sense of the importance of the Indian question, and the chance there was of creating a great British Empire in southern Asia. He strongly advised his elder brother, Lord Mornington, to apply for the post of Governor-General under the East India Company. Lord Mornington did so, and, two years after his arrival at Calcutta, made his brother Arthur Commander-in-Chief in Maisur. This appointment, which might have been characterised as jobbery, had been fully merited by the remarkable ability shown by Arthur Wellesley in preparing the way for a successful campaign against Tipu Sahib, and in the military operations he conducted in command of a portion of the British force and the contingent of a friendly prince, the Nizam of Haiderabad. Wellesley pacified southern India in a year. His work was then interrupted by his appointment to the command of a body of troops which was to occupy either Ceylon, Java, or Mauritius. Their destination, however, was changed to Egypt, where they were to take part in an attack on the French position (the French had occupied Egypt two years previously with the intention of operating from that direction against the British in India). Wellesley, though he would have much preferred to remain in India, made the necessary preparations at Bombay for the Egyptian expedition. Being laid low, however, by a severe illness, he sent off his troops and remained behind in hospital. The troopship that would have received him on board foundered in the Indian Ocean near the coast of Arabia, and went to the bottom with all on board.

Wellesley was then sent back to Maisur. In 1803 he conquered the powerful Mahratta people, whose power had been the greatest in India after the downfall of the Mogul Empire. At the age of thirty-five years he had made a great name, not only as an invincible general in Indian warfare, but a diplomatist of singular tact and ability, who inspired confidence and friendship amongst Indian chieftains. He was made a Knight of the Bath in recognition of his services; but India being pacified, he felt that his proper place was in Europe. He therefore returned to England in 1805, took part in an abortive expedition to the coast of Hanover, and in 1806 was elected M. P. for Rye. He entered Parliament with the intention of defending there the Indian administration of his brother. His abilities marked him out for office, and he was appointed Secretary for Ireland.

Going to Cheltenham for rest and a health cure, he there met a lady who reminded him that 'Kitty Pakenham,' to whom he had been secretly engaged in 1793, was still faithful to him. Wellesley, who had apparently forgotten all about her, at once professed himself ready to honour his plighted troth. He wrote at once (early in 1806) proposing marriage. Miss Pakenham advised him to first see for himself whether twelve years' interval had not lessened her attractiveness; but Wellesley would not accept this depreciation of herself, came on to Dublin, and married the Honourable Catherine Pakenham in April, 1806. They had two sons, born respectively in 1807 and 1808.

But Wellesley's home career was not likely to be long, when the unremitting struggle with France on the Continent made a constant demand on the British Government for officers able to lead troops to victory against the French and their allies. In 1807, Wellesley took part in an expedition against Copenhagen, and defeated the Danish forces at Kjoge. His great chance, however, came in 1808, when he was made a Lieutenant-General and appointed to command a division of the British forces which were to rescue Spain and Portugal from the grip of Napoleon. Wellesley, being allowed to choose between making Northern Spain or Portugal his base, decided for the latter country. He landed on the coast of Portugal in the summer of 1808, and defeated the French in the battle of Vimeira. But the home authorities proceeded to mismanage matters. Sir Arthur Wellesley was superseded by two other officers, who came to terms with the French and allowed them to leave Portugal with their army and supplies intact. Wellesley returned to England and resumed his work in Parliament. Then followed disasters to the British in the Peninsula, and he was sent back there in chief command of the troops. He landed in the north of

Portugal, and by a series of operations, exhibiting remarkable strategy and address, drove the French out of Portugal and pursued them across Spain to the vicinity of Madrid. This advance could not be sustained, owing to the poor co-operation of the Spaniards. Wellesley, therefore, with a judgment remarkable for its prophetic accuracy, not only retreated to Portugal, but retreated to a region of the Portuguese coast which was absolutely invincible to an enemy attacking from the land side (and Great Britain had command of the sea). These were the lines of Torres Vedras, from which the French recoiled defeated and disheartened, and from which, as an impregnable base, the British army advanced into Spain and inflicted a signal defeat on the French at Talavera (July 28th, 1809). This victory—though it had to be followed by a retreat to the Portuguese frontier—earned for Wellesley a peerage as 'Baron Douro Wellesley' and 'Viscount Wellington of Talavera.'

Between the spring of 1811 and the spring of 1813, Wellington (made an Earl in 1812, and a Marquis and Field-Marshal in 1813) alternately advanced into Spain, secured brilliant victories over the French armies, and then retreated to Portugal, when prudence dictated such a measure. These alternations of advance and retreat naturally caused perplexity and change of public opinion at home, and discontent in the rather turbulent army commanded by Wellington. Yet the native Governments of Spain and Portugal and the Ministers of the British Crown fully realised the magnitude of Wellington's services after each fresh victory, when he received steps in the British peerage or grants from the public funds, together with splendid titles and admittance to the highest orders of chivalry from Spain and Portugal. In May, 1813, the disaster which had occurred in Russia to the French army gave Wellington his opportunity. Assembling his force of British, Portuguese, and Spanish soldiers, he swept the French out of Spain into the defiles of the Pyrenees. Early in 1814 he had captured their positions in these mountains and forced them back on to French soil, where he finally defeated Marshal Soult at Toulouse. His victorious army reached Bordeaux in March, 1814, and there Wellington took leave of his men and returned to England for a brief rest.

In April, 1814, he was received in England with extraordinary honours by both Houses of Parliament, and was created Duke of Wellington. On making his first appearance in the House of Lords to take his oath as peer (having been constantly engaged in warfare since the grant of a viscounty in 1809), he had the unique experience of hearing all his titles recited on his introduction to the House, from that of a barony to that of a dukedom. He also received a grant from the public funds of £400,000, which, together with the £100,000 awarded him after the Battle of Talavera, made half a million sterling the endowment of his dukedom.

(Concluded on page 146.)

THE TREES OF THE HOMELAND.

II.—THE ASH.

ASH, whose branches, grey and slender,
Rattle as the breeze goes by,
Now unfolds her leaflets tender,
Light and clear against the sky.

When the winter winds were blowing,
Snugly sheathed the leaf-buds lay,
Underneath their dark shields growing,
Two and two on every spray.

Now, with olive leaflets covered,
Every twig with graceful bend
Seems to speak of hope recovered,
Turning heavenwards at the end.

This Ygdrasil, tree of wonder,
Norsemen wove their legends round;
Said that founts of virtue under
Every mystic root were found.

Was it not an inspiration?
We may surely read to-day
Hope and heavenly aspiration
In each upward-turning spray.

E. M. Haines.

BEING AFRAID.

SAM ARCHER was running home as fast as he could. It was getting late, for he had stayed long, playing with his cousins, Tom and Sidney, and did not know how the time had gone until his aunt called them in to bed.

As Sam turned into the village street, a woman stood at the door of one of the houses, looking anxiously out into the night. As soon as she saw the boy she stopped him. 'Oh! Sam,' she said, 'my husband is worse: he's dying, I'm afraid, and there is no one here but me. Won't you go for the doctor?'

Sam forgot his lateness and everything else but poor Mrs. Mead's trouble. 'Yes, I'll go,' he said, and was setting off when Mrs. Mead began again.

'But, look here, Sam, you must go the short way, through the churchyard, and run as fast as you can.'

'I will,' said Sam, though his heart beat at the words; and off he went without more ado.

Helston churchyard was a pleasant place enough in the daytime, with an avenue of trees which led up to the church door, and a broad mossy path where the shadows of the branches played. But at night, none of the village boys would go near it. There was a foolish story of a ghost which had been seen there; and though Sam had often laughed at others when they had expressed their fears, he did not like to think of that story now. It would take much longer to go all the way round by the road; and Mr. Mead was so ill—dying, his wife thought—that Sam said to himself: 'There is nothing for it but to take the churchyard path.'

So he crushed down the fears that would rise in the dark, and went in through the always-open gateway, and under the tall trees. It was very still; but all at once an owl hooted from the high tower, and made the boy shake with fright. He knew what it was after a minute's thought. But then something tall and white loomed through the darkness, and made him feel sure that the ghost was standing there. He must go past the spot, and when he did so, it was only to find that his fancied ghost was a tall white tombstone, and that there was nothing really to fear after all.

So, with many a tremor, he came out at last, beyond the grey walls of the old church, and close by

the place where the doctor's house stood. Just as Sam got there Dr. Forbes was driving up to his door.

Breathlessly Sam gave his message. 'Get up into the gig,' said the doctor, 'I will come at once.'

As they drove along, Dr. Forbes looked curiously at the lad by his side. 'Did you come through the churchyard?' he asked, well knowing what the village boys thought and said.

'Yes, sir,' said Sam.

'Then you are a brave lad,' said the doctor.

Sam felt that he could not take this praise to himself. 'Oh, no, sir!' he replied. 'I was afraid all the time.'

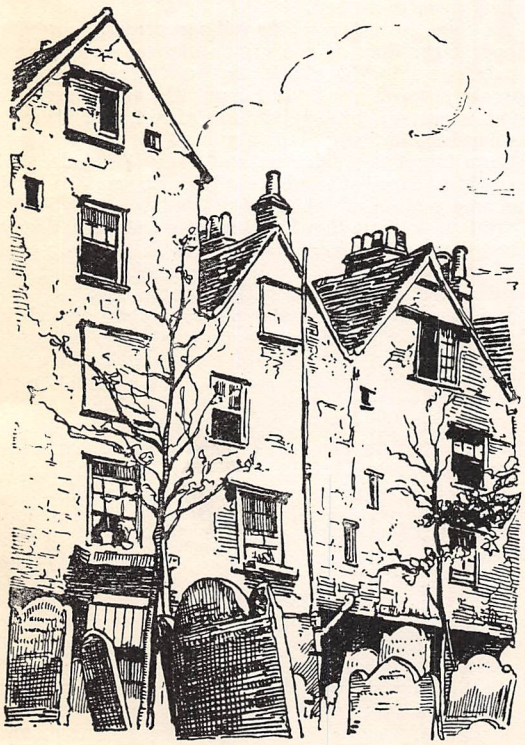
'Then you are all the more a brave lad,' said Dr. Forbes: and when Sam found that through his help the doctor had come just in time to save Mr. Mead's life, he was very glad that he had done his duty, in spite of fears.

C. J. Blake.

BYGONE LONDON.

II.—CLOTH FAIR.

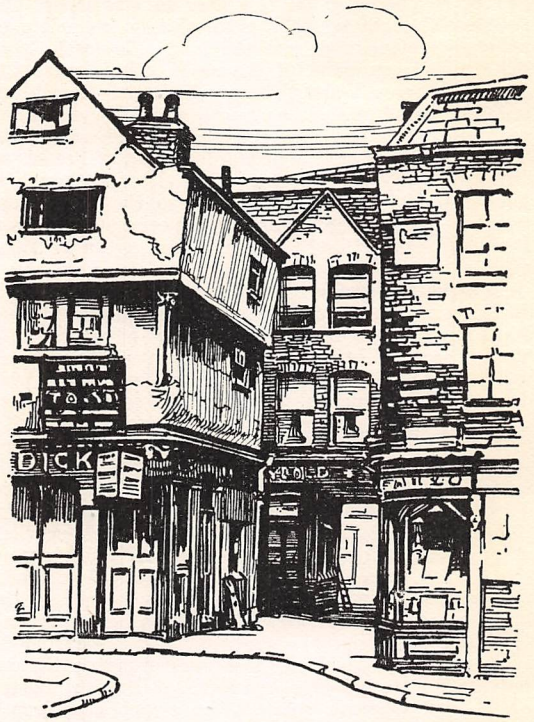
TWELVE years after Rahere had been made the first Prior of St. Bartholomew's, he obtained permission from King Henry I. for a fair to be held in the Priory grounds on St. Bartholomew's Day and



The Back of Cloth Fair.

the two following days. The Priory had been built beside a large open space called Smithfield, upon which sham-fights and tournaments were often held, and where miracle plays were sometimes performed. On Shrove Tuesday it was the custom for school children to come there to play football, and they were often brought to the Priory by their masters, to take part in public logical discussions that were held before the monks.

At one side of the field was held the King's Friday meat-market, and, as it bordered on their property,



The "Dick Whittington" Inn, Cloth Fair.

the monks were able to exact that a certain amount of the meat should be presented to them, and it must have greatly helped to furnish their larder. London's chief meat-market has stood ever since on the same spot.

A small fair was sometimes held on Smithfield, but the real fair was held within the Priory bounds, and at night the gates were locked so that the stalls and booths should be in safety. At first, cloth was the principal thing to be sold, hence the name 'Cloth Fair,' and besides the London merchants, many came from Flanders and Italy, and other foreign places. But, as time went on, the roads across England improved, and merchants were able to travel further afield with their goods; they did not need to frequent the fair so much, and gradually other things began to be sold besides cloth.

At first the Prior was Lord of the Fair, and if there were any quarrels and disturbances, the offenders were brought before him and tried in the Court called 'Pie Poudre.' The name is a corruption of 'Pied Poudre,' and some say it was so-called because of the dusty feet of the suitors, while others maintain it was 'because justice is there done as speedily as dust can fall from the feet.' The Court also cor-

Cloth Fair and the Entrance to St. Bartholomew's Church.

rected the weights and measures which were used at the fair. In 1445 the City claimed authority over the fair, and four aldermen were then appointed as keepers of the fair and the Court, as well as the Prior.

After the dissolution of the monasteries, the Priory buildings gradually disappeared: houses were built where they had stood, but the fair continued and the City still kept authority over it. Then later the length of time the fair lasted was extended from three to fourteen days, but the noise caused so much annoyance to the people living close by that it was again restricted to three days. The fair was always opened by the Lord Mayor, who read a proclamation at the entrance, and it was an old custom that he should stop at Newgate on his way, and drink a tankard of 'cool wine, nutmeg and sugar.' One year the noise made by the flap of the tankard so frightened the horse, that the Lord Mayor was thrown to the ground and killed.

Many and various were the things sold at the fair; it was famous for its roast pork, and there was a ginger-bread woman who sold all kinds of other sweet cakes as well. There were stalls for many kinds of sweets and fruit, 'nuts and damsons, and Burgamy pears.' Toys were sold by the hobby-horse man, and copies of the latest popular ballad and song were on sale everywhere.

The noise was almost deafening from the babble of people talking, the vendors crying their wares: 'What do you lack, what do you lack? What is it you'll buy?' besides the constant sound of drums and cat-calls. There were frequent disputes as to the space the stalls were taking, each owner thinking that the other was encroaching on his allotted space. The fair-ground was generally deep in mud, and that made it difficult to move along at all fast, and there were always a good many pickpockets mingling with the throng, and frequently an outcry was raised that some one had been relieved of his purse. On the outskirts of the fair were to be seen all kinds of shows and entertainments: dancing bears, and puppets, and tight-rope dancing, and we hear of one man who pushed a wheelbarrow, containing two children and a dog, as he walked along a rope!

Gradually, as the years went by, the fair dwindled away, and by 1840 only one or two ginger-bread stalls were to be seen in Cloth Fair on St. Bartholomew's Day, and when, in 1850, the Lord Mayor went as usual to read the proclamation, he found that there was no longer any fair to be seen.

The archway, under which Cloth Fair was entered, was taken down a few years ago, and quite lately some of the houses next to the 'Dick Whittington' inn have disappeared.

Now the rest of the winding street, along which the fair extended before branching off at the end down Long Lane on the one hand, and by the side of

the church on the other, is to meet with a similar fate. This is already being done as these words are being written, and London is losing some very ancient and beautiful buildings, and one of the last links with the Middle Ages has almost vanished.

Ruth Cobb.

A TRAP BY TELEPHONE.

'COOEY! Coming!' The distant voice penetrated faintly into the orchard, and a gleam of excitement shone in Carol's eyes as she crouched still further among the thick leaves of the apple-tree, and curled her legs closely round the twisted bough. It certainly was the best hiding-place in the garden, and Maitland would be a clever seeker if he succeeded in finding her before she escaped across the grass, and through the laurel bushes to the summer-house, which had been agreed upon for 'home.'

The minutes went by, and as no sound broke the stillness of the garden, Carol ventured to lean forward and peer through the entwined branches of the tree. In another moment her head was hastily withdrawn, as a piercing shriek echoed across the orchard, followed by the sound of flying footsteps in the grass.

Nearer and nearer they came, and Carol's limbs grew rigid as she crouched against the tree-trunk, her heart beating with thrilling suspense.

'Caught! I touched you!'

Maitland's triumphant voice came from two yards distant, and from her hiding-place Carol could see Cynthia's exhausted form as she flung herself on the grass at the foot of the tree.

'What a shame! I was so nearly home!' she gasped. 'Have you caught Pat and Carol?'

A thud on the ground proclaimed that Maitland had flung himself down beside his sister.

'Not Carol,' he said. 'Pat was in the cucumber-frames, so I soon found him. I always say he's too babyish to play our games. I say, Cynthia, if I tell you something, will you promise not to tell any one?'

Carol saw Cynthia's sun-hat nod vigorously.

'I'm going to rag Pat beautifully to-morrow. You know how keen he is to see the start of the air-race. Well, he's been hoping Uncle Ted would ask him to go with him, because he promised he would, ages ago; so I'm going to telephone from the station when we have our break before lunch, and make Pat think I'm Uncle Ted, and tell him to be ready to start at the end of the drive at three o'clock.'

'And what will you do?' asked Cynthia breathlessly.

'Oh, hide in the bushes, and then when he's got a bit sick of waiting, jump out and say, "April fool!" or something.'

'But it's July,' objected Cynthia, in rather a doubtful voice.

'Oh, that's just like a girl!' said Maitland, scornfully. 'What does it matter? Look here, I must find Carol. You've promised not to tell, remember!'

A moment later the sound of their footsteps died away in the grass, and Carol slid noiselessly to the ground, and began making her way towards the grove of laurels that skirted the distant drive. Her footsteps were nimble, but all the joy had gone out of her face, and the brown eyes were clouded and troubled. In her mind resentment burnt against her brother and sister, and the thought of their plot to wound Pat's sensitive feelings sent a wave of anger through her. She knew something of what the disappointment would be to the little boy, and every moment her determination to find some way of preventing it grew stronger. In the darkness of the laurel bushes she pressed a hand to her head, and a hundred ideas whirled through her brain. To tell Pat of what she had heard would be an impossible breach of the unwritten law of honour that existed between the four, and yet at all costs he must be spared the disappointment that Maitland's plan would mean.

Two minutes later there was a clatter of footsteps on the gravel, followed by the crashing of branches, as a panting figure darted into the thicket; then Maitland's voice rose exultant over the chaos, 'Caught! You were an ass not to run!'

Humiliated and bedraggled, the captive was led by the torn hem of her holland overall in a triumphant progress towards the summer-house; but, on the face that was hidden from Maitland by the battered brim of her sun-hat there lurked a smile that might have been of victory.

* * * * *

Carol was standing in the verandah when Pat returned from school on the following morning, and as he flung his satchel of books on to a table, she laid a sudden persuasive hand on his shoulder. 'Pat, can you go down to the pond to get some duckweed for the gold-fish?' she asked timidly.

There was a moment's pause, as the little boy looked from the cool shade of the verandah into the long sun-baked road beyond. Then he turned to his sister. 'Won't it do after lunch?' he asked. 'It's so hot, and the pond's miles away.'

'I must have it now,' said Carol, firmly. 'They really need it, and I'll clean your bicycle, and feed the rabbits to-night, if you'll go.'

The offer was not to be despised, and Pat rose slowly from his seat. 'All right. Have you got a jam-jar?' he said, as he moved towards the gate.

In another minute it slammed behind him, and Carol watched the small figure disappear into the sunlit road. Then she jumped suddenly to her feet, straining her ears as she darted through the verandah, and raced breathlessly across the polished floor of the hall towards the half-closed door of the study beyond. A moment later the ringing suddenly ceased, and, with a beating heart and wide-open eyes, Carol pressed the telephone receiver to her ear.

It was teatime when Maitland came home from school, and he burst open the nursery door with more than usual eagerness.

'Where's Pat? Why didn't he go to see the flying?' he asked.

Cynthia wrinkled her brows in a perplexed stare at her brother, and Carol reddened as she became suddenly absorbed in the pattern of her plate.

'Who asked him?' asked Cynthia.

'Uncle Ted. He telephoned to him this morning, and Pat said he was going out and couldn't come. So he came over on his motor-bike to ask me instead. Wasn't it decent of him? But of course old Clarke had given me extra drill and wouldn't let me off, so I couldn't go.'

Carol felt suddenly as if her knees were made of muslin, like a doll's, and she rose unsteadily to her feet.

'It was you who telephoned!' she exclaimed in a dazed voice. 'You said you were going to—yesterday, in the orchard!'

A horrible silence followed her words, as into the minds of all three came the realisation of what had happened. Then Maitland spoke, and it seemed to Carol that his voice came from very far away.

'We decided not to carry out that rotten idea,' he said. 'It was mine, and it's my fault that Pat's lost the treat.'

'No, it isn't!' broke in Carol hotly. 'I ought to have told you that I'd heard, instead of thinking about spoiling your joke, and answering the telephone, and pretending I was Pat——'

She stopped as a clattering of footsteps was heard on the stairs outside; then, as the doorway framed a small hilarious figure, the three looked up in speechless anticipation.

Pat's cheeks were glowing, and his eyes shone with excitement.

'Guess what's happened! Isn't it ripping?' he cried. 'Cumming's father is taking me to see the finish of the air-race at Hendon to-morrow! It will be twice as exciting as the start, and we're going to motor there and back! I do wish you were all coming too!' Viola Vivian.

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 123.)

'ALL is prepared, little ones,' said the old priest to John and Mary. His voice was so gentle, his face so kind that Mary wondered greatly at the fear the young man had shown. Surely it was not of this simple old man he was afraid? Yet against whom else could this warning have been uttered?

'Come,' the old man repeated. 'The seekers of gold wait to guide you safely.'

He held out his hands to the children. But, as Mary and John moved towards him, those hands dropped to his side again. He bent forward a little and peered earnestly at the back of the hut, while into his mild, gentle eyes crept a red angry light which reminded Mary of the light in the eyes of the elephant. And he did not seem to see the children any longer, but very softly, very stealthily he crept across the hut until he could touch the back wall with his fingers. Then, satisfied apparently, he turned again to Mary and John, and gradually the red light faded.

'If ye are weary,' he said, 'ye shall lie upon this bed of mine, and I will give the order to the seekers of gold to carry you thus, one man to each corner.'

'We are not tired,' Mary said quickly. She was in a hurry now to be gone. She had no wish to see the red light come back into the old man's eyes. The sunshine on the hillside felt so warm and friendly after the cold shadows of the hut. She scrambled at her best pace over the stones towards the path which led upwards to the temple and downwards to the river, and John followed with equal eagerness.

On the path stood the gold-seekers, waiting. There were two men and two women. Strange, wild-looking creatures they were, with touzled hair and scanty clothing. They stared at the children in a dull but not unfriendly fashion.

'Go with them,' said the old priest. 'They will take care of you and carry you across the river. I have given an order, and what I say, that they do.'

He stood at the top of the path for a little while, watching the children and the seekers of gold as they descended towards the river. Then he went into the temple to inspect the offering the worshippers had left behind them. It lay on the floor, spread on green leaves, and made but a poor show. There were some almonds, a few raisins and pistachio nuts, some of the small, sweet oranges and a handful of rice. But, in the centre of all, glittered a pinch of gold dust.

The old man's eyes glittered also as they rested on this. He looked round the temple very carefully as though to make certain that no enemy watched, then, standing on tiptoe, he fumbled amidst the roof-tiles until presently he unearthed a little bag. It was a strange little bag to be found in the possession of an old priest of a Hindu temple. It was made of canvas, worked with pink roses on a black background. In and out of the roses ran words stitched in blue, and those words spelt 'A merry Christmas.' Long, very long ago that bag had been fashioned by the skilful fingers of an English lady.

Very carefully the old man untied the strings with beaded tassels which held it closed. He peeped at its contents, and he smiled as he did so. The little bag was almost full of gold dust, yellow and shining. Then, very gently, so that not a single particle should be lost, he gathered up the gold dust from the green leaves and added it to that in the bag, and while he did this his face wore the same expression as when he crept stealthily across the hut. But, as he hid the bag once more safely amidst the tiles, the cruel and greedy look vanished and his kindly smile came back in its place.

He wandered out of the temple again into the sunshine, and then round the shoulder of the hill to his hut, and as he drew near to it he began to call in an eager, loving voice, 'Art thou weary of waiting, my son? Dost thou hunger greatly? Behold, even now I come to prepare food.'

But there was no answer, and he quickened his steps and peered anxiously through the hut doorway. In the far corner sat the strange young man who had spoken to Mary and John. At first he did not seem to hear the old man's voice, but sat frowning at the ground. Then, suddenly, he spoke.

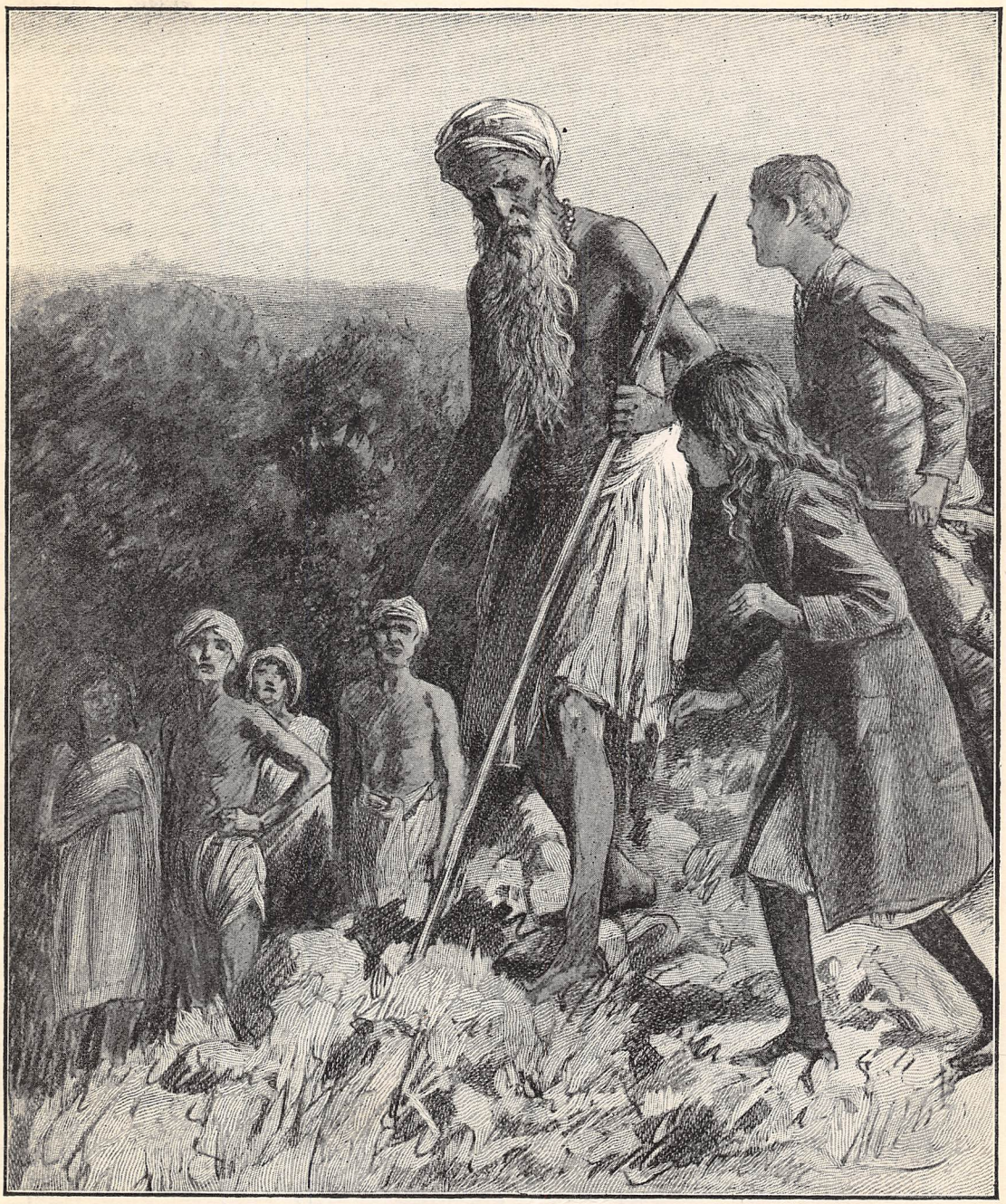
'Why didst thou tell me,' he said, 'that there were no white people in the world save myself only? I know now that it was a lie. I watched from the temple window the two white children that thou didst bring from the forest this morning.'

For a short space the old man was silent. Then he began to talk very fast in a shrill, excited voice.

'It was a lie I told thee,' he said, 'but it was to shield thee from harm that I told it. They are bad and cruel, all bad, the other white people. Never go near them, never speak to them. They will hurt thee very greatly. Without doubt they will kill thee. Here only, with me, art thou safe.'

With shaking hands he began to mix the flour and water for the mid-day meal: and, as he did so, he muttered to himself: 'No one shall take him from me. He is mine, mine only. If there were no white and wonderful image, who, then, would bring gold dust for an offering?'

(Continued on page 138.)



"'Go with them,' said the old priest."

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"Julfu waved his arms and shouted a welcome."

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 135.)

CHAPTER XIII.

MARY was rather silent as she and John clambered down the path which led to the river, in the company of the gold-seekers. She was thinking of the strange white man in the little hut; but John, who was always quickly interested in each new thing, was busy talking to their guides. 'Is there much gold in the river?' he asked.

'There is very little, Sahib,' the man to whom he spoke answered; 'but there is sufficient to provide food for ourselves and our children. In good times, at least, we do not go hungry; but, of late, we have fallen on evil days, and for that reason came we to make an offering in the temple.'

'Evil days!' the other man repeated. 'Every night comes the lonely one from the forest, and tramples our poor tools under-foot. Yea, and overturns our huts also, so that we go in danger of our very lives.'

'Do you mean the big elephant that lives in these forests? Is he the lonely one?'

'It is he of whom we speak. Every night he comes to drink of the water of the river; every night his anger rises against us, and he works us evil. Soon shall we have nothing left, for he will surely destroy all that we possess.'

'But now that we have made our offering, the god will cause his anger to cease towards us,' said one of the women. 'Surely the white image in the temple is very powerful. Do not people come from near and far to ask of it help? In all the countryside there is no other such image. 'Tis said that the old priest grows very rich because so many are the gifts that are brought.'

The path turned abruptly as she finished speaking, and the river below came into view. On its further bank stood Julfu, and he waved his arms and shouted a welcome. And on the top of the cliff was Ayah, with Arnold in her arms, and the other servants of the camp clustered in the background.

'We called the news that thou wast at the temple across the river,' the gold-seeker explained, 'and thus did thy people know of thy coming.'

Julfu was already splashing through the ford, followed by one of the saises. When he reached the children he lifted Mary in his arms, and the sais took John on his back, that thus they might be carried, dryshod, across the river.

'How did you escape from the elephant?' Mary asked. She was so delighted to see Julfu safe again that she patted him on the shoulder with her hands, and smiled into his face. 'We were so afraid that you would be killed.'

Julfu laughed, a little amused that any one should suppose he was not a match for a wild elephant. But it pleased him that Mary should show concern.

'And so thou didst fear for Julfu, little one,' he said, 'while his fear was all for thee! Truly there was no need of thy fear. I ran slowly until I knew that thou and thy brother were safe, and afterwards I ran quickly and left the elephant far behind. Then I returned by another road; but in all the forest no children could I find, and at that my heart was very heavy within me.'

'Poor Julfu!' said Mary. 'Did you think that we were lost? And all the time we were safe in the hut of the old priest!'

'Very soon the news was called across the river,' said Julfu; 'then was I joyful again. What manner of man is this priest, and in what fashion did he treat thee?'

'He was very kind,' said Mary, 'and he gave us oranges and milk; and he told the gold-seekers to bring us safely across the river.'

'It was well done. I will go to the temple tomorrow and make an offering, that gratitude may be duly shown. At what price shall we value the life of the Miss Baba, and the life of her brother?'

The bank was reached by this time, and Julfu set Mary on her feet, and smiled at her as he did so. But, before she could answer, old Ayah's arms were round her, and Arnold was kissing her with large, wet kisses. Mary returned the kisses with interest, for she was fond of Arnold, who liked her a good deal better than he liked John.

John stood watching now in his favourite attitude, with his hands in his pockets. It seemed to him that a very big fuss was being made over a very small thing, and when, presently, they reached the bungalow, and Miss Gomez began to weep as though they were dead instead of just safely returned, John hunched his shoulders and ran away out of reach of the sobs and exclamations. Mary joined him in a little while, when Miss Gomez was too tired to cry and talk any more.

'Mary,' John asked, 'did you say anything to Gummy or Julfu about the white man?'

'Of course not!' said Mary, a little indignantly; 'you know he asked us not to.'

'I wonder why he did that?' said John. 'And why he imagines that he's the only white person in the world? And why he plays at being a white image in the temple?'

'And why he is so very much afraid of the old priest?' Mary went on; and John frowned a little as he answered her.

'I don't think it's very nice, Mary. I mean, I don't think it's nice that he should be afraid of that priest—a white person, an English person, you know.'

John could not find the exact words he needed in which to express his feelings. Only he knew that in some strange way he was ashamed and a little sore that an Englishman should be afraid of anything; and that it seemed to him there was some wrong here which he, John, must help to set right. And Mary understood what he meant, though she was not so much ashamed of the fear as sorry for the person who must suffer from it.

'He can't be altogther a coward,' said John, after a little while, 'if he goes hunting in the jungle. Perhaps, if we get to know him better, he will take us hunting with him.'

'I don't think I want to go hunting,' said Mary. 'I'm quite certain I don't want to be chased by the elephant ever again.'

'But perhaps the elephant is one of the white man's friends,' John answered. And he drew in his breath all at once with a quick gasp of excitement. 'Oh, Mary, if he would make the elephant show us the way to the secret valley! I'm sure that bullet of mine was too small to hurt enough.'

And now Mary looked at John, and John looked at Mary, and both began to talk at once. They must see the white man again. They must tell him about the secret valley. They must persuade him to share in the quest. But how was all this to be accomplished?

It was Mary who first had a plan ready. 'Julfu told me that to-morrow he would make an offering in the temple,' she said, 'because the priest helped us. When he goes, we will go with him; and, while he is talking to the priest, we will find the white man again.'

'But how shall we find him?'

'I'm not quite sure about that part, but there will be plenty of time. Julfu will be hours and hours talking to the old priest. You know how he loves talking.'

And as she said this, Mary caught sight of Julfu coming from the direction of the bungalow, and she ran towards him, with John following.

'When you go to the temple to-morrow, may we walk there with you, Julfu?' she asked.

'If the little rifle does not also come,' Julfu answered, smiling. 'I do not desire to be chased again by those whom John Sahib has made angry without cause.'

'I will not take the rifle,' John promised. 'Shall we start very early—before breakfast?'

'In the evening we will go,' said Julfu; 'when the day's work is finished.'

(Continued on page 151.)

THE SILENT BELL.

'HULLO, Eric! why weren't you at school this morning?' asked Charlie Royce. 'We've been having exciting times.'

'Toothache!' replied Eric. 'Went and had the brute out. What's up?'

'Two things. The Head is very angry about the continual late coming. In future, any boy not in his place when the bell finishes ringing will be kept in the next holiday. No excuse will be taken.'

'Whew!' whistled Eric. 'What a shame! What was the other thing?'

'The Eleven against St. Barnard's is chosen, and Bond isn't in it! He's awfully angry, and called Denison all manner of things.'

'Did Denison go for him?'

'Not he! He looked him up and down as if he wouldn't care to touch him with a pair of tongs, and went away without a word. Denison wouldn't soil his hands thrashing a worm like Bond.'

'Serves him right! He has been slacking frightfully this term.'

'He says he means to pay Denison out. I feel rather bothered. Denison's so straight, he won't be on the look-out for sneakish tricks like Bond's.'

Ronald Denison, the captain of the Eleven, was admired by all the juniors; but none adored him more than Charlie Royce and Eric Carlile, who were always proud to do anything for him. The two kept a sharp look-out on Bond, but, as the days went by and nothing happened, they concluded his threats were all bluster. They were hovering about the pavilion the evening before the match when Denison and a chum sauntered up.

'What about a dip before school to-morrow?' the Captain was saying.

'Sorry, old man, I can't!' replied the other. 'Mind you're not late. The Head has been in an awful wax lately. You'll be kept in instead of playing cricket, to-morrow, if you are; and then it will be all U-P with us.'

'I say, Eric,' said Charlie, as they went away, 'let's go to the pond in the morning and watch him. It's a treat to see him dive.'

The result was that when the Captain came out of the dressing-hut the next day, he found the two small boys awaiting him. 'Hallo, youngsters!' he said, gaily. 'What do you want?'

'We want to see you dive,' said Charlie.

'Right O! You must come in some morning, and I'll give you a lesson.'

The boys looked joyfully at each other. A lesson from Denison was worth three from the swimming-master—he explained everything so carefully.

They watched with interest till he came out of the water, saying, 'About time I dressed, if I don't want to be late.' Next moment they heard an exclamation: 'Who has touched my things?'

They hurried into the hut, and looked at the clothes. Sleeves were knotted together, pockets turned inside out and tied up with string, as were also the trousers; the boots laced and knotted; and the tie fastened into a tight ball. And Denison had ten minutes in which to dress, if he were to be in time!

The three gazed in consternation, then each grabbed a garment, and set to work desperately. They worked in silence, till Denison spoke: 'Off you go, you two! There's no reason why you should be late!'

'Oh, Denison, let's stay! A few minutes more will do it!' urged Charlie.

'Off you go! I won't have you kept in for me. Trot!'

When the Captain spoke in that tone he was obeyed promptly.

'What a shame!' gasped Eric, with a break in his voice, as they ran.

'He shan't miss the match!' burst out Charlie. 'He shan't. It's all that beast, I'm positive! Eric, keep your eye on Bond till I come!'

Leaving his friend at the school gate, he turned a corner and made for an ivy-covered wall. Up this he went like a cat, and squeezing through a little slit, which did duty for a window, found himself in a small, dimly-lit chamber. Over his head, just within reach, hung the old school bell. The next moment his coat and waistcoat were off, and he was winding them round and round the tongue of the bell, tying them securely with string. This done, he went to the window, from which he could see the school gate and the porter's lodge, the door of which opened and old Jonas crossed the playground. He entered the room below, and by the twitching of the rope, Charlie knew he had grasped it, and was waiting for the school clock to boom out the first stroke of nine.

The clock struck! Instantly the bell swung. But instead of the clear note which made late-comers fly, there was a dull, muffled sound. Again the old bell swung, and still again, then gradually ceased. Old Jonas hurried out and made for the school.

Charlie stood gazing at the gate. If only Denison could get in before Jonas returned with the key of the door leading to the chamber! His heart was

"The next moment his coat and waistcoat were off."

beating heavily with anxiety, when suddenly, he caught sight of a figure with a long swinging stride turning into the grounds.

'Hurrah! hurrah!' he gasped. A few moments sufficed to undo the wrappings, and he slipped into his coat and waistcoat just as Jonas, in company with the Head, arrived. They vanished into the room below, and Charlie could hear the key being fitted

into the rusty lock. In a second he was through the slit, and going rapidly down the ivy. Two minutes later, dirty and dishevelled, he was sitting in his place by his chum.

Eric grasped his arm, frantically. 'Where have you been, old man?'

Charlie told him in a rapid undertone.

Eric's eyes were like saucers. 'You saved him, old man!' he gasped. 'Oh, how I wish it had been me! Bond looked absolutely green when Denison came in!'

The Head returned. 'Something unaccountably went wrong with the bell,' he announced. 'Apparently it is all right again. Go to your class-rooms.'

BRITANNIA'S BULWARKS.

I.—BELOW DECKS.

(Continued from page 126.)

THE steam raised in each boiler goes into the main steam-pipes which traverse all the stokeholes, and pass through the water-tight bulkheads separating groups of boilers. Let us follow these pipes.

They lead us into a large room where all is noise and motion. Gigantic piston rods are moving up and down, great cranks (fig. 1) revolving sixty times or more a minute; and as we look round we catch sight of innumerable other rods and shafts all swing-

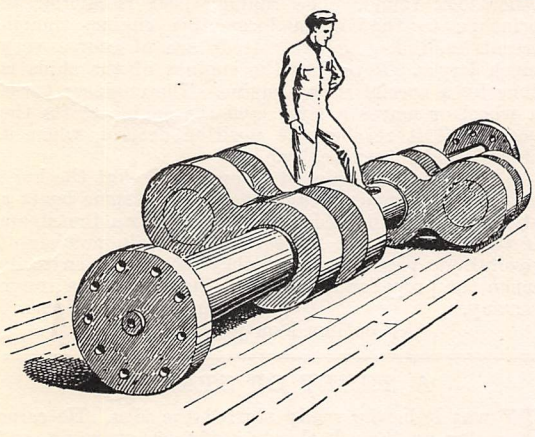


Fig. 1.—Half of the crank-shaft of a large liner, showing two of the four cranks (the 8-shaped pieces).

ing and rotating with a regular rhythm. We have entered the engine-room where two huge reciprocating or piston engines are at work. Our eyes are soon riveted on the crank-shaft, thirty to thirty-six inches in diameter, straddled by several sets of massive columns, each supporting a cylinder. The cylinders are all of the same length, as the cranks below them have the same 'stroke,' but their diameters are far from being equal, as the steam is here being expanded in four stages. First, it enters two comparatively small cylinders,* with pistons sixteen

* The following description does not apply in detail exactly to all large marine engines, the distribution of the cylinders varying on different ships; but for simplicity's sake a definite example has been selected. The principle is the same.

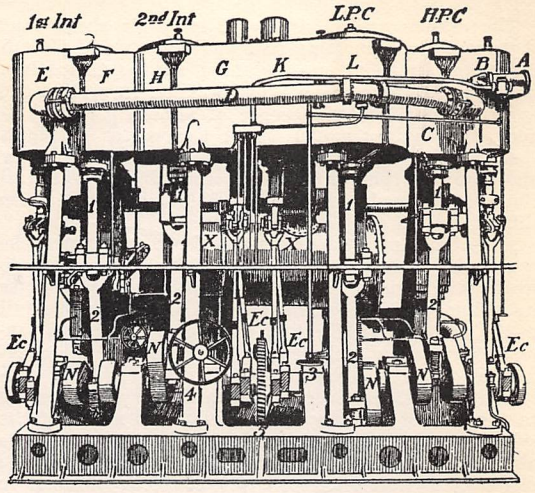


Fig. 2.—Quadruple-expansion marine steam-engine. Steam enters at A through a valve, B, into the first (high-pressure) cylinder, C; thence it goes into successive cylinders F, H, L, by pipe D, through valves at E, G, K (the connecting pipes of which are not shown because they are on the other side of the engine). Cylinder L is low-pressure, F and H intermediate pressure. From L the steam goes to X X, the condenser. Ec is the contrivance which works the valves; 1, 1, the piston-rods of the cylinders; 2, 2, the rods connecting the piston-rods with the cranks (N N). 3 is the starting handle; 4, the reversing wheel.

inches in diameter, and each mounted on the top of a much larger cylinder, the piston rod of which it shares. The steam, after expanding partly in these, is passed on to the First Intermediate cylinder, over six feet in bore; from that to a hundred and four-inch Second Intermediate; and from that again to

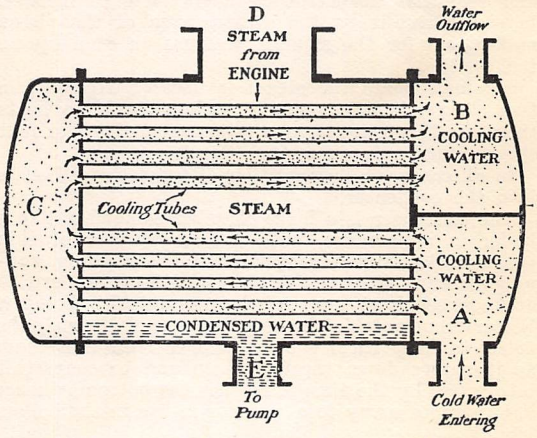


Fig. 3.—Section of marine condenser which changes steam back to water. Cold water enters A, runs through pipes (in the steam) to C, and out through B. The steam, turned to water by contact with the pipes, goes out at E.

two one-hundred and six-inch Low Pressure cylinders. These last two are used instead of a single cylinder with a much larger piston, which would be of unwieldy size. Even a piston eight feet ten inches across is a fairly formidable object.

The cranks are so arranged on their shaft that they, and the connecting rods and pistons and piston-rods turning them, are balanced among themselves throughout a revolution. The weights in motion are so great that, in the absence of almost perfect balance, the engines would knock themselves to pieces the first time their propellers came out of the water and allowed them to race in the air; and at all times they would cause a horrible vibration in the ship.

The object of a steam engine is to transform the heat energy of the steam into work. In order to do work, steam must expand, and in doing so increase its volume, and become cooler. The greater the fall in the pressure and heat of the steam during its passage through a well-designed engine the more effectively has it done its work. All the fuel consumed is not, however, represented by work, owing to the loss of heat by contact with the metal of the cylinder and pipes, which conducts heat away to the air; and also through useless expansion in spaces inside and outside the cylinder. The locomotive wastes a great deal of its heat energy, as it discharges its steam at a pressure considerably above that of the atmosphere, while still very hot. This cannot be avoided; or rather, to avoid it would not be worth the trouble and expense incurred. But on shipboard, where there is room for a more efficient engine, such waste is not tolerable.

Now, it is impossible to expand steam anything like fully in a single cylinder for the following reason: that the heat of the cylinder would fall so much during the piston's stroke as to chill the next charge of steam. The difficulty is partly surmounted by dividing the single cylinder into several parts, as it were, the temperature of each of which varies a little, so that the steam is but slightly chilled at each stage. We have already noticed that the pressure of the steam falls as the volume increases; and for this reason the cylinders have to increase in size successively, the greater area of the piston making up for the smaller pressure on each square inch of it.

In small boats the steam is usually expanded in two stages, in a compound engine: in large boats there are three stages, or a triple expansion; or four stages, quadruple expansion (fig. 2).

In all cases the last cylinder of the series exhausts into the condenser.

The condenser is a large chamber somewhat like a boiler in appearance, with a huge number of thin tubes, divided into an upper and lower group, running through it from end to end. The two groups are connected at one end by an outside chamber. Water from outside the ship is pumped through the tubes to keep them cool enough to chill the steam as it passes down through them and to convert it into water by the time it reaches the bottom, whence it is pumped away to a well for re-use in the boilers (fig. 3).

In a good condenser a very high vacuum of not more than one and a half to two pounds absolute pressure, or twelve and a half to thirteen pounds per square inch less than that of the atmosphere, is obtained. Steam which has been profitably expanded to this stage has far less heat than it would have if discharged into the open air; in fact, it has done about double as much work.

The condenser also serves another very useful purpose on ocean-going steamers as an economiser of water. Sea-water, if used in the boilers, would coat them inside with salt and other deposited matter, which would check the transmission of heat and cause the metal to burn away. The boilers of a very large liner convert six thousand to nine thousand tons of water into steam every day, and to replace this with water specially distilled from salt water would mean a ruinous expenditure of fuel. Thanks to the condensing principle it is necessary only to distil enough water to make good the comparatively small loss from blowing-off at safety-valves and leakage at joints.

To maintain a good vacuum in a condenser an air-pump is kept continually at work to suck out any air that may find its way in. If this air were allowed to accumulate, the pressure inside would eventually become that of the outside atmosphere and an enormous loss of power would result.

Some two hundred and fifty thousand tons of sea-water have to be pumped through every twenty-four hours to keep the two acres of condenser-tube surface in the Lusitania's condensers at a proper temperature. This means a great expenditure of power; but the loss is largely made up for by the water from the condenser being warm and requiring much less heating in the boilers than would cold fresh water.

Before leaving the engine-room we will have another look round. The running gear is similar in principle to that on a locomotive engine, though eccentrics, links, and valve-rods are of course very much larger. Reversing the engines of the ships is done by a special steam engine. The engineer turns a wheel or moves a lever, and the engine shifts the gear until it reaches the position desired, when it stops itself automatically.

Steam is also employed to open and shut the huge valves on the main steam-pipes, and in some boats a steam governor is added to throttle down the steam if the engines make more than a certain number of revolutions per minute—as they would otherwise do when the propeller rises out of the water in a rough seaway.

Archibald Williams.

(Continued on page 155.)

A SHEET OF STAMPS.

IT was Rob who really started the idea. He came racing up the schoolroom stairs one morning, and burst open the door in a state of wild excitement.

'I've thought of a perfectly ripping plan for this afternoon!' he said. 'Tommy Cragge told me about it. He and his sister used to do it at Lowestoft!'

'What?' we all asked in a breath, leaning forward eagerly, as he looked from one to the other with shining, excited eyes.

'Buy sixpennyworth of stamps, and stick them on to the Esplanade, then hide, and watch people trying to pick them up!'

We looked at each other rather breathlessly for a minute, and it was Rosie who first recovered her presence of mind.

'We can't this afternoon,' she said. 'Miss Fenning's forbidden us to go on to the beach.'

So she had. I had forgotten it in the excitement of the moment, but it was all too true. It had happened in lessons that morning. Miss Fenning asked Roy what C-I-P-H-E-R spelt, and when he said 'kipper,' she thought he was trying to be funny and

make us laugh, and of course Roy flared up when she got angry, and we all took his part. When she told us what the punishment was, we wished we had said nothing. It's bad enough being stopped going to the beach when we really deserve to be punished, but this time it seemed simply more than we could endure.

There was a pause after Rosie spoke, but it was only for a moment.

'I don't care!' Roy said suddenly. 'We don't deserve the punishment, and I don't see why we should have it. Besides, the Esplanade isn't the beach.'

'How could we get the stamps?' asked Dorian, doubtfully. 'It wouldn't be safe to go to the post-office, because Miss Fenning's going into the town.'

Roy looked rather stumped, and puckered up his forehead as he tried to think of a way out of the difficulty.

'I know,' he said at last. 'We will borrow them from Father's writing-table. He always keeps lots in the top drawer, and we can buy some after tea, and return them long before he gets home to-night. He will never know.'

Roy is always our leader in everything, and it wasn't very long before we had all agreed to the plan, and were wild with excitement at the prospect of the afternoon. I slipped downstairs to the study just before lunch, and hunted everywhere in Father's table for the stamps. They had all disappeared from the drawer, and I was beginning to give up the search as hopeless, when I suddenly noticed a little silver box beside the big blotting-pad. Unfastening the lid I saw a row of gummy-backs—then in a flash I shoved the box into the pocket of my pinafore. The door had suddenly opened, and Miss Fenning came in with some glasses of flowers on a tray.

A minute later I was hurrying guiltily back to the schoolroom, holding the pinafore-pocket tightly in my hand, as I ran upstairs two steps at a time, to tell the others about the adventure.

Mercifully, Miss Fenning arranged to go out early after lunch. From the schoolroom window we all watched her start, craning our necks till the very last bit of the green feather in her hat disappeared from view. Then we dashed away to put on our outdoor things, and were soon racing joyfully along the road towards the beach. A low stone wall skirted the Esplanade on one side, and we had decided to hide behind this to watch the fun when the stamp-trap was laid. As soon as we reached it, I pulled out the silver box, and licking the backs of the stamps, carried the sticky sheet to the middle of the Esplanade, where Roy was waiting. We knelt on the ground, and began to press the stamps on to the asphalt, until Roy suddenly pushed away my hands, and looked down with horror at what we had done.

'Marian, you idiot!' he said. 'What have you done? They're foreign ones!'

For a moment I looked blankly at the row of grey stamps under our hands, as I tried to understand what had happened.

We had arranged to use the sheet of green halfpenny ones from the silver box, and it was that sheet that I thought I had licked and stuck to the pavement. Slowly I began to realise the awful mistake I had made. The halfpenny stamps must have been blown out of the box when I left it open on the wall, and these that I had licked were the foreign ones that we had stowed away beneath them!

'Pull them off! They can't have stuck yet,' Dorian said, as he dropped on to his knees beside us.

But Roy put out his hand to stop him. 'It's no good now. We will wash them off at the end,' he said. 'We may as well get as much fun out of them as we can.'

As a matter of fact, we didn't get any. I felt perfectly miserable as we crouched behind the wall, wondering how we should ever be able to gum the stamps, and put them back in the box, so that Father wouldn't find out that they'd been touched.

Two old ladies came along, and poked at the grey patch with the points of their parasols, then walked away disgustedly; and several people tried to pick up the stamps, but they only smiled when they saw it was a trap. Then a barefooted, ragged little boy came along, and as he stopped dead just in front of us, we saw his face light up with smiles. In an instant he was on his knees, but as his back was turned on us, we didn't for a moment see what he was doing.

Dorian was the first to give the alarm. 'He's scraping them off!' he said, jumping to his feet and scrambling over the wall. 'Hi! Stop!'

The boy looked round in terror, but before any of us could catch him, he had started tearing down the Esplanade with the stamps in his hand, and in another minute Roy and Dorian were following in hot pursuit.

Rosie and I sat on the wall for what seemed simply hours, feeling more wretched and anxious than we had ever been in our lives before. We neither of us said a word, but presently I felt her hand gripping my knee, and, looking up quickly, I saw Miss Fenning's tall, gaunt figure striding along the Esplanade towards us, her steely eyes fixed on our terror-struck faces.

Being the eldest, of course I had to try and explain, and I had hardly finished before the boys came racing back, looking frightfully hot and worried.

'He has got away!' Roy whispered to me; and then we all looked suddenly towards Miss Fenning, who was actually kneeling on the Esplanade, examining the one remaining stamp through her gold-rimmed eyeglasses. 'How many were there here?' she asked, looking up suddenly.

'Twelve,' replied Dorian.

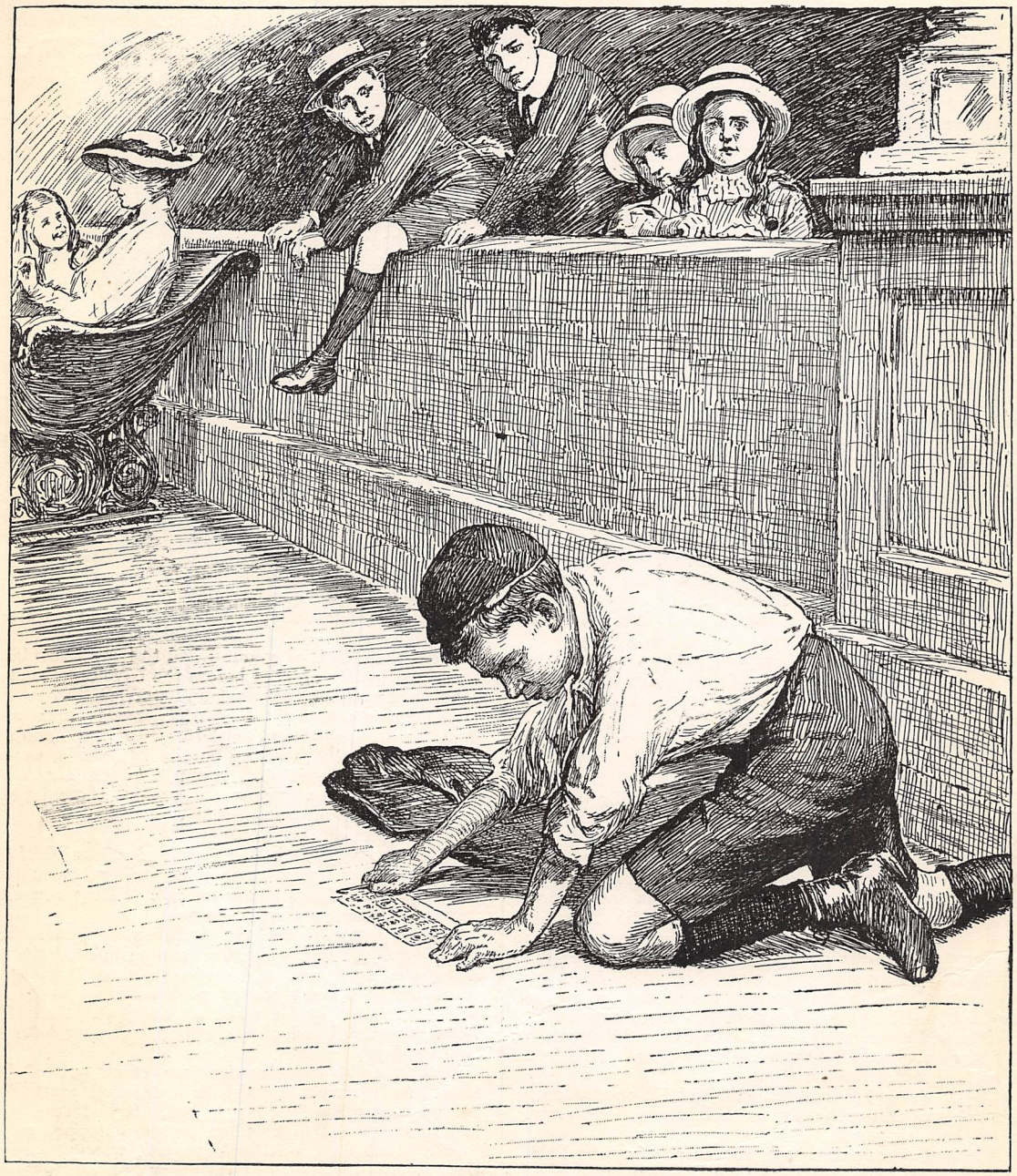
Miss Fenning rose to her feet, and a horrible feeling of suspense made us look at each other in terrified silence. Then the blow fell. 'They are six-penny Insurance stamps,' she said.

I shall never forget the awful walk home that afternoon. We followed Miss Fenning in dead silence along the road, and my head swam as I tried to work out how many weeks' pocket-money would be wanted to pay up for what we had lost. And still worse was the dread of confessing to Father later in the evening.

It was eight o'clock when we crept out of his study, and hurried upstairs in a dejected procession to end that miserable day in bed. It had seemed a bad enough punishment when we were stopped going to the beach on one afternoon; but when we knew that for the rest of the term every half-holiday was to be spent in going for a dismal walk along the roads with Miss Fenning, we felt that it was almost more than we could face.

And the worst of it was that in our innermost hearts we all knew that we deserved it.

V. Vivian.



"'He's scraping them off!'"

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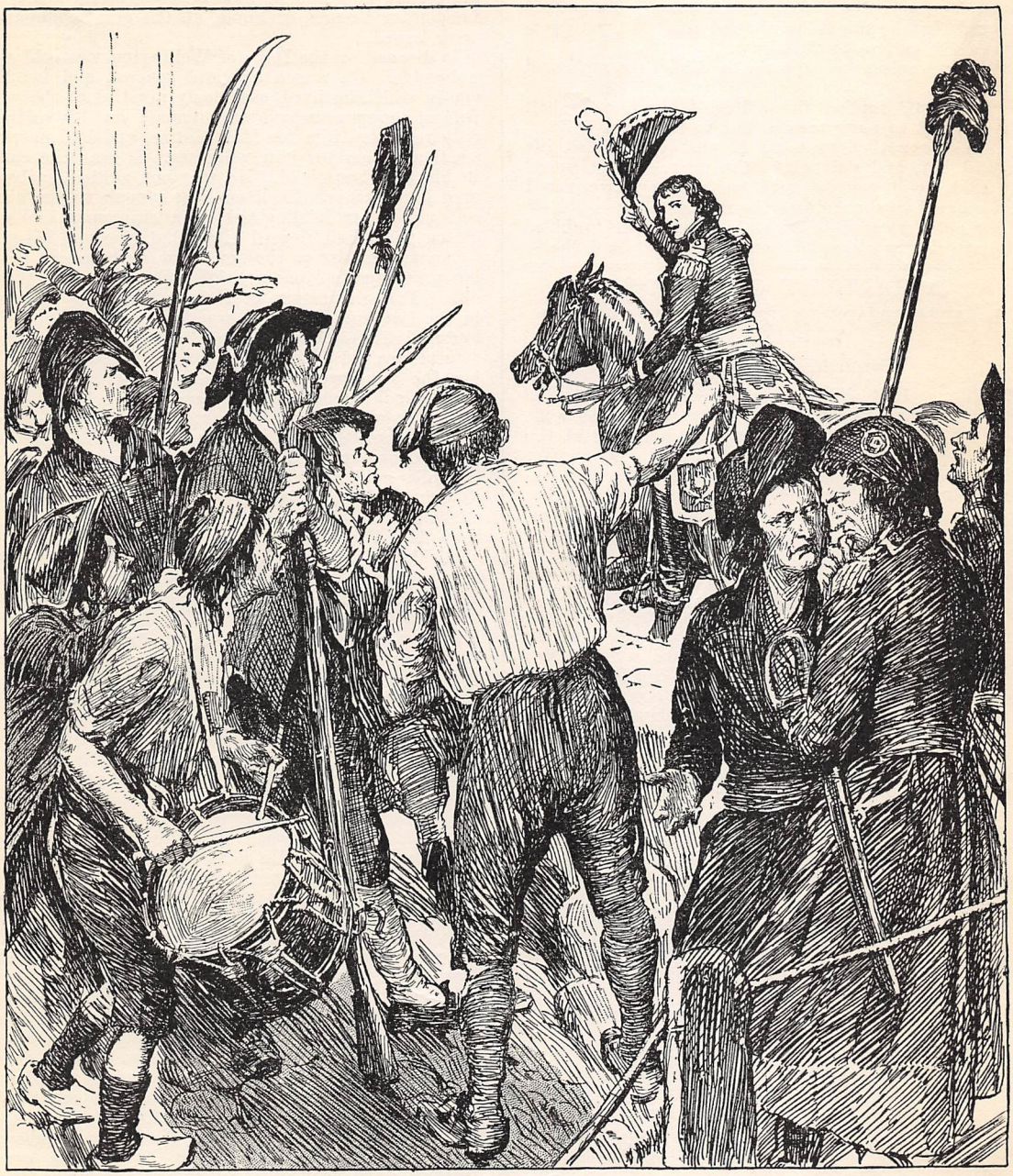


"'Gentlemen, will you be good enough to retire?'"

AN EFFECTIVE APPEAL.

SOON after the outbreak of the French Revolution, when some people were rioting in the streets of Paris, General Lafayette ordered a young officer to open fire upon them with two cannon. The officer begged that he might be allowed first to try to persuade the rioters to withdraw.

'It is useless to appeal to their reason,' said Lafayette.

'Quite so,' replied the officer, 'therefore I shall appeal, not to their reason, but to their vanity.'

The officer then rode up to the mob, doffed his cocked hat, and pointed to the guns. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'will you be good enough to retire, for I am ordered to shoot down the rabble?'

As nobody cared to be classed with the 'rabble,' the street was cleared at once. E. Dyke.

A GALLERY OF HEROES.

I.—ARTHUR WELLESLEY, FIRST DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

(Concluded from page 131.)

IN June, 1814, Wellington proceeded to Paris as British Ambassador. In February, 1815, he went on to Vienna as one of the British delegates at the Congress which was resettling Europe. Soon after his departure, Napoleon landed from Elba and became once again Emperor of the French. No other man than Wellington could be thought of to command the allied British, Dutch, and Belgian forces at this juncture for the invasion of France from the north, which was part of the European scheme for the reduction of the outlawed Emperor. Napoleon advanced to the attack with all that remained of the once brilliant French army. Wellington wisely awaited him on a chosen battleground a few miles west of Brussels. Napoleon spent his whole strength in vain in attacking Wellington's position. The arrival of the Prussian allies and of Marshal Blucher enabled Wellington to deal a blow at the French army which crushed it in a few hours' fighting. Napoleon fled to Paris and thence to the British ships lying off the west coast of France, and ended his days as an exile on the Island of St. Helena.

Wellington, then, as British Commissioner, virtually restored the Bourbon dynasty to power. Nelson had crushed the French Navy in the early days of Napoleon's empire; Wellington, by his six years' warfare in the Spanish peninsula and his brilliant generalship at Waterloo, defeated Napoleon and his generals on land, and brought the Napoleonic Empire to a close—an empire which, but for his intervention in the struggle, might have prevailed, at any rate for a time, and have brought under one rule all Western and Central Europe from Hamburg, Dresden, and Rome to Madrid and Lisbon.

He probably took a narrow view himself of his purpose in life. He was by no means a disliker of the French, but he was resolved that his own country should be the dominant power in India, and that the balance of power in Europe should be maintained by a nice adjustment of nationalities. Perhaps—though he would not have cared two straws had you told him so in his lifetime—he was serving the cause of humanity in general in attacking this over-great power of France. Great as the French genius has been in its work for humanity, and its additions to the stock of great ideas on which our civilisation is built up, it might not have been as well for the future of Europe that the whole western half of that continent should be under the rule of Paris, any more than it would be now if from Berlin alone, or London, or Vienna, or Rome, all the great commands were issued.

In disposition the Duke of Wellington was cold and unlovable. He was a splendid general, and for the age in which he lived, singularly mindful of the welfare of the men under his command; but his soldiers only respected him for his abilities, and had no personal affection for him whatever. It was the same in his own household. He was not a kind husband or a kind father. He lived long enough to see himself unpopular in England as a statesman. When eleven years had elapsed after Waterloo and his settlement of affairs on the Continent, he became a leading personage in home politics, and was several times either Prime Minister, or the most notable minister in the Governments of George IV. and William IV.; but in 1831, his dogged opposition to parliamentary reform enraged a London mob to the point of smashing the windows of Apsley House, with the Duke grimly looking out behind them.

Yet he was in reality a statesman somewhat of the type of Queen Elizabeth, who knew when to yield. He counselled George IV. to admit his Roman Catholic subjects to the full rights of citizenship, though he himself was bitterly opposed to the Roman Catholics. He supported Huskisson in the first steps towards a Free Trade policy, and Sir Robert Peel in abolishing the Corn Laws. He repeatedly advised the revolutionary Governments of Spain and Portugal, or the restored monarchies of those countries, to be tolerant and moderate in their actions. Yet onwards from the days of his early manhood (as a member of the Irish Parliament) he denounced or derided every movement tending towards the increase of personal, public, or national liberty. He was sufficiently a great statesman to be no party politician where his duty lay outside the domain of party politics. He realised the importance of France in Europe, and opposed any idea of her dismemberment after the defeats of 1814 and 1815; but he twice forced the French to adopt the unwelcome white flag of the Bourbons instead of the red, white and blue of constitutional liberty. He despised all ideas of Greek independence, and was furious when the Greeks revolted against the unspeakable tyranny of the Turks. He would have had Turkey remain strong and in no way dismembered, without caring in the least for the misery of millions under her sway. He would have obliged the Belgians to remain, against their will, under the rule of a Dutch King, though in reality the two people were very dissimilar from the point of view of religion, history, and mode of life.

Though repellently gruff in manner, he was often tenderly disposed towards little children, poor or helpless people; and though harsh and unsympathetic towards his own family, he performed, especially during the last twenty years of his life, unnumbered and very often unrecorded acts of kindness, especially to such as had been or were serving in that British Army which he had raised to such efficiency. To Wellington the British nation owes, as much as to Nelson and his captains, the position of power throughout the world which she has enjoyed for the last hundred years.

PLANTS THAT LOOK LIKE STONES.

TUCKED away in a corner of one of the greenhouses at Kew Gardens are some very interesting little plants from the South of Africa. The scientific name, Mesembryanthemum Bolusii, is the only name they have. The little plants are for the most part about two inches high, though some are considerably less. They consist chiefly of two oblong lobes, with the edges rounded off quite smoothly. These lobes are really leaves, and as they are quite half-an-inch thick, a great deal of moisture is stored up within. If it were not for this fact, the plants could not possibly live during the dry season of the year in the parched sandy plains where they are found. But by storing up the little water they get in this way, they can go for very long periods without rain.

The most remarkable point in connection with these little plants, however, is the fact that they look almost exactly like the dull greenish stones among which they grow. The colour is green, with spots of a darker shade, and together with the peculiar shape make it difficult to tell at first which is plant and which is stone. This also is of great use to the plants, which otherwise would soon be eaten by hungry and thirsty animals wandering in the desert.

H. G.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

5.—ANAGRAMS.—FISH.

1. Lap ice.
2. Also M N.
3. But rot.
4. Story E.
5. Lid hop N.
6. But hail.

ANAGRAMS.—FRUIT.

1. Bear glory.
2. Mortal, ween.
3. I! top car.
4. Ten race in.
5. Tarn maid.
6. Lace must.

(Answers on page 179.)

ANSWER TO BURIED EXPLORERS ON PAGE 106.

1. Speke.
2. Scott; Franklin.
3. Savage Landor; Baffin.
4. Shackleton; Cook.
5. Nares; Nansen.
6. Markham.
7. Livingstone.
8. Davis; Hall.
9. Hudson.
10. Park.

THE WINDOW.

I'M sitting by the window
To see what's going by—
The people on the pavements,
The birdies in the sky,
The waggons and the horses
(And what a lot there are),
With now and then a bicycle,
And now and then a car.

Here's Tom, the baker's errand-boy,
And Mr. Black, the sweep:
And Tom is walking slowly,
As if he were asleep;
But Mr. Black is hurrying
(For dawdling is disgrace)
With brooms upon his shoulder
And soot upon his face.

But hark! a bell is ringing,
A clanging wild and loud,
And Tom, the baker's errand-boy,
Is running with the crowd.
I hear the tramp of horses,
And 'Fire!' is all the cry;
And in another moment
The engine dashes by.

The clanging bell grows fainter;
It tinkles far and low,
And people by my window
No longer hurry so.
And presently the engine
Comes trotting back to say,
'It was a false alarm, good friends:
There is no fire to-day.'

It turns the nearest corner
And jingles out of sight;
But still the street has lots of things
To look at with delight—
The organ-grinder's monkey,
A farmer's load of hay,
A shepherd's dog and flock of sheep
From meadows far away.

And other sights unnumbered
Keep passing, passing by,
Too many, far, to mention,
However I might try.
Hullo! here comes the postman,
A welcome sight is he;
I'll run downstairs to ask him
What he has got for me.

John Lea.

THE ROMANCE OF OLD FURNITURE.

V.—THE USE OF WALNUT.

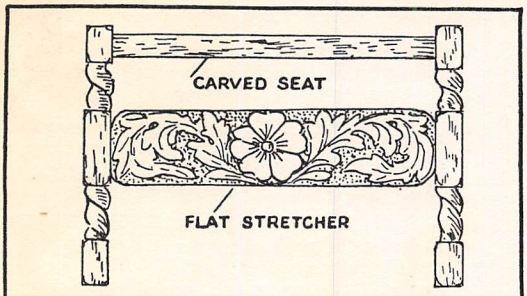
YOU will perhaps wonder why it was that English people had not used walnut-wood almost as much as oak from the first. Well, this is very easy of explanation. Oak, you know, has always grown in England in vast quantities, but walnut, although there were a few trees here and there from early times, was not discovered to be worthy of cultivation till the reign of Elizabeth (about 1560), when whole plantations were established for the purpose of its use in the making of furniture, and so on. Now, you know that you cannot grow a tree large enough to form useful timber in a few years, so it was nearly a hundred years later before English furniture of English walnut was made.

Walnut had been very popular as a wood for furniture for years in Spain, Italy, and France, where they had plenty of well-grown trees, and up to 1650 this wood was brought into England from abroad, and largely used as decoration to pieces of furniture, the main parts of which were of oak. And, of course, our connections with France, Spain, and Italy (political, matrimonial, and commercial) brought many pieces of furniture into England from these countries, thus introducing to us the fashions of these other lands.

We finished our consideration of oak with the period of Cromwell, when oak was still in general use, and walnut was becoming the fashion. Cromwell died in 1659, just about the date for the beginning of the general use of walnut in this country. (It is

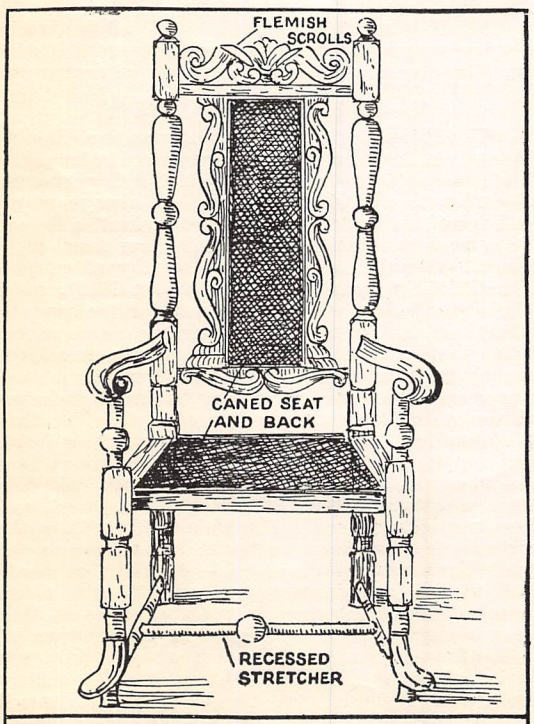
sometimes difficult to recognise the kind of wood of which a piece of furniture is made, because it was often painted, gilded, or lacquered, but this we must leave to experts to find out.) By the time Charles II. came to the throne, walnut was fairly established.

Next to describe some specimens: as usual, I will



1. FRONT OF WALNUT STOOL

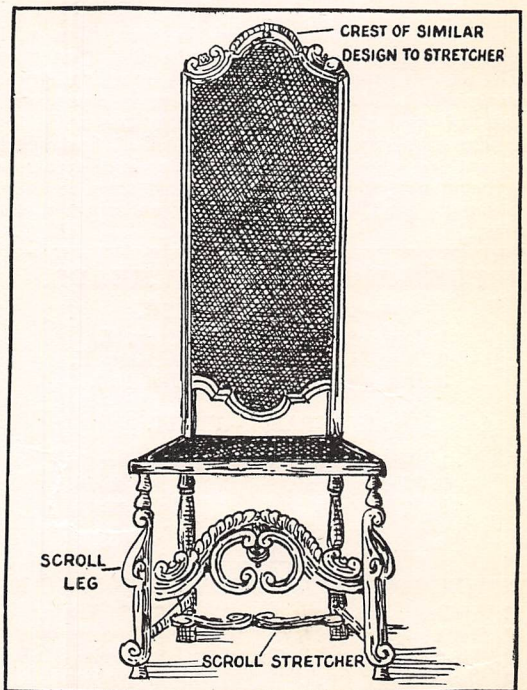
begin with stools and chairs. The stools were much like the chairs: that is, they had twisted legs and stretchers, or the stretchers were sometimes flat and broad, as shown in fig. 1. Stools were still the chief form of seat used at meals, and many were used instead of chests for seats. There were also low stools which were used as a step to help one into bed, for bedsteads were very high! The chairs no longer had



2. WALNUT & CANE ARMCHAIR LATE 17TH CENTURY.

solid backs, nor were they so heavy and strong as the oak ones, for windows were now glazed, so that there was not so much draught, and fashions of dress had altered, men no longer wearing their heavy armour in ordinary life. Many chairs had elaborately carved backs, the carving being on upright strips of wood known as splats. Later came the introduction of caning, and then backs had balusters on either side, with a caned panel edged with scrolls (known as Flemish scrolls), a much-used form of decoration. Fig. 2 shows a chair of this description from the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington: it also has a caned seat, a new form of foot and a recessed stretcher (of which I have spoken already—see page 77).

Most chairs, like this one, had arms up to and



3. HIGH-BACKED ARMLESS WALNUT & CANE CHAIR

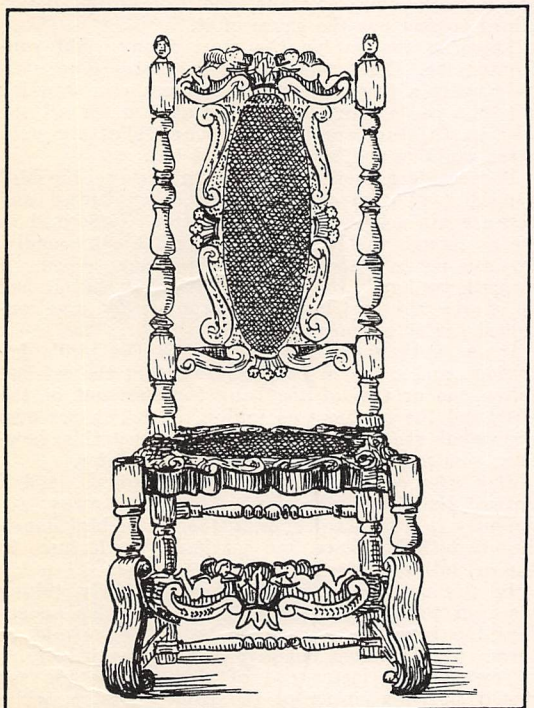
during Charles II.'s reign, but after that whole sets of chairs were made without arms and with very high backs. These were intended for use in dining-rooms at meals, and naturally they very largely banished the stools. The Puritan idea that it was unbecoming for an ordinary person to have the advantage of a back to his or her seat was disappearing, so an armless chair became popular. Fig. 3 is an example. I have read that these very high backs were to form a background to show off the elegant head-dresses of both men and women; you know that the men wore long, curled hair.

There is just one more interesting point about chairs of this period—on the cresting and stretcher there is often seen a crown supported by two cherubs (fig. 4). When first I noticed this, I thought that it must mean that this particular chair had belonged to some royal household, but I found I was quite wrong; it was quite an ordinary ornament found in any

household, and was put there to remind people of the joy of the country at the restoration of Charles II. to the throne.

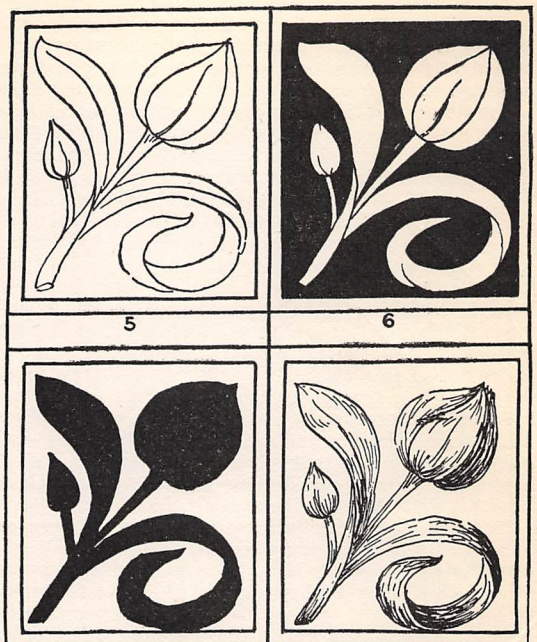
In 1685 the King of France, Louis XIV., took a step which caused wonderful advance in the beauty and extravagance of English furniture. He revoked the Edict of Nantes. This, as you know from your history, drove thousands of Huguenot families to this country for protection, and naturally they brought with them their trades, one of which happened to be new to us, namely, silk-weaving. They soon set up looms here (at Spitalfields in London, and elsewhere), and taught our people the art. The Government, realising the advantage of making silk here instead of sending to France for it, helped them with money, and soon it became an important industry. The industry was quickly patronised by the rich, who purchased rich silk for hangings for bedsteads, and also the upholstered chairs to match, and had loose chair-cushions, which were called 'squabs.'

Before I go further, I want to give you some idea of how marqueterie was done. In case you are not quite clear what is meant by marqueterie, I will explain: it is the application of a flat pattern to a



4. RESTORATION WALNUT CHAIR.

piece of furniture in inlay of different-coloured woods. In the oak age they used to hack out the shapes from the solid furniture and let in pieces of other colours and materials; but later they veneered the whole thing—that is, put on a thin layer all over, forming pattern and background. At first they only tried this on flat surfaces like tables, or tops and fronts of chests of drawers, and of course these fiddle-backs were more or less flat. Now we will



5-8 FOUR STAGES OF MARQUETERIE WORK.

imagine that fig. 5 is a little panel to be executed in marqueterie, say holly (white), and the background in a dark wood, say ebony (black). The workman would first take a very careful tracing from the drawing (or a pouncing, which is another method; but I will not bother you with that—the principle is the same); then, having secured a piece of thin holly, he would stick the tracing on it and cut it out with a fret-saw. Then, sticking another tracing on a slice of ebony (of the same thickness as the holly), he would cut that out. Now you will realise he has two patterns cut out, one light and one dark, and he also has two backgrounds, one light and one dark. To execute his order, he of course puts the light pattern into the dark background, as in fig. 6; but he could also make a panel, as in fig. 7, with dark on light, and very often did, thus using up all his wood.

This is just a simple example, but many different woods were used, and ivory as well. When all were fitted into place (like a puzzle), a piece of paper was pasted over the whole. When dry the whole thing was turned over, and the backs of the pieces were scratched—or scored, as it was called—this was to assist in the sticking; it was then glued and placed in position on the piece of furniture to be decorated; then great pressure was applied till it was dry. After this the paper was removed and the surface polished. Sometimes some of the pieces were shaded (before being made up) by the application of hot sand, and stains were used (green from leaves, &c.), and markings, such as rose petals, were often engraved; some idea of my meaning is given in fig. 8. This all reads as though it is fairly easy, but the wonderful exactness which was necessary made it very difficult.

The style in design for marqueterie varies with the

period. The very earliest which was done in oak mostly represented geometric patterns, stars, &c., with a very free use of a sort of chess-board pattern in ivory and bog oak or ebony. This was quite its early stage, and one can easily realise that it was much easier to cut and inlay angular pieces than scrolls and flowers. However, later there came, most likely from Italy, designs composed of that classic ornament, the acanthus leaf, combined with birds. Then there came a very realistic representation of flowers—this idea came most likely from the Dutch, who produced the most wonderful designs of this kind—designs composed of tulips (a very favourite flower), jessamine, generally executed in ivory, and impossible varieties of roses, and other unknown flowers. These generally all radiated from a group of leaves. Later again, these flowers all grew from slender stems, several kinds on one stem sometimes, and roses from vases. Then, lastly, about William III.'s reign, the flowers and birds disappeared, and complicated scrolls took their place. Later, I shall have other varieties of designs to mention, but these take us well through the walnut fashion.

Of course much marqueterie is made now, even on cheap furniture, but you must look to antique specimens to see it at its best. The patient and loving care of these long-dead masters of their art is simply wonderful.

In my next article I shall tell you other interesting things about many other kinds of walnut furniture.

E. M. Barlow.

OBSERVE!

SOME girls just leaving school asked their teacher how they might make their new life interesting. 'Learn to see,' was the reply. 'You want to penetrate into things. There is nothing on earth which, when observed, is not of enormous interest.'

A besieged city was once saved from destruction through the careful observation of a baker. He was kneading bread in his cellar when he heard a slight sound repeated at regular intervals. It seemed to come from a distant corner of the cellar. The man ceased working in order to trace the sound, and found that it was caused by a few marbles jumping up and down on the head of a small drum which his child had left in the corner. Most people would have carelessly assumed that the marbles were set in motion by the rumbling of the street traffic, or the occasional reports of guns, and would then have thought nothing more of the matter. This man, however, was an observer. Observing the absolute regularity in the movement of the marbles, he put his ear to the ground. And now he could hear a far-away tapping, which instantly recalled an incident of his boyhood. He remembered how he had once heard from one end of a long log a companion scratching with a pin at the other end, and he understood that in this case the earth was just such a conductor of sound as that log had been. Then suddenly the meaning of the tapping flashed upon him. It was the sound of a pick. The enemy were undermining the city!

The baker made haste to inform the commander-in-chief of his discovery. Examination was quickly made; the observant man proved to be right. A counter-mine was prepared and exploded and the enemy were put to flight.

A CASE OF BRIBERY.

A True Story.

JUST recently a most extraordinary instance of the wonderful sagacity of birds was played out in our garden. The chief actors consisted of two birds and a cat. The birds were thrushes that had mated, and the mother bird was hatching her eggs in the nest. The cat was mine, and a great pet, though, much to my sorrow, he had once or twice brought the remains of little birds into the house, and I had tried hard in my own way to prevent him from doing this.

Each time I found Puss out in the garden watching the birds, I promptly took him indoors, and he wore such a guilty and downcast look on those occasions that I could tell he understood perfectly well that I did not wish him to go bird-hunting.

However, his turn came to be watched, and I had often warned him that he would get his deserts one fine day.

For several days we had heard a peculiar chirp going on in the garden, but had not attributed it to anything out of the ordinary. One day, however, the noise became incessant, and I went out determined to find out the cause of it.

There in the garden the most funny sight confronted me. Puss was sitting in a crouching attitude under a tree; the mother thrush was standing not two yards away, chattering at him for all she was worth, her mouth opening and shutting with great rapidity and her tail spread out.

Puss made a movement as if to spring; the bird hopped away two or three steps, then turned and began again—chatter, chatter, chatter. It seemed to me as though the bird were rating the cat soundly, for she never ceased its chirp for one second. I clapped my hands to make her fly away, but it had no effect: the bird ignored me completely, and continued her attentions to the cat.

I was very much impressed with the bird's behaviour, and came to the conclusion that the cat had taken one or two of the baby thrushes out of the nest, and the mother was telling the cat in her own way what she would like to do to him; this, however, was not the case, as I found out later.

Day after day the same thing went on, and I noticed that when the mother bird flew away, apparently to attend to her nest, the father bird immediately took her place, and continued the lectures to the cat in his particular way.

In the meanwhile, a change was slowly taking place in the cat's attitude. Instead of his 'going for' the birds, he seemed to be getting afraid of them; yet he would not give in and stay indoors.

Towards the latter end of this episode the cat would sit on a corner of the front doorstep, while the birds, in their turn, would perch on the lower step and chirp away.

On investigation, I found that the birds had a nest of young thrushes in a tree in my neighbour's garden. One of the birds was always to be found waiting for the cat to come out. His appearance was the signal for the chatter to begin; when the cat was indoors, they were quiet, but watchful.

Then began the bribery on the part of the birds. They would fill their beaks with worms; these they laid down about a yard or so in front of the cat, and uttered soft, persuasive sounds, as though inviting

the cat to partake. The cat took no notice, but simply crouched down and stared hard at the birds. Then they would pick the worms up and lay them out straight, as though saying, 'Come now, eat; I offer you the very nicest worms I can find, if only you will keep away from our young ones.'

I could only come to the conclusion that the birds had made up their minds to entertain the cat the whole livelong day, and to offer him the best things that a bird-mind could imagine. Only by thus keeping guard could they be sure of no harm coming to the tiny birds; they must have seen the cat, at some time or other, taking some other bird's young. So constant was their watch that Puss never left the garden for weeks; in fact, for days he got no further than the front doorstep.

The birds themselves showed the greatest courage; they had no fear for themselves—they let the cat plainly see that they were not afraid, and that they were determined that they would hold him at bay.

I was very glad to find that the cat never found the nest, and when the baby thrushes were able to leave the nest and fly for themselves, the parents gave up their self-imposed task of entertaining Puss and keeping him a prisoner in his own garden.

J. Skeaping.

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 139.)

CHAPTER XIV.

'WHAT are you doing, Mary?' John asked.

Mary was seated on the box of playthings which she and John shared in common. The larger part of its contents lay spread on the ground around her.

'I am looking for something to take to that white man,' said Mary. 'He will certainly expect a present, since every one brings him offerings.'

'But he is a man,' John objected. 'We have nothing that a man would like.'

'This man is different from other men, and as he has never seen any English toys, perhaps he will like ours.' From the heap, Mary drew a book with coloured pictures of London. 'I shall take him this,' she said; and John began to search in his turn.

'And I shall take him this,' he said presently, and he held up a tin figure of a man on a bicycle, which, when wound up, ran along the floor for some distance.

'And to whom will you take that toy?' Miss Gomez's voice asked suddenly. She had limped quietly into the room, and stood watching Mary and John.

'We are going to take it to the temple,' said Mary. 'Julfu goes to make an offering to-day, and he has promised to take us with him.'

'It is not nice for English children to go to temples,' said Miss Gomez, not because she really objected to the proposed visit, but rather because she wished to assert her authority. 'I do not think your dear mother would like you to go, Mary.'

But before Mary could answer, John interrupted quickly, 'It is nice to say "Thank you," Gummy. Mother and Father like us to thank people who are kind to us, and they were kind to us in the temple yesterday.'

'And who are "they?"'

'The old priest and another man who helps him.'

'Oh, well! To say "Thank you," that is good. But it is only to the temple you must go, and John must not take with him the little rifle.'

'I will not take it,' John promised, as, already, he had promised Julfu. And Miss Gomez was satisfied. It did not seem likely that any harm could come of this visit to the temple. There was nothing alarming in the thought of an old priest and his assistant. She could not guess that this assistant was different from any other assistant in any temple of India. And Mary and John kept the secret of the white man faithfully, since it seemed to them unfair to give it away.

It was not till late afternoon that Julfu was ready for the journey. The morning he spent bargaining with a man who wished to buy the sheep and the goats, and Julfu never allowed himself to be hurried over a bargain. And then came the cooking of his food and an hour's sleep. But at last he was ready, dressed, not in his uniform, but in white clothes, with a pink turban bound round his dark hair. Under one arm he carried a white cock, and by a string he led the smallest of the kids.

'The kid for John Sahib, and the cock for thee, Miss Baba,' he explained to Mary. But Mary was not pleased, for she knew well that the old priest would sacrifice both cock and kid in honour of the occasion.

'Let these go, and take something else,' she pleaded with Julfu.

'A life for a life,' said Julfu. 'Since thy life and the life of thy brother were snatched from the spirits of the forest, we will make due offering in return. Blood in the place of blood: such is our law.'

'I think the old priest would like money better,' said Mary, as she remembered what the woman of the gold-seekers had said. She ran back into the bungalow and found her own purse, and took from it the two rupees it contained. 'We will give this instead,' she explained to Julfu as she put the coins into his hand, and with some reluctance he loosed his intended victims; and Ayah, who watched and listened, shared his misgivings.

'Julfu speaks truth,' she said. 'Take the money, heart's dearest, but take the other offering also. These spirits of the forest are fierce and hungry. Their hunger must be satisfied.'

'Not on the cock and on the kid,' said Mary, firmly; and she ran down the path towards the river, and John ran after her, so that Julfu must, perforce, follow; and Ayah ceased to argue.

Each day the water in the river grew more shallow, and now there could be plainly seen a line of stepping-stones stretching from bank to bank. Along the sand the line stretched also, to indicate the beginning of the road on the further side. Across the stones skipped Mary and John, making their plans as they went. John, with the air of a master, gave Julfu directions.

'We will wait outside the temple while the offering is made, as long as you like,' John said, and Julfu was pleased with this arrangement. He had an offering to make on his own account as well as to ensure success in his hunting. He wished also to consult the old priest as to which would be a lucky day for the journey to the hills.

(Continued on page 154.)

"Under one arm Julfu carried a white cock."

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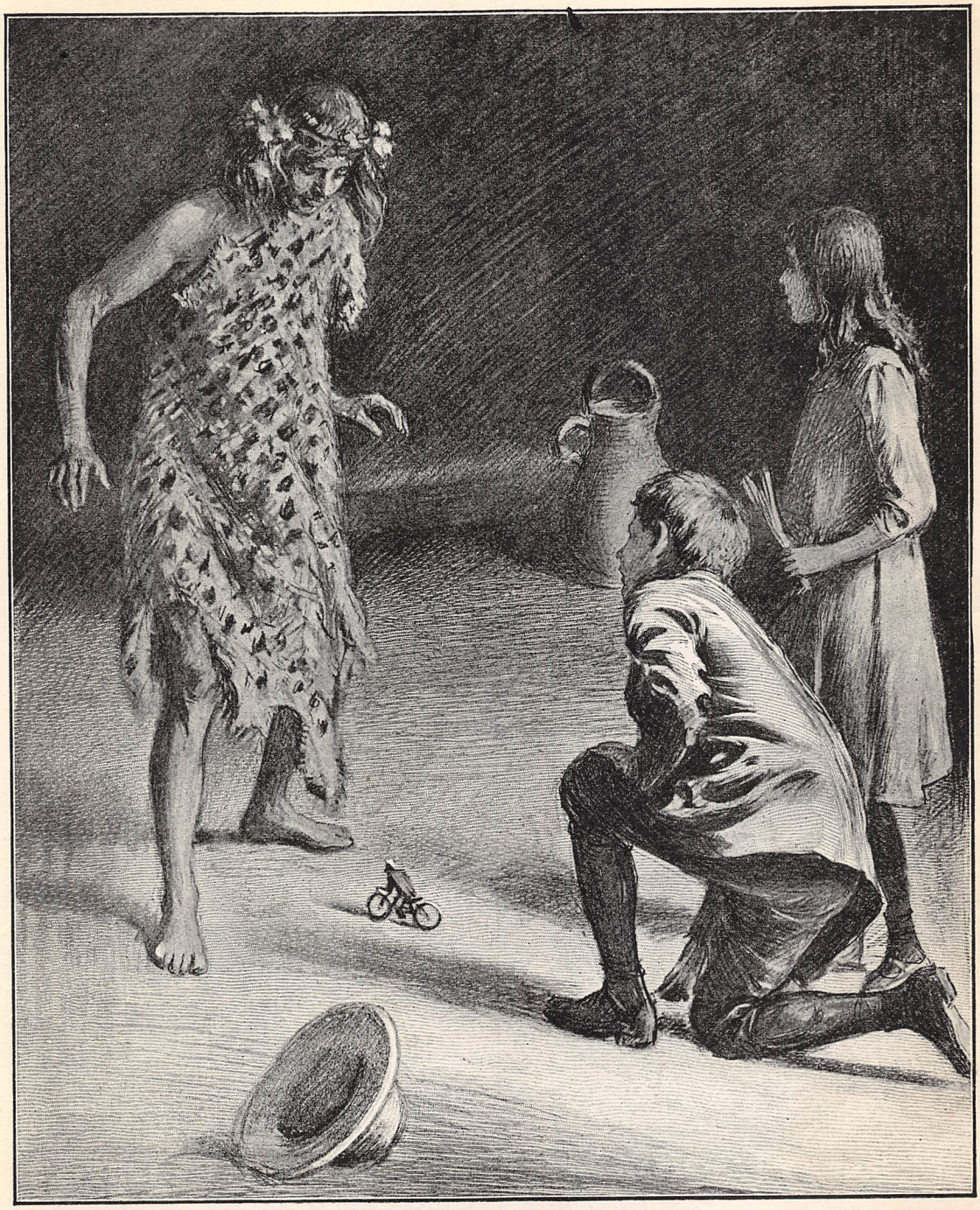


"He shrank back with a cry of fear."

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 151.)

UP the steep path climbed Julfu, Mary and John. The marks of Moti's feet could still be plainly seen on the softer earth, and Mary thought of Moti and kind Chotun with a sigh of regret. It was so much pleasanter to hunt in the forest, safe on the top of Moti's back. Besides, Moti also doubtless knew the way to the death valley of the elephants, and would have made a more agreeable guide than the fierce, solitary tusker. 'I am sure we could have made Moti understand what we wanted,' said Mary to herself.

She looked up at this moment and caught sight of the little temple flag waving in the breeze. Already the top of the path was near, and there, on the temple wall, sat the old priest, basking in the last of the evening sunshine. He smiled at the sight of the children and Julfu, and come forward a few steps to meet them.

'To make our offerings are we come,' said Julfu. 'To give thanks to the keeper of the temple for the good deed of yesterday.'

'No thanks are owing,' said the old priest, politely. 'To me was the honour that I was permitted to give aid.'

'Nevertheless, we would present somewhat to the temple,' said Julfu. He clinked the rupees in his pocket, and into the old man's eyes crept that strange look of greed. Mary, watching, saw it, and moved a little closer to John. But the greedy look vanished very quickly, and the priest made haste to entertain his guests. 'Let the gracious ones sit here,' he said, and pointed to a flat stone set in the top of the wall. Then, from the temple, he fetched a couple of little clay figures, gaily painted, the offering of some humble worshipper.

'Lo! he who gave them is far away,' said the priest. 'If they seem good in your eyes, take them as a gift. Shall I bring milk and fruit that ye may eat and drink?' And he was not content until he had set a big bunch of bananas and a bowl of milk before the children. Then he went within the temple with Julfu, and left Mary and John sitting on the wall.

'Shall we run to the hut now, Mary?' John whispered.

'In a little while,' said Mary. She guessed that very soon, Julfu and the old priest would be so busy talking that they would forget everything else. And, sure enough, from the temple presently came a low, steady murmur of voices.

'Now,' said Mary. She slipped from the wall as she spoke, with John at her heels. Round the corner of the hill they ran, towards the little hut. And there, in its entrance, sat the young white man, with the red flowers in his hair.

CHAPTER XV.

'You have come back again,' said the strange young man. He smiled, and it was clear that he was very pleased. 'Last night to myself I said, "I did but dream: never again shall I see them."'

'Indeed it was not a dream, we are quite real!' said Mary.

And John held out his arm. 'Pinch my arm,' he said. 'Pinch the part where the muscle is. It's nice and hard there, and you'll know it's all right.'

And the young man pinched John's arm, and seemed satisfied with the result.

'And now you will stay with me?' he asked.

'We can stay for a few minutes, and we have brought you some presents.'

Mary pulled out the picture-book from its hiding place in the deep crown of her sun hat as she spoke, and John took the tin toy from his pocket. He wound up the machinery, and set the little bicycle on the smooth floor of the hut, and round and round it went in circles. The young man watched it, not with pleasure, but almost with terror in his eyes. When John turned the wheel in his direction, he shrank back with a cry of fear.

'Take it away!' he said. 'Take it away! Surely an evil spirit has entered into it. How else should a thing without life run thus swiftly?'

'It runs because I wound it with a key,' John explained. And then the bicycle stopped with a whirr of wheels and fell over on its side, to the young man's evident relief.

'It is dead now, let it remain dead,' he said, and he took hold of the picture-book and began to turn over the pages. But, as he held these upside down, he was much puzzled by the strange shapes which met his eye.

Mary took the book from him, and turned it right way up, and began to explain the pictures. 'See, this is a house,' she said, 'an English house. And this is a horse and carriage.'

She talked as she might have talked to Arnold, for this strange young man seemed to understand pictures as little as did the baby. And soon his attention wandered.

'Tell me thy name,' he said to Mary; 'and the name of the boy, also.'

'My name is Mary, and my brother's is John,' Mary answered.

'Mary—John—I am called Tarm,' the young man said, with pride.

'Tarm,' Mary repeated, puzzled. The name reminded her vaguely of some other name. 'I think you must mean Tom?' she suggested.

'Tarm,' the young man said again, rather crossly. 'I do not like the way you say it with your mouth all round. It is ugly. And with whom do you live? Who gives you food and cares for you as the old priest cares for me?'

'We live with our mother and father,' said Mary.

'Once I, too, lived with other people,' Tarm said. 'But I do not well remember. When I was yet very young I came to this temple, and he, the priest, taught me to sit as though I were carved from the rock above the altar stone, that I might be a white image for his profit. If in all things I did not obey him, then I was locked alone in the temple all night, alone with the dark and those to whom the darkness belongs.'

And as he spoke, once again his eyes were haunted with the shadow of a great fear.

'Ohe, those nights in the temple,' he said. 'Those silent, terrible nights. With all the wild things of the forest watching through the cracks in the walls. And the moonlight nights when the shadows came and went and crept all about me, and touched me with their finger-tips, though no fingers had they.'

(Continued on page 167.)

A MOST SOLITARY ISLAND.

SOME have declared that Tristan d'Acunha, away off the Cape of Good Hope, is the most solitary island known; and some, that it is St. Paul's, or Amsterdam Island, in the Indian Ocean, or Trinidad, out in the South Atlantic. But, perhaps, the most solitary inhabited island is none of these, for it is very seldom a year passes without a vessel touching at them. But with the folk of Grimsey, a small island fifty-two miles due north of Iceland, often two years elapse before they see human faces again. Their longing to talk with fellow-men sometimes becomes so great and intense that some of the most daring of its three-score inhabitants contrive, at great risk, to sail to Iceland in their small open boats, which have to face the stormiest and most dangerous sea known.

Grimsey is surrounded by high, beetling cliffs of granite, ironstone, and gneiss, and the precipices that line the east side of the island are crowded with myriads of various kinds of sea-fowl. On every ledge the birds are seen packed thick and close together. Here, all is in contrast to other parts of silent Grimsey. Everything is in ceaseless movement, stir, and flutter, accompanied by an innumerable-voiced concert from screaming birds on the wing, from chatterers about domestic troubles among the nests on the ledges, and from brawlers at the parliament of the birds out at sea. During spring, summer, and autumn, the surface of the water is literally thatched with the multitudes of birds. If the peace be broken by a stone rolled over the edge of the precipice, or by a report of a gun, the air is suddenly darkened by the rising clouds of disturbed birds, which, seen from the top of the lofty cliff, might be taken for gigantic swarms of bees.

All the year round, except in late autumn and winter, the people of Grimsey are bird-catching and nesting, farming and fishing. But it is from the birds they get the greater part of their livelihood. Nine or ten stalwart men, with a long, strong rope, go to the brink of the precipice, and one of them volunteers to sink down over the edge of the cliff to the nests some three or four hundred feet below. The 'sigamadr'—'sink-man' or 'drop-man'—puts the rope round his waist, which is thickly padded with bags stuffed with hay or feathers, and arranges it in such a manner that he may hang, when dropped, in a sitting position. He is also dressed in a sack of coarse, very strong calico, open at the breast, and tied round his waist with a belt. Into the deep folds of this queer garment he slips the eggs as he gathers them, sometimes up to as many as two hundred eggs at a time.

In one hand the 'sink-man' holds a pole sixteen feet long, with a broad shallow cup tied to one end, and by means of it he scoops the eggs out of the nests that are beyond the reach of his hands. When his sack is full, he is hauled up at a given signal. But many a life is lost through the rope fraying against an outlying ledge of rock as the daring 'drop-man' is being let down, or dragged up into safety once more. Sometimes, too, he is almost blinded by the beating wings of the angry birds.

So far does Grimsey lie from the usual fishing-grounds of the trawlers, that it is but seldom the monotony of the inhabitants' lives is relieved by visits from them. The only communication which they can at all depend upon is the two-yearly visit of the storeship sent by the Government of Iceland.

Strangely enough, the domestic animals Grimsey folk possess are only goats and a few sheep. Formerly there were five cows on the island; but, during a recent very severe winter, hunger made the folk kill them. Of horses they have but two.

Unspeakably lonely is the life of these folk in winter-time, shut out from the world more securely than ever, and having nothing to view but snow and ice and icebergs. The only diversion afforded them by nature consists of the shifting colours of the flickering Aurora Borealis, in the twinkling of the stars overhead, and the fantastic shapes of the icebergs.

However, to pass away the weariness of the long winter nights, the islanders seek amusement as they sit around their peat and driftwood fires, that roar and splutter on the wide open hearths of the broad stone and clay chimneys constructed inside the boulder-built little houses, with their roofs of turf and straw weighted down by great flat stones. They are wonderfully clever chess-players, too, and hour after hour they recite the sagas which their Norse forefathers knew and recited one thousand years ago, before they had settled in Greenland, and coasted along the far-distant shores of North America.

BRITANNIA'S BULWARKS.

I.—BELOW DECKS.

(Continued from page 142.)

WE may now turn our attention to another form of marine engine, the steam turbine, which has to a great extent ousted the piston or reciprocating engine for high-speed marine propulsion. Its main advantages are that it works more smoothly and is less bulky, less heavy, and costs less in oil and fuel to run than a piston engine of the same power. It should be mentioned, however, that, to do itself justice, a turbine must be kept going at or near full speed, since at low speeds the piston engine is more efficient.

The economy of a turbine lies in the fact that it can expand steam usefully further than a piston engine without being made exceedingly bulky. Instead of four stages of expansion—which is the practical limit for cylinder engines—it may provide a dozen or more stages.

The Parsons turbine (fig. 1), which at present holds the field, consists of a large horizontal steel drum, mounted on a shaft, and revolving inside a cylindrical casing. The latter is 'stepped,' or has its width increased at intervals in steps towards the exhaust end. Between drum and casing is a space, to give room for rows of blades fixed to the drum (dotted blades in fig. 1) and casing (white blades) alternately. The length of the blades is very carefully adjusted, so that no actual contact may take place between fixed and moving parts, though the gap is made as small as possible to prevent leakage of steam past the ends of the blades.

In some cases the blade-tips are fined off to a sharp edge, which will wear away if it rubs without any serious injury being done to the blade.

The blades are all set at an angle to the length of the drum. The steam, entering at the high-pressure

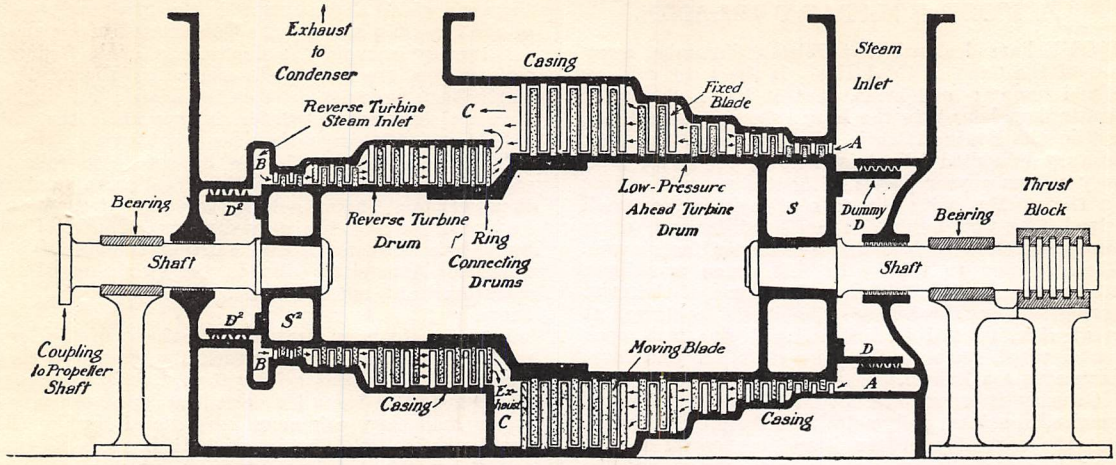


Fig. 1.—Section of a Parsons Turbine (consisting of low-pressure ahead turbine on right, and reversing turbine on left). Steam goes from A to B, and out at C, forcing its way between the blades and so turning the drum.

end of either turbine ('inlets' A and B), strikes the row of blades fixed in the casing, which turn it aside on to a row of moving blades attached to the drum. The expanding steam forces its way through these, pushing them sideways in doing so, and having its direction altered meanwhile so as to strike the next row of fixed blades squarely, and give a push to the moving blades, which thus get an impulse from the steam both when it strikes and when it leaves them.

The same action occurs over and over again in successive rows of blades. But meanwhile the steam is cooling and expanding rapidly, and, if the blading were exactly the same from one end of the turbine to the other, would gather speed rapidly. This would result in a great loss of power, as the speed of the blades at every point should be proportioned to the speed of the steam there. To prevent such a thing happening the blades are set further and further apart, and made longer and longer towards the exhaust end of the turbine, so that the larger amount of passage-way and room shall allow the steam to expand without increasing its speed too much, while the larger area of the blades makes up for the decrease of pressure on each square inch.

For convenience' sake the steam expansion is, in large turbine vessels, effected in two turbines, the

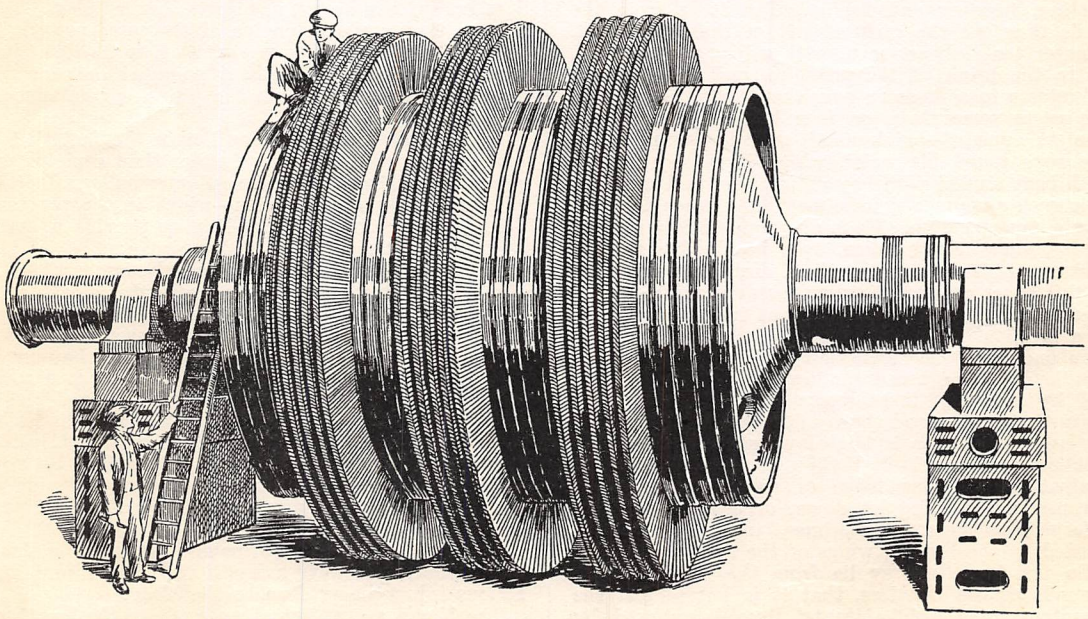


Fig. 2.—Outside view of the Drum of a Marine Turbine, showing some of the (moving) blades in position. The human figures are in the correct proportion.

high-pressure turbine passing the steam on to a low-pressure, which exhausts (at C, fig. 1) into the condenser. The turbines are generally set side by side, and each drives a separate propeller.

A turbine cannot be reversed like a reciprocating engine, as it is impossible to alter the direction of the blades. Therefore special reversing turbines are used, usually inside the casing of the low-pressure turbines, and attached to its shaft (meeting at the 'ring connecting' in fig. 1).

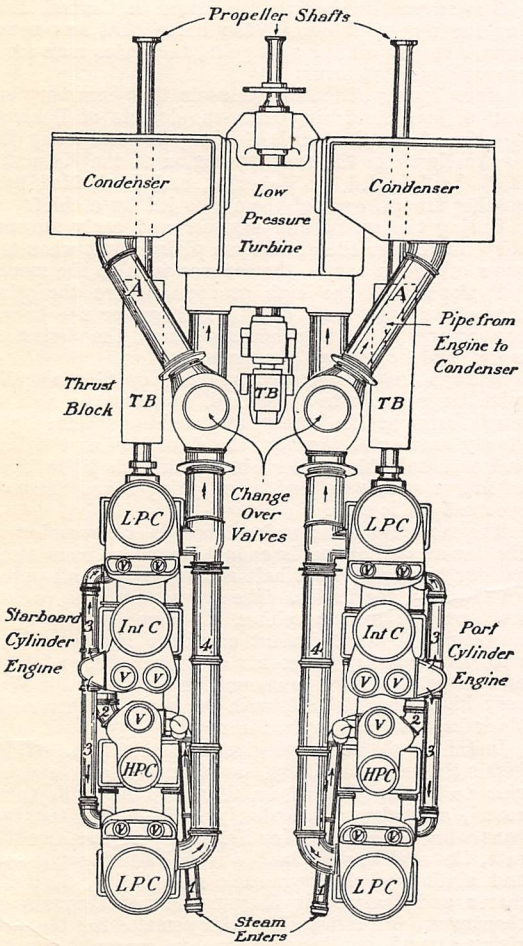


Fig. 3.—Plan of the *Olympic's* engines. The lower portion is practically a view from the top of the engine shown sideways on p. 141 (fig. 2). L P C=low pressure cylinder; H P C, high pressure cylinder; int. C, intermediate cylinder; V, valve. The steam goes from the bottom, through pipe 1, into H P C, thence through 2 into int. C, through 3 into L P C, and through 4 into change-over valves, and so either to the turbine or straight to the condensers.

If the steam could reach the entry end of the drum, it would either pass through the drum direct to the exhaust and be wasted, or, if the drum end were closed in, would force it endways with tremendous power, putting a great strain on the bearings and thrust-block. For this reason the steam is kept away from the end by means of a dummy piston (D, D^2 in fig. 1) attached to the drum, having projecting from it rings which alternate so closely with rings projecting from the casing as practically to prevent the passage of steam. If the dummy is smaller than the drum, steam will press on the face

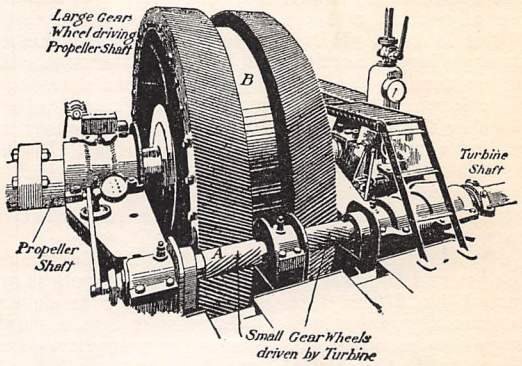


Fig. 4.—Gearing to allow the turbine to run faster than the propeller. The small wheels A naturally have to complete smaller, quicker circles than the huge gear wheel B, though their cogs fit evenly.

of the step and force the drum towards the exhaust end. By so proportioning the depth of the step that the pressure on it and on all the moving blades just counterbalance the thrust of the propeller in the opposite direction, the thrust-block (a part of the machinery which will be described later) is relieved of strain, and friction is greatly reduced.

The turbines of the Mauretania and Lusitania are among the largest as yet in use. There are two high-pressure and two low-pressure, each developing seventeen thousand horse-power, and turning a separate shaft; besides two astern turbines on the low-pressure shafts. The blades, several hundred thousand in number, vary from three-and-a-half to twenty-two inches in length. The revolving drums and their spindles weigh together some six hundred tons. The largest, the low-pressure, are nearly twelve feet in diameter. This great size is necessary to enable the blades to move very fast while keeping the number of revolutions per minute of the drum within reasonable limits. If it were possible to get the work out of a much smaller propeller revolving much faster, the size of the turbines could be greatly reduced; but propellers of the size used are needed to transmit the thrust to the water.

The balancing and fitting of a turbine requires, it need hardly be said, the greatest care. The drums must run absolutely true on the spindles, and every blade be fixed firmly in its exact position, as the coming loose of a single blade would do immense damage among its many thousand fellows. The balancing is effected by a series of very precise tests, small portions of metal being removed at necessary points until shaft and drum, when revolved fast by an electric motor, show no signs of 'dancing' or vibration.

Though the Parsons turbine is able to expand steam very efficiently, some leakage at the high-

pressure end is unavoidable. An improvement has been made by using another kind of turbine to expand the steam through the first few stages. This consists of two or more wheels, mounted on the turbine shaft, but enclosed in separate chambers shut off from one another by circular partitions. Each wheel has on its rim several rows of blades alternating with rows of guide-blades fixed to the casing. The steam enters the first chamber through a number of nozzles, and acts on all the rows of wheel-blades in turn. It then enters the second chamber through larger nozzles, and the third through still larger nozzles; and so on, the pressure decreasing in each wheel-chamber successively. From the last chamber the steam is discharged into the casing containing a turbine of the kind first described. During these first stages the velocity of the steam, which is purposely kept very high, is used rather than the pressure, and leakage past blades is of little consequence.

The Olympic is driven by a combination of piston engines and turbines. The two outside propellers are turned by fifteen thousand horse-power triple expansion piston engines which exhaust into a single large sixteen thousand horse-power low-pressure turbine driving the central propeller (fig. 3). This arrangement gives the advantages of both systems, as the piston engines are handy for reversing and going astern and make best use of the steam at half or lower speed, while the turbines expand the steam more efficiently during the later stages than a cylinder could.

Before the engines are reversed, two change-over valves are moved to send the steam from the piston engines direct to the condensers, instead of into the turbine.

We have referred above to the need for making the diameter of a turbine large if the number of revolutions is to be kept low enough for a large propeller to be used. This necessity stood in the way of using the turbine for large, slow cargo-boats, as the space for accommodating big turbines cannot be spared. Now, however, the difficulty is being successfully attacked by means of gearing, which enables the turbine to be run much faster than the propeller.

On the turbine shaft is fixed a small, broad cog-wheel which engages with a much larger wheel on the propeller shaft. The teeth do not run straight across the wheels, but take a peculiar curve which ensures that one tooth shall not finish driving till the next has begun to drive. This does away with much of the noise associated with gear-wheels, and reduces wear almost to nothing (fig. 4).

Thanks to the very high turbine speed, the turbine itself may be much smaller, power for power, than one designed to drive the propeller direct; and there is a considerable saving of weight, cost, and room.

Archibald Williams.

(Concluded on page 188.)

THE TARPANS OF CENTRAL ASIA.

FEW people may know of the Tarpans of Central Asia. But it is perfectly certain that fewer still have ever seen one of them close, although many thousands of them scour the vast tablelands of Central Asia. Their sight is marvellously keen and their suspicions continually on the alert. Indeed, a Cossack officer, who, when acting as Russian interpreter at the court of one of the Princes of Mongolia, became acquainted with the appearance and habits of the tarpan, declares it is possible for the animal to sight a human being from twenty to twenty-five miles away. When one of them gives the alarm, the entire herd of several hundreds betake themselves to flight, and vanish in a minute or two, to re-appear miles away to leeward of the suspicious object.

The tarpan, in fact, is the name in Central Asia for the real wild horse: the horse that has never been tamed in all the ages past, and hates man most savagely as its enemy.

Many droves of the tarpan roam that enormous extent of land stretching from the deserts of Bokhara to that of the Gobi and of Mongolia, and away far to the North in the swampy region of the Kalmuks. Each herd is led by its chief, and is divided into smaller troops, each of them also led by a chief.

During the spring and summer and early autumn they range over the great open plains; but when the snow of winter comes, the tarpans turn to the mountain-slopes and the high grounds, where the wind blows away the snow off the herbage, or the horses can scrape with their hoofs through the disturbed snow, and so get at the grass.

Always they move in long lines or files, usually with their heads to windward, so as to be able to smell any hostile thing approaching them; and slowly grazing as they go, the chief leading the line, and each sub-chief under him leading his little troop of mares and foals, and often going round them to see that all is safe.

The mere tip of an unfamiliar object appearing on the far-away horizon is enough to make from three to four hundred horses halt suddenly, as if all pulled up short by the leader. The drove may soon resume its browsing and marching, till some young beast away on the most distant outskirts begins to blow with his nostrils, moves his ears uneasily, and trots or scampers forward to reconnoitre, carrying his head very high, and his tail, with its coarse rather curly black hair, streaming in the wind.

Instantly all the herd give him attention. If his inquisitiveness is satisfied, he stops suddenly and begins to graze. But if he flings up his tail, turns round, and gives a peculiarly shrill neigh, the tarpans wheel and gallop down-wind at a most amazing rate, the stallions all in the rear, and stopping ever and again and looking back repeatedly. But the mares and their foals disappear as if through enchantment, for instinctively they make for the first rising ground, or dip, or ravine, to conceal them till they re-appear far away to leeward—and still suspicious.

Though the bear and wolf, the hyena, and other marauders prowl after a drove of tarpans, it is only the very old or maimed horses that they can pull down and devour. They dare not venture to attack any of the herd, for the leading horse instantly engages with the enemy, and rising on his hind-legs strikes out with his fore-feet, crushing and trampling down the bear or the pack of wolves. When he is worsted, another leaps forward into his place. When more than one pack of wolves attack, the herd forms itself into a ring, the foals inside and the mares standing round facing the foe, while the stallions whirl about in a body like a regiment of cavalry, treading down and scattering the wolves.

This real wild horse is but little larger than the ordinary mule, and its colour is always a tan, mouse or brownish, being all shades of the same hue. During the cold weather its hair is long, soft and heavy, like a bear's, but in summer much is shed, leaving a kind of whitish under-hair. The head is small and the ears far back and very short. But the most remarkable point is the tarpan's eyes, which are small and singularly wicked in expression.

The wildness of this real horse of the wilderness is not to be overcome. When captured, it too often breaks its neck or its back in its violent struggles, or sulks and pines till it soon dies. A. T.

TREES OF THE HOMELAND.

III.—THE OAK.

KING of our deep English woodlands,
Spreading wide thy branches old,
Rugged, gnarled, our hoary monarch,
Thine a life the centuries mould.

Tree revered by British Druids,
Chosen home of sacred rites,
'Neath thy boughs they held their councils
In the silent moonlit nights.

Grand and calm, so stand for ages,
While we men must come and go;
Oaks high-famed in history's pages
Still with us feel sun and snow.

'Neath an oak in Sherwood Forest
Edward once his lords convened;
In an oak Scotch Wallace sheltered;
'Twas by oak-leaves Charles lay screened.

Changing times have changed the country:
Now new thoughts, new things hold sway;
Still the oak, with stanch endurance,
Stands, o'ergrown with lichens grey.

E. M. Haines.

THE STATION-MASTER'S ERROR.

THE School groaned; the ball had gone over the hedge again. The playground backed on to the railway, and only a tall hedge separated it from the deep cutting at the bottom of which lay the station of the Midland and South-Eastern Railway Company.

'I'll fetch it,' said Barlow, a tall dark-haired boy, whose kick had been responsible for the disappearance of the ball.

'Hurry up, then!'

Barlow disdained to answer, but, in leisurely fashion, crawled through a gap in the hedge—that gap which the railwaymen had so often stopped up—and disappeared from view down the steep slope of the bank.

The players, awaiting his return with the ball, formed themselves into little groups up and down the playground.

'I say,' said Berry, a small sharp-featured boy of some thirteen summers, 'Old Hargreaves was most frightfully waxy with us this morning. Said he'd complain to the Head about our going through the station.'

'Oh, rubbish!' said one of his companions. 'He can't prevent our walking through, even if we stop for a minute or two to look at the engines.'

'Can't he, though? What about young Jervis?'

'Well, Jervis would have been all right if he hadn't snowballed him. I wish I could have seen old Hargreaves when that snowball landed in his ear! It was a mean trick, writing to the Head, though.'

'Hullo! What's the matter?'

'Where's the ball, Barlow?'

Barlow was red with indignation. 'Old Hargreaves has taken it! When I got down the bank, he was standing on the line with the ball in his hands; so I said, "Thanks for our ball."'

'Well?'

'He grinned all over his ugly face, and said, "Not so fast, young gentleman! What about the Company's hedge? You boys have made another gap in it, so I shall keep this ball in the Lost Property Office until I hear what the Inspector has to say about it."'

'What did you say to that, Barlow?'

'I said, "Look here, Hargreaves," and he said, "Mr. Hargreaves, if you please." Then I lost my hair, and said, "I only say 'Mr.' to gentlemen." After that he stalked off to the station, taking the ball with him.'

'What are we going to do about it?'

'Let's go down to the ticket-office and ask for it.'

A few minutes later Barlow and Berry presented themselves at the ticket-office. Berry opened fire. 'We want our football, please, Mr. Hargreaves.'

'Then want must be your master,' snapped the station-master.

'But the ball belongs to the headmaster!'

'Then let the headmaster come down and fetch it. I warrant I can tell him a few things about you boys.' He shut down the door of the booking-office with a bang.

The two boys looked at one another. 'I tell you what,' said Barlow, 'we had better go straight to the Head ourselves and let him have our account of this before old Hargreaves gets in with his little yarn. The Head is a sportsman, though he can be so unpleasant over Greek verbs, and I don't fancy he will care about being fetched down to the station for the sake of a football.'

Ten minutes later they were in the presence of the Head. He listened patiently to their story, which lost nothing in the telling. 'Did you say, Barlow,' he asked, 'that the station-master expected that I should go down and see him about this matter?'

'Yes, sir. He won't give up the ball till he has seen you.'

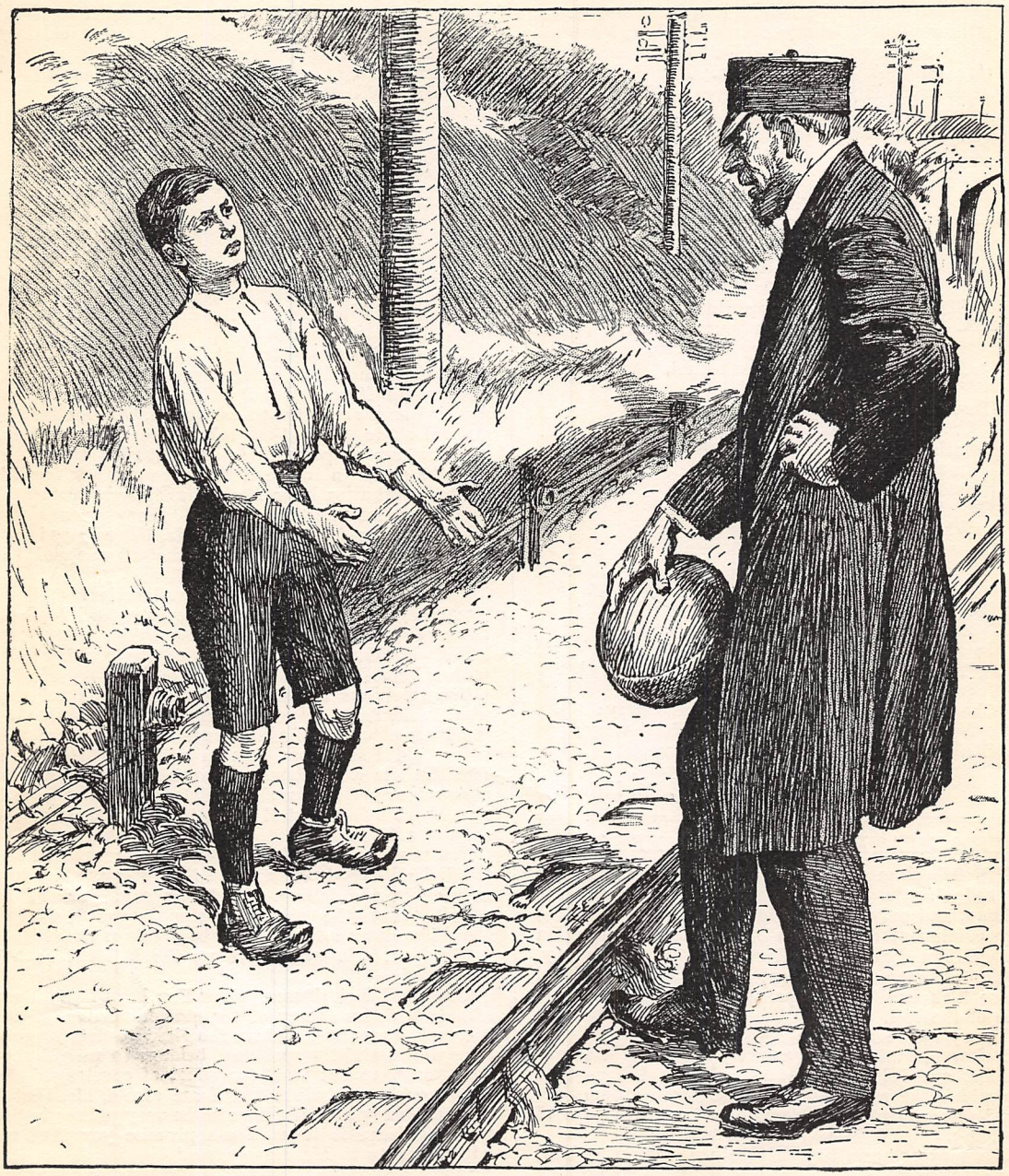
The Head looked annoyed. 'You boys have, I am afraid, made an enemy of the station-master. That, however, does not give him the right to detain property which, strictly speaking, belongs to me. I suppose you have not tried the effect of courtesy?'

Barlow's eyes twinkled. 'I am afraid, sir, that I felt too annoyed at the time to be very polite; but if you will leave it to us, I can promise you that we will be polite to Mr. Hargreaves.'

'Very well, then. To-day is Friday; you can report to me on Wednesday morning.'

The boys departed, and the Head leant back in his chair. 'Nice boys,' he said to himself, 'but that fellow Hargreaves has an insufferable temper. It is always a mistake to declare war on a school. Now I wonder——'

(Continued on page 162.)



"He grinned, and said, 'Not so fast, young gentleman,'"

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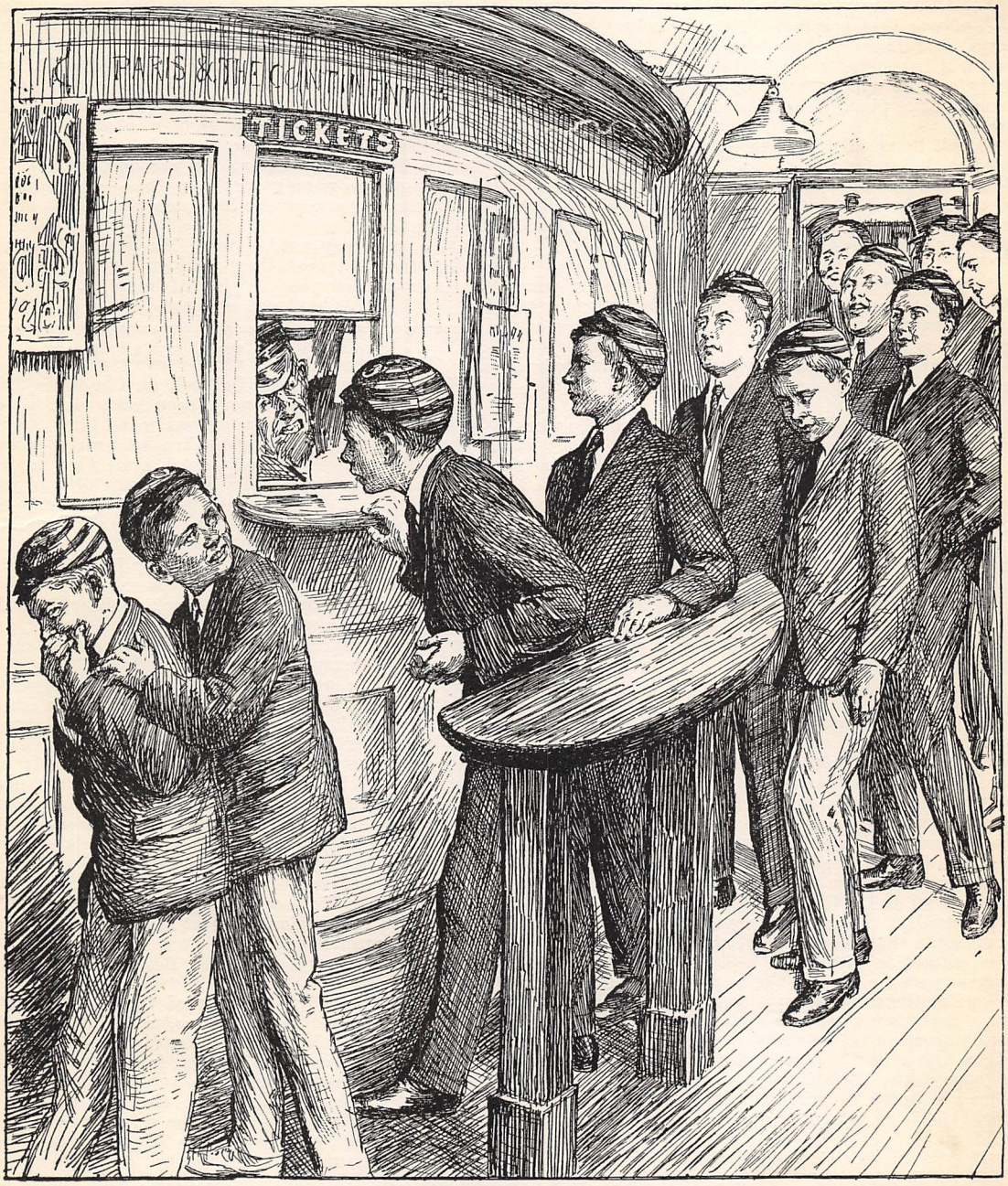


"Each in turn made the same request."

THE STATION-MASTER'S ERROR.

(Continued from page 159.)

BARLOW, Berry, and the fifth form held a council of war that evening. 'Now, look here, you fellows,' said Barlow, 'I have promised the Head that we will be polite to old Hargreaves, so if any one forgets it he will have me to reckon with! Now, I have a little plan. Why not ask Hargreaves for the ball?'

'Don't be an idiot, Barlow—we have asked him!'

'Yes, but only two of us. The second and first forms don't come into this, but there are sixty boys altogether in the fifth, fourth, and third. Why not all ask? Not together, you know, but one at a time. Who's got a time-table?'

'What for?'

'I'll show you presently. Now then, Peters, your father goes to town every morning, so you ought to know something about it. Which train has the most passengers as a rule?'

'The 8.45, I think; at least, that's the time when you see most people struggling round the booking-office.'

'Right-o! Now listen to me, all of you. To-morrow at 8.30, there will be sixty of us in a queue at the booking-office. We shan't want tickets, but each of us will ask politely for our football. Berry and I will stand at the back, as we are the originators of the scheme, and the old man is sure to get more waxy as he gets to the end. I think perhaps a little "moral suasion," as the Head calls it, will do the trick for us.'

'But suppose he turns us all out?'

'Ah! my friend, not for nothing am I called the Napoleon of St. Austin's. As has been so aptly said, "Wait and see."'

* * * * *

There were always a number of passengers on the 8.45 from Kingley, and the station-master took care to open the booking-office punctually ten minutes before the train started. In the little suburban station he performed more than one duty, and that of booking-clerk was by no means the least important. That particular Thursday morning he was in a good temper with himself, for as he sat in the office his glance was arrested by the sight of a football which lay in a corner of the office.

Punctually at 8.35 he opened the booking-office. Complaints had been made at Queen Street, the London station of the M. & S. E. R. Co., that passengers were in the habit of neglecting to take their tickets at the suburban stations, and orders had been given that they should be afforded every facility for obtaining them before they entered the train.

The first object that the station-master beheld as he opened the little wooden shutter of the ticket-office was a St. Austin's cap, the familiar red and black which always stirred a feeling of resentment in his mind.

'If you please, sir,' piped Willis minor, of the third, 'will you give us back our football?'

Mr. Hargreaves smiled sourly. 'When your headmaster comes for it, not before,' he answered.

Another St. Austin's cap appeared. 'May we have our ball, please?'

'Certainly not. Didn't you hear what I said?'

'I didn't know you were speaking to me.'

The station-master snorted as the owner of the cap passed on, to be followed by another and yet another small boy. Each flaunted the St. Austin's colours, and each in turn made the same request. With each refusal the station-master turned a shade more red.

It was now 8.40, and only fifteen of the St. Austin's boys had yet passed the ticket-office, and a gradually increasing number of passengers at the end of the queue were beginning to show signs of impatience. By the time the third form had filed before him the station-master was desperate.

'P-p-please m-may we have the——' stammered Hopkins, a new boy who had been placed first of the fourth form.

'No, you may not,' shouted Mr. Hargreaves; and after that the next three or four boys received no answer to their politely phrased inquiries.

(Concluded on page 173.)

A BOY AND HIS BEASTIES.

THERE was born at Gosport, on Christmas Day, 1814, a boy who very soon showed that all animals were irresistibly attractive to him: for he was only four months old when he nearly jumped from his mother's arms to catch some flies buzzing on the window-pane. The mother, wife of a private in the Fifeshire Militia, stationed at Gosport while the regular troops were busy with Napoleon on the Continent, just managed to catch little Thomas Edward by his long clothes, and save his life. After the Battle of Waterloo, the troops returned to England, and the Edwards went back to Fifeshire. By trade the father was a hand-loom cotton weaver, and resumed this work when his soldiering ended.

Young Thomas was born to adventure, and when he was little over a year old, a hue-and-cry was raised at his disappearance. Some gipsies were in the neighbourhood, and fearing they had kidnapped the baby, four men volunteered to make inquiries at the encampment. Their intrusion was deeply resented, and the gipsies, men and women, set upon the searchers unmercifully. Another search-party was about to start, when a pig-wife (a woman who looked after pigs) hurried into the Edwards' cottage, flung the lost child into the mother's lap, and in broad Scotch urged her to keep him away from 'yon place' lest he fared worse next time.

A chorus of questions brought to light the fact that the venturesome baby had been nestled all night under a ferocious sow named Bet, along with her piggies.

In time, the Edwards removed to Aberdeen, to a house at the head of the 'Green,' a spot near happy hunting-grounds for young Thomas. At the bottom of the street was the Denburn, inhabited by frogs, horse-leeches, and other fresh-water creatures. At low water, the tidal Dee left channels containing crabs, eels, and worms; and the refuse-ground provided rats, flies, and beetles for Thomas's entertainment. Unfortunately, the boy had no proper place to keep the 'beasties' he collected, and when they were found about the house, the hedgehogs, rats, beetles, leeches, &c., were thrown out, and Thomas got a flogging.

But no punishment checked his craving for the company of his beloved wild creatures, and several stories show his persistence in seeking for them and

petting them. Once, when he was but four years old, he was undergoing the punishment of being kept indoors all day. Some of his clothes were taken from him, and a thick rope fastened him by one leg to a table. Even then, in his mother's absence, a little sister was left to watch him. This was his chance. He threatened and bribed her to help him to push the heavy table towards the fireplace. Then he set the rope alight, and was soon free. Unable to find his hidden clothes, he donned a coat belonging to an elder brother, and dashed away just as his mother entered the house, to find the table alight. On another occasion, clothed only in a piece of petticoat, Thomas stayed in his cold, damp haunts all day, and caught such a fever that for weeks his life was in danger.

The time came for him to go to school; but not one of the three schools, to which he was in turn sent, would keep such a pupil. For Thomas, though not a seriously naughty boy, persisted in carrying about on his person all sorts of wild creatures and 'wee beasties,' which caused much commotion in the schoolroom. Snails, bees, snakes, and birds would escape from his pockets and distract the attention of the scholars. He happened, while not yet six years old, to possess a jackdaw to which he was devoted. How to hide it about him was the difficulty. Like other little Scotch boys, he was wearing a pair of baggy breeks, and he decided the waist of this garment was the most suitable hiding-place. All went well, and the jackdaw behaved beautifully, until prayer-time; then the poor bird objected to being squeezed by his owner as he knelt with his small person doubled up.

'Cre-waw!' remonstrated the bird, as he poked his beak out. The teacher's ears caught the weird cry, and uncertain whether it was due to a mischievous boy or to some animal, asked the cause. The unfortunate Thomas was pointed out as the delinquent, and thereupon he was dragged by the collar towards the door, thrust out, and forbidden to enter the school again.

If Thomas was expelled from three schools because he would not let the beasties alone, then he must go to work, his father decided; so, at the age of six, he was sent to a tobacco factory to earn at first fourteen-pence a week. He stayed there two years, and described it as 'a very happy time.' After that he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, a good workman but quarrelsome and drunken, from whom he ran away at the end of three years. The man was cruel to his beloved pets, and that the boy could not stand. He next tried to go to sea, but no captain would take him without his father's consent. He bethought him of his uncle at Kittle, a hundred miles away. Perhaps he would find him work. So Thomas set out for Kittle, with sevenpence in his pocket. When he arrived there seemed no work or place for him in the village, and the only course was to return home, when his mother persuaded him to try shoemaking again, with another master. But he could not settle to anything, and so enlisted.

One day the lad was being drilled with his fellow-recruits, and his eyes caught sight of a brown butterfly. Forgetting what he was doing, Thomas chased the butterfly. Of course that got him into trouble: for what corporal would allow a soldier at drill to go off chasing a butterfly? There would be an end of all drill.

When he was twenty he met and married a sensible Scotch lassie, and though at the time he was earning but nine shillings and sixpence a week, he was quite happy, working from six in the morning to nine at night, and often searching at night for his animals and plants. He collected these in the summer and arranged them by the fire in winter. Little sleep was possible, and the devotee of Natural History would take perhaps an hour and a half, and then set off exploring, with an oatmeal cake in his pocket. Sometimes his collections met with mishaps. He put away a thousand insects in cases in a garret, but when he came to cover these with glass, the mice had destroyed all but some wings and legs and the mounting-pins. Another time cats destroyed his dried plants, numbering nearly two thousand. But still he went on collecting, though he almost starved meanwhile, and terrible was it to him to have to sell his treasures to pay his debts. The boy was determined, and so was the man; and it is infinitely to his credit that he neither drank, as many of his fellow-workmen did, nor pursued his hobby on Sunday.

Thomas Edward became known as 'the Scotch naturalist,' and was honoured by learned societies. Better still, he was granted a pension of fifty pounds, which made it easier for him to carry on his investigations. One of his sayings is worth recording here, viz.: 'Any one having the mind and the will need not stick fast even in this world.' Certainly he did not stick fast. His whole life illustrates that, and since his death, in 1886, British boys and girls read of it with pleasure. A. B. Barnard, LL. A.

BEASTS OF YESTERDAY:

Some Creatures Extinct within the Memory of Man.

III.—THE GREAT AUK.

THE Great Auk, or Garefowl, which has been extinct for about sixty-five years, had a fairly wide range, but was never an Arctic bird. Its breeding-places lay along the North of the North Atlantic Ocean, and Professor Steenatrup points out that in this part, the known breeding-places formed, as it were, a half-circle. Taking the Western Geirfulg Rock, off Iceland, as the most northerly point, the semi-circle went towards the West, down over Funk Island, Penguin Island off the South Coast of Newfoundland, the Bird Islands in the Bay of St. Lawrence, Cape Breton, and, probably, right down to Cape Cod. Towards the eastern side the semi-circle passed over the Southern Geirfulg Rock, near Westmannoe, and the Eastern, near Ingolfshofde, the Faroe Islands and St. Kilda. This bird has only been known to breed on rocks, or islands situated well away from the mainland or larger islands. It was commoner at Newfoundland than anywhere else; in fact, between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries, the fishermen of this district used to build stone enclosures, and drive the birds into them, for once inside they were easily killed with sticks.

Nicholson says that in 1804, at the mouth of the Bull River in Greenland, these birds were caught in great numbers, and served as sustenance to the inhabitants through the months of February and March. One was killed in St. Kilda in 1822, another

in 1829, and the last in 1840. Almost the last living specimens were seen in the Orkneys, and were quite familiar to the islanders under the name of King and Queen of the Auks. Actually the last pair was killed in Iceland in 1846; these were offered, with two eggs, to Mr. Graham for twenty pounds, but he refused the offer, to his great regret afterwards.

The Great Auk.

Its absurdly small wings prevented the Great Auk from flying; but it was extremely agile in the water —in fact Mr. Bullock chased one for several hours without being able to get within shot, although in a boat manned by six oarsmen. The single egg was laid close to the water-line.

A female in the Poltalloch collection is thus described: it measures from beak to tail thirty-two inches, the girth of the body being twenty-two inches; the bill, which is flattened at the sides and marked with transverse grooves, is very strong, and black in colour, the grooves being white; the base of the bill is covered with short velvet-like feathers; the head and throat are deep glossy black (the latter and the sides of the head turning white in winter). The longest of the wing feathers (which are black) is only five inches in length; the small wing feathers are black with white tips, thus forming a kind of boundary to the wing. The legs are short and placed far back, the toes and claws are black, and the webs blackish-brown. A typical old male has the following dimensions: length from bill to end of tail, thirty-four and a half inches; of tail, three inches; of wing, six and five-eighth inches; of bill, from nostrils, three and three-quarter inches; depth of bill, one and three-quarter inches.

The eggs are variable in size, colour, and markings; some being of a silvery-white and others of a yellowish-white ground; the spots and streaks are greatly different in colour and form, some being yellowish-brown and purple, others purple and black, and others again intense blue and green. Their dimensions vary from 4.6 to 5.1 inches in length, and from 2.8 to 3.1 inches wide.

There are known to be about seventy skins, and about the same number of eggs, in various parts of the world, a well-mounted specimen being valued at about six hundred pounds, and an egg at two hundred pounds.

In conclusion, let me quote a remark of Professor Steenatrup: 'One may at least regard it as certain that there is now enough evidence of its history to decide that its disappearance is not attributable to any change in nature, but only to the hand of man.'

G. Bathurst Hony, M. B. O. U.

BOYS WHO MADE A MARK.

IV.—'THE CHILDREN'S KNIGHT.'

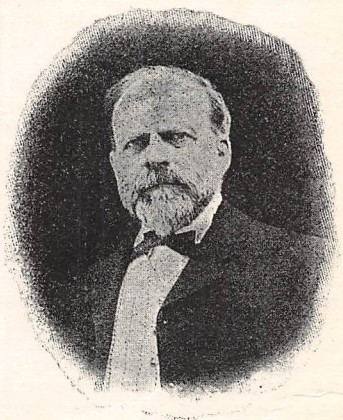
(Sir John Kirk.)

'THE Children's Knight'—a proud title indeed, and not an empty one either. The man who bears it has, for over forty years, waged a warfare for the friendless little waifs and strays of our great cities, and thousands of children know and love the name of Sir John Kirk. They are all poor; many of them are cripples; some are blind; but you will see, as you read this story, how their knight has brought brightness into their lives.

You will think, perhaps, that a man doing such a great work probably came of wealthy people; this was far from being the case, for John Kirk began life in a very simple, indeed humble, way.

Mr. John Stuart, who wrote his life-story, tells us that his father, who had a large family, was the village tinman and brazier, employing several assistants. John, the second son, was a delicate child, suffering greatly from headaches, and unable on this account to take part in games like other children.

In spite of his ill-health, however, he went daily, until he was ten, to the village National school.



Sir John Kirk.

Photo. by A. H. Ward, Brixton.

Then, when strong enough to walk, he was sent to a private academy, which meant a six-mile trudge to Castle Donington, the nearest market-town to Kegworth, the Leicestershire village where the Kirks lived.

He worked hard at his studies, and not only became a particularly good writer, but took great interest in

A Scene in one of the Shaftesbury Society's Schools.

reading. He was fortunate in having a kind and sympathetic tutor, who taught him also—by word and example—to be reverent, courteous, pure in speech, and strictly truthful.

His writing powers made him greatly in demand, and it was nothing unusual for him to be called upon to write letters for grown-up men and women in the village; for in those days education was not what it is now. His continued delicacy prevented his going to work, but, being an industrious lad, he turned his penmanship to account, and, amongst other things, took a share in copying the old faded parish registers.

It was when he was thirteen that the first wonderful turning-point in his life occurred.

The then curate of Kegworth—the Rev. Peter Lilly—who had long been a good friend to young Kirk, offered to take him to the South of France, where, on account of ill-health, he was himself compelled to spend the winter.

After some hesitation, his parents gratefully accepted the offer, for they knew what it would mean to their delicate son to spend the winter in a sunny clime.

You can imagine what an exciting time it was for the country-bred lad. He describes it himself as 'a romance'—the passing through London, followed by crossing the Channel, and hearing for the first time a strange tongue in a strange land.

But, while he was gaining health on the shores of the beautiful Mediterranean, a heavy sorrow befell him: the father whom he loved so dearly, and who had greatly missed his favourite son, passed unexpectedly away.

Upon his return to England, John had at once to think about getting regular employment, for his mother was already heavily weighted in maintaining her young family.

He had not far to look, for his kind benefactor again stepped in, and suggested that young Kirk should help him in his parish work among the poor. This he did for a year or two, until Mr. Lilly was appointed vicar of Colyton, in Devonshire. When he removed thither, John Kirk accompanied him, and found time, in between helping his employer, to improve himself. He became, later on, sub-librarian of the village library; this gave him an opportunity of

reading plenty of books, whilst the evenings he spent as a pupil of the village school-master.

At the age of sixteen he obtained employment in London, making his home at Whitechapel with some old neighbours from Kegworth. After a time he secured a post in the office of the Pure Literature Society, the secretary of which was superintendent of the Ann Street Ragged School at Camberwell; here John Kirk helped, first as a teacher, and eventually as an honorary secretary.

Now, to make our story clear, you must understand that at the beginning of the reign of Queen Victoria there were no such things as Board Schools —or 'Public Elementary Schools,' as they are called now—so Ragged Schools were started in order that thousands of the poorest children in London should get some kind of education. There was no payment asked, the schools being quite free to the little shoeless and barely-clad urchins who attended them.

It is too long a tale to tell how the various schools were afterwards connected by means of and under the title of the 'Ragged School Union,' at the head of which was that great and good man, Lord Shaftesbury, but it was about the time Government schools were set up for all the children of the land that an assistant secretary was required for the Ragged School Union. At the suggestion of the secretary, John Kirk applied for the post, and got it. After a while he gave up this position, and became secretary of the Open Air Mission, returning, however, later on to the Ragged School Union, with which his name had been for so long and will ever be connected.

Ragged Schools are no longer needed now that Government pays for and keeps up the schools of the country, but the Ragged School Union lives on—with an added title of 'Shaftesbury Society'—and year by year does a greater and nobler work. It would take a very big book to tell you in detail of how splendid this is: how it rescues children from the streets, teaches them to read, feeds the hungry ones, visits the sick, replaces rags with comfortable garments, gives a day in the country to those who seldom, if ever, get out of the town—in fact, makes life more joyous in many ways for what their devoted friend and helper calls the 'Children of Disadvantage.'

But perhaps the grandest work of all is that done for crippled children. It not only visits them, but gives those who are able to attend, weekly treats in the 'cripples' parlours,' where they are taught different kinds of work, as well as how to amuse themselves.

And what about the man at the head of it all? You will have seen that he knew what it was to be poor and to be sick. Perhaps this gave him his great loving heart for the needs of children. He no doubt, too, often looked back in after-years on that first wonderful journey abroad, and realised what a change meant to a sick child.

As you will have seen, he had no great advantages of education, but he was always improving himself and learning all he could; if it had not been for this, he would never have been fitted to take up and carry on his special work.

It was after forty long years of devoted service that a well-deserved but very unexpected honour fell to the share of the children's friend, in the shape of a command from King Edward VII. to appear at Buckingham Palace. The King, with his usual courtesy and kindness, spoke to him about his work, and then announced that he wished to make him a knight. Mr. Kirk was much taken aback, and modestly begged to be allowed to refuse this great honour, but the King pointed out that it would, he hoped, benefit his work and help him to do even more good in the future than he had done in the past. Then, calling for a sword, he bade him kneel down, and after tapping each shoulder with it, said: 'Rise, Sir John.'

Nor must Lady Kirk be forgotten, for she has been a faithful helper in all her husband's work, and it was a joy to him that King Edward's grace also honoured her.

Every one in fact was delighted, and none more so than the thousands of 'Children of Disadvantage,' many of whom wrote to Sir John Kirk letters of congratulation, and great as was the honour conferred on him by his Sovereign, he possibly values no less highly the well-earned title of 'The Children's Knight.'

C. M. Foot.

THE MILKSOP.

HE was thin, he was fragile, and narrow of chest;
He rarely played Cricket, Football, and the rest.
He always gave place to the big and the tall;
We called him 'The Milksop'—we didn't know all.

He was kind, he was gentle, would give you a hand,
Help you through with your lessons—you boys understand!
But to captain a team he was never the sort,
So we called him 'The Milksop'—and thought it good sport.

Far off from the pitch where our matches were played,
A fast-flowing river its onward course made,
And a man had been known to hit out with such might
That the ball in the river dropped clean out of sight.

Such a hit was not often; such strokes are not made
Every day, every time when a match has been played.
'Twas a kind of school legend—we handed it on,
'Mong the things that were done in the brave days now gone.

One day we were playing a strong rival team;
A captain they had, and his play was a dream:
He knocked our poor bowlers all over the field,
His bat with such skill and such force he could wield.

At last he hit out with magnificent strength,
And the wonder of wonders we witnessed at length:
The ball flew through the air with a speed swift and strong,
Right into the stream that went winding along.

Our man tried to stop it, and ran with wild speed;
The river flowed near, but he scarcely would heed.
A cry the next moment was heard through the ground:
'There's a boy in the river—quick, quick, or he's drowned!'

We stood with white faces, each looking at each,
Too frightened for action or even for speech.
Then a dive! and a boy is seen breasting the wave,
He is risking his life just a school-mate to save!

You've soon guessed the secret? Yes, 'twas so indeed,
He was braver than we, of a far nobler breed;
While we stood with pale faces, a poor frightened band,
Our 'milksop' his drowning mate brought safe to land.

How we shouted and cheered! held him up shoulder-high,
While the master stood forward with pride in his eye;
He said, 'Boys, to-day a brave deed has been done,
Worth more than all laurels the school ever won!'

He is Milksop no longer—he's got a new name.
We call him, 'The Hero'—we're proud of his fame.
And among the school's bravest whose fame will not dim,
A place will be found in its annals for him.

Frank Ellis.

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 154.)

'WAS he cruel to you, the old priest?' John asked. And again there stirred in him the feeling that all was not well, that no white man should look as Tarm looked at that moment.

'Only in the matter of the image he was cruel. In all other things was he kind to me, and I love him greatly. But the old fear I cannot forget, though no longer am I afraid of the dark. It is he I fear still, he and his power, for, without doubt, he is a very powerful magician.' Tarm nodded his head as he said this and looked very mysterious. 'He can cast spells,' he said, 'and summon spirits to do his bidding. The spirits of the air and of the earth and of the water also.'

John would much have liked to hear more about these spells, but the minutes were passing quickly, and, as yet, nothing had been said about the secret valley. He made haste to introduce the subject. 'There is a place we want to find,' he began, 'the place where the elephants go to die. Will you help us to find it? We thought, perhaps, you could make the elephant that lives in these forests show us the way. You said that the forest people were your friends.'

'The elephant?' said Tarm. 'Ganesh, the lonely one? Is it he of whom you speak?'

'It is the elephant that lives all alone that I mean. But how do you know that his name is Ganesh?'

'Because it was I who gave him that name,' Tarm answered. 'Often we play together, he and I. Also, I have taught him to set me on his neck. Riding thus, I am the very king of the forests! Am I not clever to have done this thing?'

'Yes,' John agreed, but not very eagerly, because he did not like people to boast. But Tarm looked so different from any one else that the boasting did not seem so bad in his case. 'Then, may we come with you, on the back of Ganesh? And will you make him take us to the death valley of the elephants?'

'What shall we find there?' Tarm asked. 'Dead things only? I do not like dead things.'

'We shall find ivory, plenty of ivory, and we can sell the ivory for money.' And, at this, Tarm smiled and looked pleased.

'Plenty of money,' he said. 'That would be good indeed. I will give my share to the old man, and then, maybe, he will be content and will no longer need a white image in the temple. It is for the money the people bring that he makes me sit there. Yes, Ganesh shall show us the road, that I may be set free.'

He looked from Mary to John as he spoke, and, though he was so much bigger and stronger than they, he seemed to appeal to them for help. It was as though his fear of the old priest was a chain he could not break unaided.

'There are other white people in the world, ye say?' he cried. 'Then take me to them. When we have found the ivory, take me with you, back to the people to whom I truly belong. Has not each creature of the forest its own tribe? Shall I, then, alone, live solitary all my days? Even Ganesh will join the herd when it is his pleasure to do so.'

'We will take you with us. Of course we will take you with us,' Mary answered quickly.

There was a pitiful lost look on Tarm's face which made her long to comfort him, to pat him on the shoulder, to soothe his fears. She caught hold of his hand and squeezed it, so anxious was she to prove that she would protect him. And, as she thought of those dreadful lonely nights in the temple, of a little child crouched, sobbing, amidst the shadows, the tears came into her eyes. Suppose it had been Arnold! Fat, happy Arnold, who did not know what unkindness or loneliness meant.

But John was not so much interested in the past—which was finished and done with—as in the future. He wished at once to arrange for the journey to the secret valley. 'When shall we go?' he asked. 'Do let it be soon—very soon.'

Tarm considered for awhile, frightened no longer, alert and capable. He thought aloud, as was often his custom. 'It must be at night, for in the day-time I may not leave the temple and the hut. The moon is nearly full, therefore Ganesh feeds along the upper reaches of the river. I will find him, and will tell him of our need. I will go to him this very night. But it may be he will not let me approach him. There are hours when the black clouds of anger wrap him round, and he will not listen even to me, whom he loves.'

And then, suddenly, Tarm dropped Mary's hand, and ran as he had run before, towards the passage at the back of the hut. 'They come,' he murmured. 'I hear the sound of their voices.'

And, in another moment, he disappeared, and Mary and John were alone. And now they, too, could hear the voices of Julfu and the old priest talking together as they came from the temple towards the hut. And Mary and John went forward quickly to meet them, that Tarm might be given full time to escape.

'We shall find the secret valley,' John whispered. 'We shall go there riding through the forest in the moonlight on the back of a wild elephant. Oh, Mary, think of it! Just think of it! It's almost too good to be true.'

(Continued on page 170.)

"Tarm dropped Mary's hand and ran."

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"For a moment Mary was very frightened."

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 167.)

CHAPTER XVI.

IT was just past the middle of the night. The whole camp slept, but the forest was awake. And, from the forest, walking very softly, came a figure clad in leopard-skins. Those skins seemed blotched with light and shadow as the ground was blotched with moonshine and with night.

Miss Gomez and Arnold lay fast asleep in their room in the bungalow; in the other room John slept also. But, wide awake in her bed, lay Mary, her eyes upon the uncurtained window which looked over the camping-ground. Mary was thinking of Mother, and so she could not sleep.

She wanted Mother, she wanted her very badly; so badly that, though she knew that Mother was far away, Mary tried to believe that presently she would come softly into the room. Mary fancied she could almost hear the sound of Mother's footsteps; almost she persuaded herself that Mother was bending above her bed, tucking the bedclothes round her shoulders, leaning down to kiss her cheek. Mary's arms were ready, aching, to go round Mother's neck and hold her fast.

But, because she could only make a dream-mother, and no real mother came, Mary tucked her face into her pillow after a little while, that she might not wake John, while she cried. And when, once more, she turned towards the window because the moonlight seemed friendly and companionable, the lower pane of that window was darkened by a shadow which rose higher and higher until it was midway up; and next came a gentle tapping on the glass and a face pressed close against it.

For a moment Mary was very frightened; then she understood who was tapping, whose was the face. She sat upright in bed, then slipped out of bed to John's room, and shook his shoulder. He grunted and turned, half awake, half asleep.

'John,' Mary whispered urgently, 'John, it is Tarm come for us already.' And, at that, John shook sleep from him, and ran quickly across the room to open the window.

Outside in the moonlight stood Tarm, white flowers in his hair instead of red. Over one shoulder was slung a quiver full of arrows, and in his left hand he carried a small bow. 'I have come to talk with you,' he said. 'I followed the path ye took through the forest this evening, and so I have found you again.'

'Have you spoken to Ganesh? Shall we go to the death valley to-night?' John questioned eagerly.

'Ganesh is angry, he will not let me come near him. I think that, presently, he will visit the huts of the seekers of gold to trample and to destroy. Shall we watch him from the bank together?'

Tarm spoke as if he thought the sight would be amusing. It did not occur to him, apparently, to pity the seekers of gold. He plainly deemed them something inferior to Ganesh, fair sport for the elephant.

'Or shall we walk in the forest, and play with other of the jungle people?' he asked.

But, even as Tarm spoke, came the sound of an opening door, and instantly he disappeared—became one, as it were, with the shadows.

From behind Mary and John, Miss Gomez's voice sounded shrill and disapproving. 'You naughty children! You naughty children!' she cried. 'The window open, and all; and you in your night suits! Get into bed again immediately! And to whom were you talking? I heard another voice. I am sure I heard another voice.' Miss Gomez hurried across the room as she spoke, her ankle forgotten in her excitement. But the camping-ground was empty now, save for those who slept. Silently Tarm had come, silently he had vanished. Miss Gomez closed and bolted the window, and came and stood at the foot of Mary's bed, and began to question her. 'To whom were you talking?' she asked.

'I can't tell you, Gummy, because it's a secret,' Mary said, and Miss Gomez snorted indignantly.

'A secret? It is very wrong to have secrets,' she said, and began next to question John. But as she could get no other answer from him, she went away finally to her room.

For a little while Mary and John remained awake. Then they fell asleep, to dream of the elephant valley. This visit of Tarm's, his invitation to them to play in the forest with him, seemed to have brought the finding of the treasure definitely nearer. But Miss Gomez neither dreamt nor slept. She lay awake, disturbed and really anxious. Who was this strange person, she wondered, who talked to the children in the middle of the night, and whose name they would not tell her? It could not be one of the servants, or Mary and John would have made no secret of the matter. It was time, indeed, for the journey to the hills. And the conscience of Miss Gomez reproached her because she had delayed the journey to suit her own convenience.

But she would delay no longer, she determined. She would abandon all hope of Sebastien's leave. She would arrange to start as soon as possible. She would give orders to Julfu directly the sun rose. And so genuine was her anxiety, so keen her self-reproach, that these orders were actually given, and Julfu, grumbling much at the sudden change of plans, agreed to provide a cart by the morning following.

It was at breakfast-time that Miss Gomez announced her decision to the children. 'To-morrow we march towards the railway,' she said. 'I have had enough of this naughty talking in the night.' And, as she saw the dismay with which Mary and John looked at each other, she felt more certain than ever that her decision was wise.

'But—but we cannot go!' John cried, indignantly.

'Cannot? We shall certainly go,' said Miss Gomez. 'I have told Julfu. The arrangements are made.'

(Continued on page 183.)

A TREASURED BOTTLE.

A DISTINGUISHED man of science kept amongst his treasures an ordinary soda-water bottle, which had once served him in good stead. During his travels, he picked up what he thought to be a lizard, but it proved to be a deadly horned viper. His scared Greek boatman offered no help. Catching sight of an empty soda-water bottle, the traveller, with great presence of mind, snatched it up, forced the head of the reptile down its neck, then slowly uncoiled its body from his hand.

ROUND THE WORLD WITH THE UNION JACK.

[Second Series.]

III.—NEW ZEALAND AND THE SOUTH SEAS.

NEW ZEALAND is situated away on the other side of the world, further from the Home Country than any other of the great Dominions; and yet, strangely enough, this colony is the one that is most like England, and, if we were to be suddenly transported into Christchurch, Dunedin, or one of the other New Zealand towns, we might almost believe that we were still in Great Britain.

The climate, for instance, especially in the south, is temperate, the scenery in many places is like that to which we have been accustomed, the people keep their English—or Scotch—habits and characters, while trees, flowers, and animals from the old country grow and flourish in the new land. There are differences, also, of course, for many of the native plants are unfamiliar, and the dark faces of the Maoris, as the original inhabitants of New Zealand are called, serve to remind us that, instead of being in England, we are many thousands of miles away in the Southern Hemisphere.

We first hear of New Zealand in the year 1642, when it was visited by the Dutch explorer, Tasman. He landed on the west coast, but was opposed by the natives, and several of his men were killed. The Maoris, instead of being weak and timid, like the Australian Aborigines, have always been a brave and warlike race. Tasman claimed the new land in the name of the Dutch republic, but no settlements were made by Holland.

A hundred years later Captain Cook journeyed southward and sailed completely round New Zealand, and also through the straits that are called by his name. It was thus proved that the country consisted of two large islands. Cook at this time seems to have fared much better in his dealings with the natives than did Tasman, for, in the accounts of his voyages, there are many stories which show that the Maoris were friendly and interested in the newcomers.

In 1773 the Englishmen landed at a place which they called Duck Cove, and there they met a man with his four children, one of whom was a boy of fourteen. Cook treated these people kindly, invited them on board his ship and gave them many presents.

Captain Cook paid several visits to New Zealand, and during the next sixty years a great many English people emigrated there, and settlements were founded round the coast. It was not, however, until 1840 that the country was proclaimed a British possession.

The colonisation of the country was by no means a simple matter, for, although the Maoris had not opposed the first landing of the English, they bitterly resented the loss of their lands and any interference with their customs and habits. As I have said, they are a savage, warlike race, and they are besides very intelligent. It is supposed that they came themselves to New Zealand from certain of the South Sea Islands, for they are very much like the island people in their manners, language, and ways of living, while even their fairy stories and legends are the same. They live in villages, the huts being well made and often decorated with beautiful wood-carving; they tattoo their faces in elaborate patterns, and they make fine canoes and weapons. Like the South Sea Islanders, too, they are fond of the water, and the babies seem to be able to swim almost before they can walk.

For many years there was fierce warfare between these natives and the English, and it sometimes seemed as if the Maoris would never become reconciled. Many battles were fought and massacres took place. At one of these, in 1869, forty Europeans, besides a number of friendly natives, were cruelly murdered.

It was not until late in the nineteenth century that peace was really established in the colony, and cannibalism and other terrible old customs abolished.

New Zealand is a very beautiful country, with high snow-capped mountains, great forests, and deep gorges where wonderful ferns and creepers are found. Many of the mountains are volcanoes, and there are also geysers and hot springs like those which are seen in Iceland. The Maoris delight to bathe in these warm pools, and they wash their clothes and even cook food in the boiling water.

The most famous of the hot springs are in the North Island, at Rotomahana, near the volcano and lake of Tarawera. Some time ago this was a most wonderful place, for the volcanic action had formed great terraces of red and white silica which were more than a hundred feet in height and stretched in steps down to the level of the lake-shore. All this, however, has vanished now, for in 1886 there was a terrible eruption which quite changed the country for many miles round and completely destroyed the celebrated terraces.

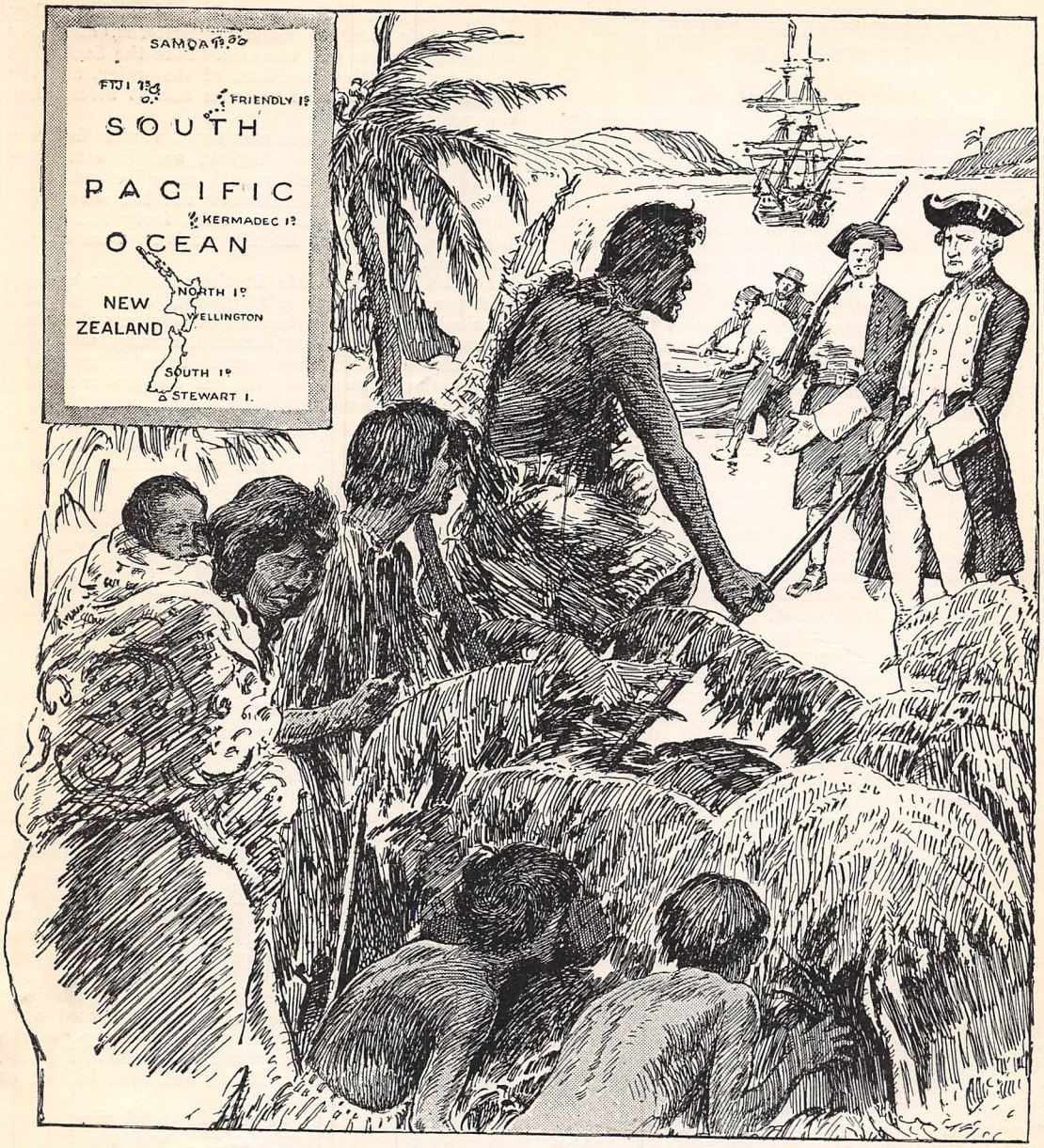
There are practically no native animals in New Zealand, but some of the birds are very curious. The strangest is the Kewi-kewi, or kiwi, a wingless bird, which has a kind of hair instead of feathers. Long ago there used to be even more wonderful birds here, for this was the land where the great Moa once lived. Many skeletons of these huge ostrich-like creatures have been found, and some of them are as much as eleven or twelve feet in height. The Moas are now extinct, but it is believed that they were still in existence less than three hundred years ago, and there are stories of their having actually been seen by the early colonists.

As in Australia, animals and birds which have been brought from England have increased very quickly, and now the great flocks of sheep are the principal source of the country's wealth. Rabbits, too, are here in vast numbers, and have become as great a pest as in Australia.

Not only animals but also imported plants have given trouble in New Zealand, and we hear of streams that have been choked by English watercress, and tracts of land that have been ruined by the briar-roses, which were originally brought out by the emigrants to remind them of their homes in the old country.

The government of New Zealand is like that of Australia; that is to say, the colony has a Parliament and Ministers of its own, while the Governor is appointed by the Crown. The principal towns are Wellington and Auckland, in the North Island, and Christchurch and Dunedin in the South.

Included in this colony are a number of islands, among them being Stewart Island, which is only



"The Maoris were interested in the new-comers."

separated by Foveaux Strait from the mainland, the Auckland Islands, the Kermadec Islands, and Cook's Islands. This latter group was discovered by Captain Cook, and is situated in the Pacific Ocean, nearly two thousand miles north of New Zealand.

Other South Sea Islands which belong to England are the Fiji group, which were discovered by the Dutch explorer, Tasman, and which many years later, by the wish of the natives themselves, became a British possession. The South Sea Islands are very beautiful and fertile, and, as they are situated in the tropics, palm-trees and all sorts of wonderful fruits and flowers grow there. Many of them are of volcanic origin, while others are surrounded by coral reefs, which enclose smooth lagoons where strange fish and shells are found.

The natives of these lovely islands, like the New Zealand Maoris, are intelligent and easily taught. Only fifty years ago many of them were savage cannibals, but now they have become Christians and civilised, and many of their terrible old customs have been given up altogether. A. A. M.

"The station-master brought it back."

THE STATION-MASTER'S ERROR.

(Concluded from page 162.)

IT was now 8.43 and the train was in sight. Dashing out of the office, the station-master, now thoroughly irritated, began to push aside the boys who blocked the approach to the office.

They offered no resistance—those at the back of the queue coming forward to take their places. By the time Berry and Barlow had reached the front of the ticket-office, the train was already in the station, and those who desired tickets, giving up all hope of obtaining them, were drifting away in twos and threes towards the train.

'May I have——' began Berry.

'Now, look here, young man,' said Mr. Hargreaves. 'If I have any more of your impudence, I'll box your ears.'

'I was only going to ask for——'

'Then you can't have it—so clear away from this booking office.'

'Won't you give me——'

'No, I won't!'

In another minute the train would start.

'You refuse?'

'Yes!'

'You hear that, Barlow?' said Berry, in a loud voice, as he heard the train start. 'The station-master has refused to supply me with a ticket. Now, I wonder,' he continued, 'what the Company would say if they knew? I am sure my father won't like it, as he particularly wanted me to meet him in town this morning, but of course I shouldn't dream of travelling without a ticket. What a good thing there were plenty of witnesses!'

Mr. Hargreaves was now nearly purple in the face with rage.

'If you two don't go——' he shouted.

'Oh, we're going all right, Station-master. What's the use of being here if you can't get a ticket when you ask for it politely?'

And with this Parthian shot, the two departed.

* * * * * *

The next morning the following letter arrived from Queen Street for the Kingley Station-master:—

'Queen Street Station,
M. & S. E. Rly. Co.,
Thursday.

'Dear Sir,—I should be glad to receive your report per return on the following. (1) In spite of our recent circular requesting station-masters to afford every facility to passengers to obtain their tickets before entering the train, we find that no less than twenty-seven passengers from Kingley by the 8.45 yesterday paid their fare at the Queen Street terminus. (2) We have received a letter from Mr. J. Berry, of Park House, Kingley, complaining that his son was refused a ticket at the Kingley booking-office yesterday, when wishing to travel by the said 8.45 to Queen Street.

'Awaiting your explanation,

'I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,
'A. K. Smith, Inspector.'

On Friday morning, Barlow and Berry sauntered slowly through the station on their way to school. Mr. Hargreaves encountered them.

'About that football, young gentlemen,' he said. 'You surely wouldn't lose a man his berth out of spite! I am sorry I ever took it,' he added lamely.

'That's all right, station-master,' said Berry. 'We don't bear malice. If you'll take the ball back to the school again, I'll get Father to put things right for you. He knows quite a lot of the Directors, and I'm sure they'll oblige him.'

'Very well, sir,' said Hargreaves gratefully, 'and thank you, sir,' he added. 'I see now that I was a fool to lose my temper and pit myself against a whole school. I might have known you would be too much for me.'

'We weren't quite wise, either, I expect, but we did no harm with our football,' said Berry.

The following Wednesday the Head sent for Barlow and Berry. 'About that ball, Barlow,' he said.

'The station-master brought it back, sir,' said Barlow. 'He apologised for having kept it by error.'

'Ah, dear me!' said the Head, who had heard something of the booking-office incident, and guessed a good deal more. 'May I ask how you brought about this somewhat surprising recovery?'

'Moral suasion, sir,' replied Barlow.

TO AN OLD FRIEND.

MY trusty friend, I hold you dear:
You're never cross or bored;
Were you to cast me off, I fear
I should indeed be 'floored'!

You are not feather-brained, like some,
Nor full of idle chaff;
You're quiet (though by no means glum,)
And not inclined to laugh.

Unlike some others I have known,
So very hard and stiff,
You show an ease that's all your own:
We never have a tiff.

You spring to greet me when I come:
You hold my weary head;
My silent, sympathetic chum—
My comfortable Bed!

Margaret O. Curle.

WILLIE'S FRIGHT.

'WILLIE,' said Mr. Dorsett, in the village street, 'just run back into the church, and fetch my note-book. I think I must have left it on Sir Wilfrid's tomb. Make haste, or the sexton will be locking up: it is growing dark already.'

Willie's father had been showing some friends round the village church, of which he was very proud. It had some interesting monuments, effigies, and brasses. Mr. Dorsett was the 'Squire' of the place; Willie, eight years of age, was his only son.

There was one thing in the church which the boy disliked and almost feared, though he was in general a bright, brave lad. This was an ancient suit of armour, which stood up against a pillar, close to the large sculptured tomb of Sir Wilfrid de Warde. It always looked to the child as if there must be some one inside that hard, shiny man-shell, and now he would be alone with it. Well, he would just run into the church and out again as fast as he could, without looking at the horrid thing.

Inside the church it was, of course, darker than it was outside. Willie soon reached Sir Wilfrid's tomb, and found there the missing note-book. Before turning away, he raised his eyes (for something seemed compelling him to do so), and gave one timid glance at the suit of armour.

Horror! Through the eye-holes of the vizor gleamed two round, bright eyes!

With a shriek of terror, poor Willie fled. 'Father! Father!' he cried, as he rushed into the house, 'the knight in the armour has come alive!'

'Nonsense, Willie!' said Father and Mother at once.

'I saw his eyes, Father!' said the child.

After tea, the Squire and one of his guests went again to the church, to find out, if possible, what it was that had frightened Willie. It was locked up for the night, but they got the key from the sexton, went in, and turned up the gas. As they came near the suit of armour there was a great rustle and flutter of wings.

'An owl!' exclaimed the Squire.

And so it was. The bird of night had made her nest inside the armour, and it was her eyes which had very naturally scared poor Willie.

E. Dyke.

TWO CLEVER DOGS.

I.—PAT: AN IRISH TERRIER.

PAT is an Irish terrier, a handsome dog, and a clever fellow too; indeed, most terriers are very lively and intelligent, and this is particularly the case with the rough, yellow-haired Irish species, who are also remarkably faithful, and make good house-dogs, though there is usually a little difficulty in getting them to make friends with the cats! This is often overcome, however, and as far as his own household Puss is concerned, Pat by no means leads the proverbial 'cat-and-dog life,' although he will chase any cat he sees out of doors.

Like the rest of his race, he is a great fighter, and has many a battle, in spite of the efforts of his mistress to prevent him. He has become quite clever about avoiding motor-cars and bicycles, and looks carefully up and down the road before he crosses, in a way that many children would do well to copy. In his younger days he had a narrow escape, for he was within a hair's-breadth of being run over by a motor; in fact, the mud-guard struck him, and flung him to the side of the road, but luckily he was only bruised and stunned, and soon recovered.

He is very keen on rats, and one day got into great disgrace by digging a tunnel in the garden and getting into a hotbed by this means, with sad results to a number of boxes of seedlings that the gardener had there. Still, it would have been worse if he had tried to jump through the glass; but all the same he got a good thrashing, and was very much depressed for the rest of the day; but next morning, directly he was let out, he flew to the garden, and began to dig once more with his powerful paws—you know terriers' paws are intended for digging, for these animals were used to pursue foxes, rats, rabbits, and other animals to their earths, or burrows; the word terrier comes from the French terre, or Latin terra, earth. Fox-terriers often go far into fox-earths, and rabbit-burrows, but the larger Irish and Airedale terriers are usually not slender enough to pursue poor bunny into his burrow. These dogs all have stout claws, although in this respect they are surpassed by the crooked-legged Dachshund, which was formerly employed to dig out badgers, whose name in German is 'Dachs.'

But to return to Pat. He kept on digging furiously at the loose earth which the gardener had put back into the tunnel the terrier had dug the day before, and he would soon have made his way into the hotbed, when his master saw him, and felt sure there was something there that attracted the dog; so he carefully removed the frame and the plants, Pat barking wildly all the time, and sure enough, in a corner under a large tin pan, the rats had made a nest in the soft, warm mould, and there was a large family of squeaking young rats!

Pat likes to carry a stick, the newspaper, a parcel, or a basket for his mistress, and will take it most carefully from the town to his home, nearly a mile away. When thus employed, he pays not the slightest attention to other dogs, whether they want to play or fight; but if he has nothing to carry, he is quite ready for a game, a conversation, or a battle—he seems to prefer the last! On one occasion, a big retriever flew at him while he was carrying home a basket. Pat put his burden down carefully, and fought till a man separated the dogs; then the terrier, dusty, breathless, and wounded, picked up his basket, and trotted off home. He knows a number of tricks, such as 'trust and paid for,' 'dying for his country,' 'begging,' &c., and he has been taught to wipe his feet on the mat before entering the house.

He hates being washed, and if he sees his own particular tub and soap being got ready, he is sure to slink away and hide, and he understands perfectly what his mistress means if she says: 'Pat, come and be washed!'

One day he had just been washed, rubbed dry, and brushed and combed till he looked a very pretty, clean fellow; but the moment he was released he ran off to the coal-house, and rolled himself over and over in the dust (a thing he never dreams of doing at other times) just as if he wanted to be naughty, and make his clean coat dirty. He probably objects to the soap and the rubbing, for he likes to go into the water, and is a powerful swimmer; though, of course, terriers are not water-dogs like spaniels and retrievers, and it is not good for them to be put in too often, or allowed to jump into the river or a pond if the weather is very cold. When he goes to the seaside in the summer, he amuses himself by hunting sea-gulls and barking at them, and sometimes, when they fly out over the dancing waves, Pat plunges into the water, and swims out quite a long way in pursuit of the birds. He has funny games on the shore, too, as the waves come rippling in, splashing the white spray over him. He will run down to the edge of the water, and bark at them, and then jump back, just in time to escape a drenching. Although he does not care for strangers as a rule, if he is on the shore, and his mistress and master refuse to throw in stones or sticks for him, he will pick up one or the other object, and carry it off to any one who is sitting near, laying it down at their feet, and barking as much as to say: 'Do please throw this in for me! I do so want to swim!'

He often takes the letters up to his mistress' bedroom in the morning, when he jumps on her bed and lays them down, wagging his tail as if he thought he was a very fine fellow indeed.

He comes into the dining-room at breakfast and lunch, but he knows quite well that he must not ask for anything, so he lies quietly on the rug till the meal is over, and then he sits up and begs for the biscuit that he always gets if he has been a good dog. Nothing will induce him to eat his dinner early in the day; if it is prepared for him, he will not touch it till the evening, no matter how tempting it may be—he is quite a fashionable person in that respect!

M. E. S.

"Pat."

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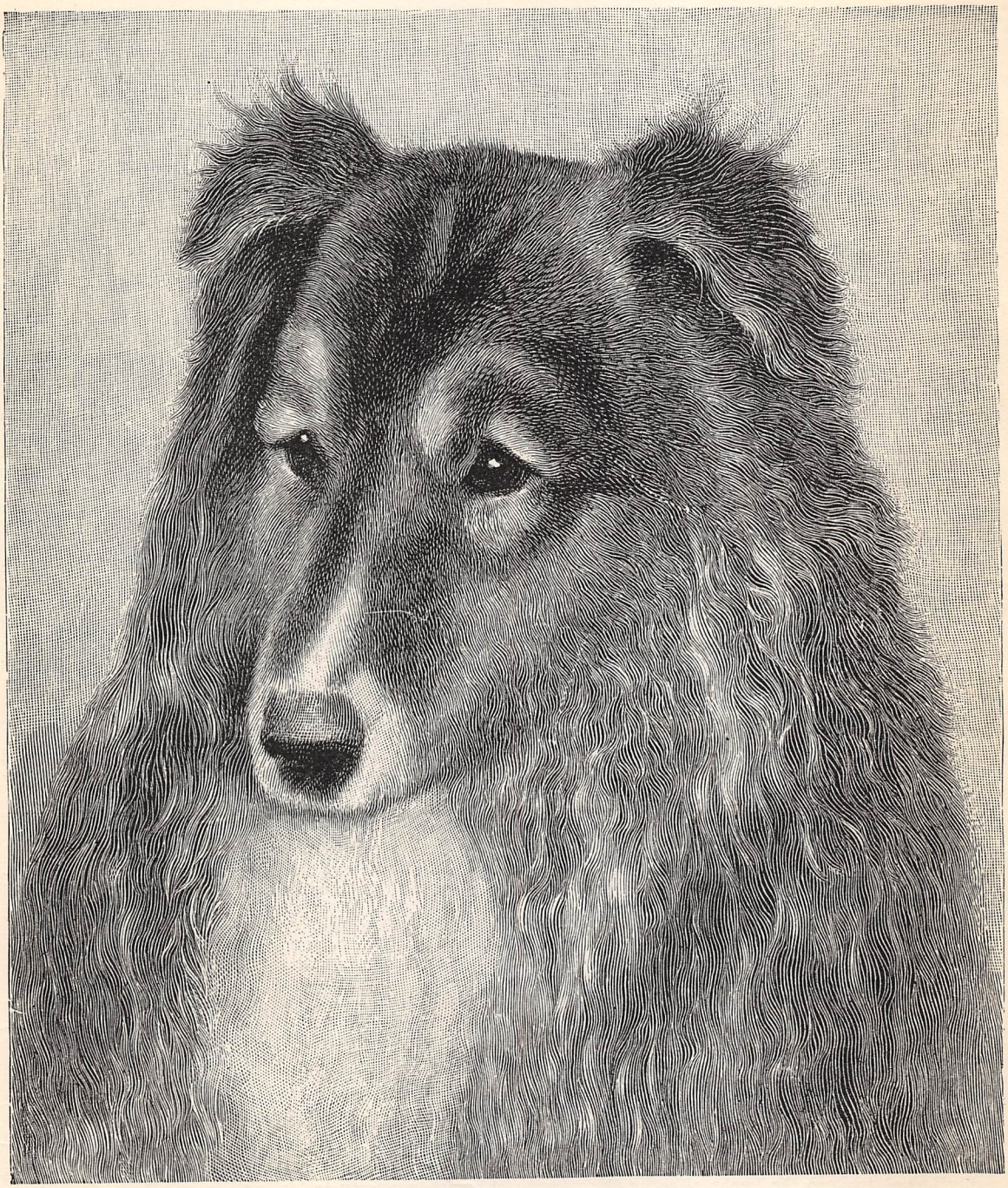


Queen Victoria's favourite Collie. After a painting by Miss F. Fairman.

TWO CLEVER DOGS.

II.—LADDIE: A COLLIE

LADDIE is a beautiful sable collie, with large eyes and a very wise expression. He is remarkably intelligent, as, indeed, it is most necessary for sheep-dogs to be, for they often have a very difficult task, when they have to watch over a large flock of sheep and prevent any of them straying away, and see that no accident befalls the lambs.

It is quite wonderful to watch the sheep-dog trials in Wales, and remark how cleverly the dogs drive the sheep into folds and pens, through gaps and hurdles, and pick out their own flock from among hundreds of others, which all look so alike to us who have not the sense of smell to guide us!

Laddie looks after cows as well as sheep, and every morning and evening, when his master's beautiful cows are driven from the pasture to be milked, he goes down to the fields with the herdsman, who tells him which cows to drive in first—'Rosie,' 'Brindle,' 'Spotty,' 'Snowdrop,' 'Kitty,' and so on. The dog very rarely makes a mistake, but runs off down the field, barking at the animals till he marshals them all into the farmyard.

His home is about three miles from a large market town, where sales of cattle and sheep are held every Thursday. Directly the men are astir on those mornings, Laddie leaves his kennel, barking in the sharp, yapping way peculiar to collies. Then he is very busy indeed for some time, getting the animals together, running to and fro, till he has them all collected and ready to start; then he helps the men to drive them along the roads to the town. When he reaches the gates of the cattle-market he goes off on his own affairs, but always returns before very long, and waits to see if there are any animals for him to drive home. When the men appear, Laddie looks sharply round, and if all the cattle and sheep have been sold, he seems to understand quite well that he is not wanted, and runs off; but if there are any of them unsold, or new stock has been purchased, he drives the beasts home.

One day a new shepherd went into a public-house on the road to the town, and unfortunately stayed a very long time, forgetting or regardless of the sheep. Laddie waited patiently, rounding up any stragglers of his flock, but at last he got impatient, and barked loudly at the door, as if he wished to remind the careless man of his duty. Finding that his hint was disregarded, Laddie calmly drove the sheep into town himself, and had just landed them safely in the market when the shepherd came running breathlessly after them. Needless to say, the other men joked him unmercifully, saying the dog was the better shepherd of the two!

Although Laddie will stand no nonsense from the sheep, and chases in the straying members of the flock, snapping at their wool and barking, he is really very gentle, and is most careful not to hurt them. Once, on a snowy winter night, when some ewes and lambs were lost out on the wild bleak hills beyond his master's home, the dog went in search of them, and traced them through the snow, when he lay by them all through the bitterly cold night, and probably helped to keep the lambs alive by the warmth of his body, for two of the poor sheep died. When the man found the faithful dog in the morning, he was almost exhausted and could scarcely totter home; but he soon revived by the kitchen fire, with the help of good hot milk, while the farmer's wife rubbed his poor, stiff limbs.

He will watch over his master's children just as carefully as he does over the sheep, barking at them, patting them with his paw very gently at first, and then catching hold of their frocks or pinafores if he wants to draw them out of any danger; but he is most careful not to hurt them, or to snap at them, as he sometimes does at the sheep.

Collies are very largely used in Scotland, Wales, and the mountainous parts of Ireland, where large flocks of small mountain sheep roam over the wild hills, and sometimes stray into very dangerous places, where they are followed and often rescued by the brave and clever dogs. Cases have been known where sheep have fallen over cliffs or into ravines or pits among the hills, and the dogs have found them, and rushed to summon their masters, barking and pulling at their clothes till they followed them to the spot where the sheep were. We see very clever dogs too with the huge droves of sheep on the wide expanse of the Downs, or on the moors of the beautiful West Country.

Besides the collies, which some people call 'Scotch sheep-dogs,' there is a breed of shaggy bob-tailed sheep-dogs, which are supposed to be the real old English breed. The species is rare in Ireland, where there are many fine specimens of collies, and numbers of half-bred sheep-dogs, which, although they are by no means handsome, are often very faithful and intelligent. In the counties of Galway and Mayo one sees a good many queer sheep-dogs with 'wall-eyes'—that is, one eye is blue and the other brown. They are usually black and tan, or black and white, and are smaller than the true collies; but while they are not very beautiful, they are remarkably intelligent and faithful, and render great assistance to their masters.

We are able to give a picture of another fine collie—not Laddie, but a dog much higher up in the world. Our illustration is a portrait of a favourite collie of Queen Victoria's, painted by the well-known animal artist, Miss F. Fairman, who has allowed us to reproduce her picture.

Maud E. Sargent.

A BROTHERLY ACT.

THE father of the eminent lawyer, Serjeant Granville, who lived in the reign of Charles II., had a good deal of property, which he intended to settle on his eldest son. The conduct of this young man, however, was very unsatisfactory, and as he gave no sign of reformation, the father left his estate to his second son, the serjeant.

After his father's death, the disinherited eldest son became greatly dejected. He gave up his bad habits: there was a complete change in his character. His brother, observing this, invited him and some friends to a banquet. After several dishes had been partaken of and removed, the serjeant ordered that one particular covered dish should be set before his brother. When this was uncovered, it was found to contain the title-deeds of the estate!

The serjeant then said that he freely conveyed the whole property to his brother, and that he was only doing what he felt sure their father would have done had he lived to witness the change which they all saw.

MISNOMERS.

BLIND-WORMS are not worms, but small legless lizards; they are not blind, for they have little bright eyes. Guinea-pigs do not come from Guinea, but from South America, and, like hedgehogs, they are not even distantly related to pigs. There are many so-called 'apples,' and many so-called 'roses,' which have no right to these names, such as the pineapple and the primrose, the oak-apple and the Christmas rose, and others. 'Jerusalem artichokes' are natives of America, the word being a corruption of the Italian word for 'sunflower'—girasole. Whalebone is not bone at all, but gristle: it does, however, come from the jaw of a whale. A titmouse is a little bird; a flitter-mouse is a bat. The word 'pen' (French, plume; German, feder) is derived from the Latin word for a feather, and was all right so long as people wrote with quills. 'Pens,' in poetry, mean sometimes wings, either a bird's or an angel's. A bird's wing is composed of feathers, but there is nothing feathery about a steel, or a gold, or a stylographic 'pen'!

There are a great many other wrongly-named things besides those here mentioned, but the not strictly accurate names are, perhaps, more poetical and interesting than the correct, matter-of-fact ones. Anyhow—especially in the case of flowers—we should be sorry to alter them now.

CAPTAIN COOK, JUNIOR.

THE creeping dusk has hung a curtain
Across the window of my room;
The fire, like a magic-lantern,
Throws coloured pictures on the gloom.

Pictures of springtime and of summer,
Of country scenes alight with joy;
Of fields and gardens where I wandered,
A lonely but a happy boy.

For me the ways I went were crowded
With heroes of another day,
And I am glad when I remember
The great folk whom I met in play.

Along the golden fields at harvest,
Sweeping their way as oarsmen row,
While wavelike falls the wheat to windward,
I see the reapers bending go.

I see the silent fields by moonlight,
And fancy, as a child believes,
A silent army sleeps till morning
Hidden among the tented sheaves.

I see the garden gay with flowers
(Aladdin's cave was not more bright),
And, best of all, the lake beyond it—
The dear blue sea of my delight!

What if my oar was but an ash-stick,
A leaky raft my gallant boat?
Viking nor pirate ne'er sailed prouder
Than I upon that lake afloat!

Columbus, Hawkins, Drake, and Nelson,
The Victory, the Golden Hind,
Great names my ship and I sailed under,
And great adventures went to find.

I was an Indian hunter, steering
By rocky falls my birch canoe;
A merchant with a laden vessel,
For England bound, with port in view;

A sailor bold; a valiant captain,
Firm, purposeful, reliant, brave.
My heart swells still for those old conquests
Of howling wind and rolling wave!

O summer days! O dear possession,
The fancies of our eager youth!
To-night their memory glows and quickens
With all the grace and fire of truth.

Ah, yes! brave lives and high endeavour
By power of thought we make our own:
We are the heirs of all achievement,
For no man's life is his alone.

Great deeds of men throughout the ages
Are heritage of all who care
For patience, courage, skill, endurance,
The will to do, the heart to dare!

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

6.—CHARADE.

1. Some count me nothing—holding me so cheap,
They waste or lose me while they are asleep.
Some prize me dearly, husband me with care,
And deem me the one thing they cannot spare;
Despise or value—treat me as they may—
All men must come at last to own my sway.

2. Without me never is the house complete;
Without me 'twould be hard to work or eat.
I am an index—look for me again,
You find me where there may be skill—and pain:
You find me where the gambler loses all;
You find me where they roll the polished ball;
Where beauty robes herself, where genius writes,
Where silver sparkles 'neath the dazzling lights.
For hunger, need or comfort, all must use;
And there are pleasures, too, which some abuse.

The whole.
To me, at every turn, must travellers fly;
And, close at hand, on shelf or desk I lie:
But if I'm lost there is a hue and cry.

C. J. B.

(Answer on page 211.)

ANSWERS TO ANAGRAMS ON PAGE 147.

Fish.

1. Plaice.
2. Salmon.
3. Turbot.
4. Oyster.
5. Dolphin.
6. Halibut.

Fruit.

1. Loganberry.
2. Water-melon.
3. Apricot.
4. Nectarine.
5. Tamarind.
6. Muscatel.

AN ECCENTRIC GUEST.

PAUL VERONESE, like many other artists, had odd habits and eccentric moods. On one occasion he accepted an invitation to stay at a beautiful coun-

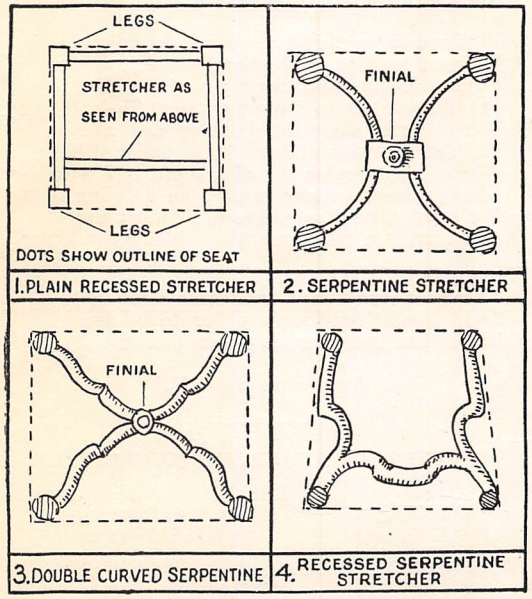
try villa. He proved a rather tiresome visitor—to the servants, at any rate. During his stay he spent much time in his bedroom, which he would allow no one to enter, not even a maid to make his bed. He swept and tidied up for himself, and every morning placed the sweepings of the room outside the door, for the servant to remove. At the close of his visit, he slipped away without taking farewell of the family.

On entering the long-forbidden room, the maid missed the sheets from the bed, and jumped at the conclusion that the painter had stolen them. She was mistaken. They were found rolled up in a corner, and on one of them (for they were of coarse material, almost like canvas) was painted a magnificent picture of 'Alexander in the tent of Darius.' In this very curious manner, Veronese had chosen to express his gratitude to his hosts.

THE ROMANCE OF OLD FURNITURE.

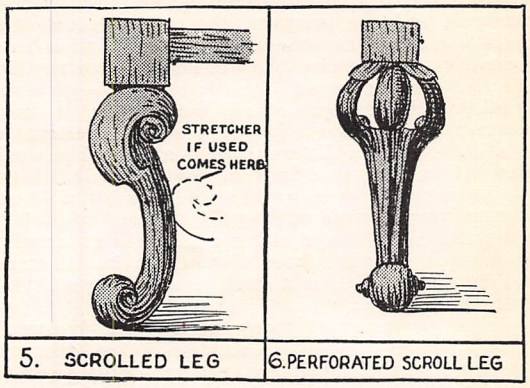
VI.—THE USE OF WALNUT (continued).

WE have learned a good deal about the backs of chairs, and now we will deal with the stretchers, legs, and seats. Instead of giving you two or three drawings of whole chairs, I am going to provide illustrations of the different parts, because you see they were often combined in different ways, just as happens in fashions in dress: when a woman chooses the style for her new dress, she does not, as a rule, have it exactly like some other person's dress, but she will choose from various pat-

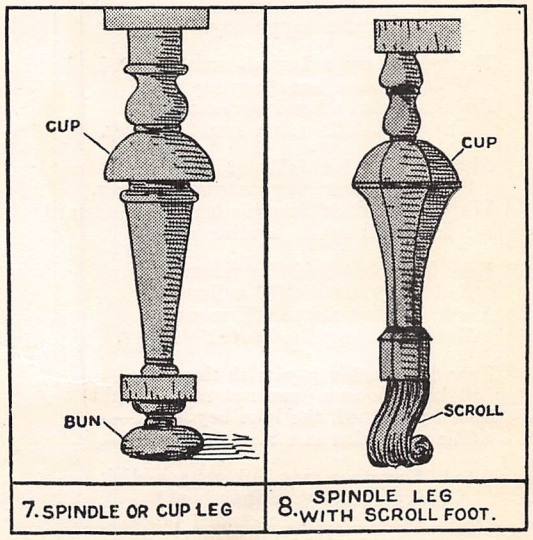


terns, and say she will have sleeves like this, skirt like that, bodice like some other, and so on. So a chair-maker would put together just the styles he or his client liked best. And as you go about on the look-out for old furniture, you will say to yourself: 'Oh, yes! I saw a stretcher like that at So-and-so, but the legs were different,' and so on. This is why I give the separate details instead of whole chairs.

We will start with stretchers, tracing them up to the time they went out of fashion altogether, which was in Queen Anne's reign (1702-1714). Now, you remember that in the time of oak furniture, these stretchers had a very definite use, besides the strength they gave to the chair. They kept the feet off the draughty stone floors, in the days before windows were fitted with glass. Then, later, the front



one got up higher, as I have shown you (see page 108), and also broader, as was illustrated in the stool on page 148. When it had no further use in front, the stretcher was set back a little, 'recessed' as it was called. Fig. 1 shows this in a plan which I think you will easily understand. Next, a fancy for curves came in, and we got what was known as a serpentine stretcher (fig. 2). These, you see, started out from each leg and met, crossing in the middle. Fig. 3 shows yet another variety of the same thing, only having a double curve. At the point where the stretchers met there was generally a 'finial,' form-

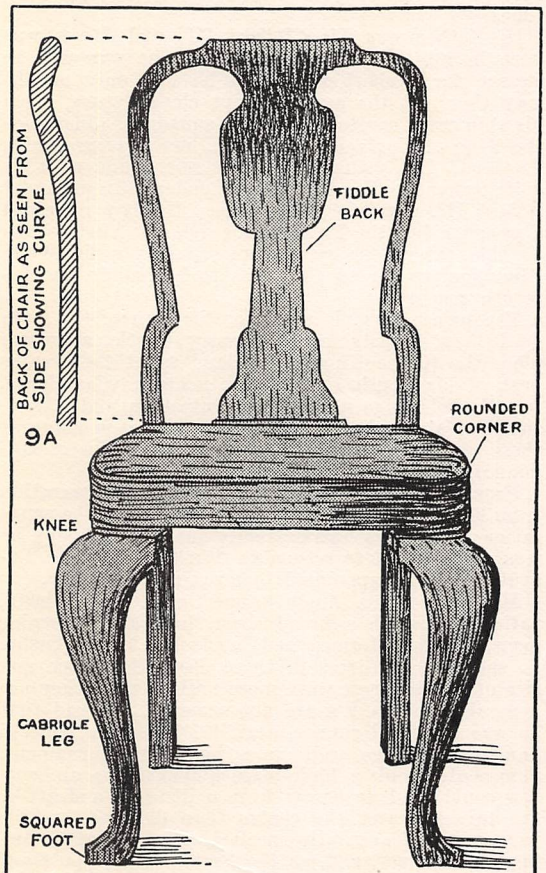


ing a very pretty ornament. My next sketch shows you a serpentine stretcher with the recessed idea (fig. 4). All these stretchers were becoming what in science is called 'vestigial'—they were 'vestiges' or traces of a custom which had fallen into disuse.

Originally they were useful; now they were simply ornaments, and they were treated as ornaments and worked in these purely ornamental patterns, with no intention of use, because when you shape a piece of wood in this way, the grain of the wood is so curiously crossed that there could have been very little strength left!

Soon after the serpentine, plain recessed rails came in again for a time, and then they practically disappeared altogether, only being seen in a few odd cases where either workman or client had a particular taste for them.

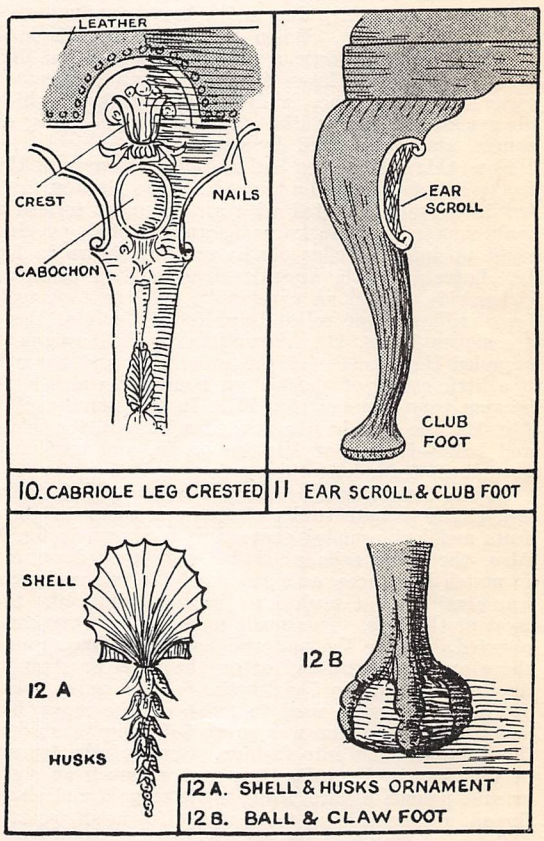
Now let us turn to legs. Of course, for some time the twisted legs were popular, like those I spoke of in dealing with later oak (p. 110). In fact, they had a good innings because they accompanied all the



9. CHAIR OF WILLIAM III & MARY PERIOD

elaborate carved backs of which I told you, and they were so much more easily made of walnut than of oak, that that alone made them remain in use for some time. Next came the 'C scroll,' or 'Flemish scroll,' to match the scroll-work shown on a chair I illustrated (p. 148). Fig. 5 is a specimen, and fig. 6 shows a later scrolled leg, but perforated; this idea was copied from the Chinese, an influence felt at this time on account of the opening up of trade with the East by the Dutch East India Company. The early eighteenth century was very 'Chinese' in England. 'China' then began to be first made in London, at Chelsea and Bow, and the Chinese method of gardening was very fashionable.

Then came a more classic form, the spindle or cup,



a style of Spanish origin (fig. 7) with a curious foot known as a 'bun foot,' and very lumpy and bun-like it was; you will see it again later, in other pieces of furniture, where it is even uglier than here. This Spanish form of leg is often found in conjunction with the scroll foot (also of Spanish origin) as in fig. 8.

Next, from Holland (most likely with William III. and Mary) came a form of leg which must have grown out of the scroll; but it was simple at first, like the fiddle back, which came about the same time. It was called the Cabriole. Fig. 9 is a plain, smooth cabriole; this specimen finishes in a foot with a squared spread. This illustration also introduces a new form of back, called 'fiddle back' on account of its likeness to the outline of a fiddle. This is a very homely example, such as was found in a middle-class home. It was quite plain, and depended on the outline for its beauty. At 9 A is given an idea of the curve of the back; this is a side elevation of the back of the illustrated chair. This simple outline of the back soon developed scrolls, and the crest was

often ornamented with a shell pattern. These shell patterns and the scrolls I shall show you again later.

Up to now chair-backs had been very straight, evidently not meant for comfort; but now a curve was introduced (see 9 A), which more or less fitted one's back! This fashion arrived with William III. and Mary from Holland, so you see it is really Dutch, but was adapted by the English. The plain furniture was largely due to the homely influence of William and Mary. When they came to this land they tried to introduce a better state of home-life, for you know the later Stuarts had all been much given to extravagance in dress and furniture, which always means a gay life. This homeliness was, of course, also encouraged by Queen Anne.

Now, this cabriole leg had an outward curve at the top, which was termed a 'knee.' It was plain at first, but later was decorated with an ornament termed a 'cabochon': also the knees became crested, pushing right up into the edge of the seat, as shown in fig. 10. Later again the knee developed a little scroll on either side (called an ear-scroll), and the foot took the familiar shape called 'club-foot' (both of these are shown in fig. 11). Sometimes a shell ornament occupied the position of the cabochons, and beneath it a little string of 'husks,' an ornament which later became very popular (fig. 12). In this same sketch (fig. 12), too, you have a new form of foot, the 'claw and ball'—it was of Eastern origin, and continued on and off for a long time.

At the time when the cabriole leg came into fashion, chairs ceased to have square corners to their seats and had rounded ones: this is shown in fig. 9. Also, the front rails of chairs were now decorated to match the knees, as a rule, and the rail no longer was straight, but pushed up into the edge, like the crest of the legs. This made upholstering very complicated, because the material had to be fixed round these ornaments instead of on the plain or straight line of the seat. In Charles the Second's reign, wonderful fringes were used to finish off the edges, but now that the outline was so varied, gimp, a sort of fancy braid, came into fashion. Some of the fringes of Charles the Second's time cost as much as eight or nine pounds a yard, being made of gold and silver thread, and containing most wonderful needlework.

Before closing this article, I want to tell you about very early castors. All the chairs of which we have spoken up to now stood down on the floor without castors of any kind. It is true you will find all kinds of chairs, of all sorts of designs, on castors now, but they did not possess them originally, but people have added them since, so as to be able to move them about more easily. Castors came into use first in Queen Anne's reign, and were of two kinds, both, usually, made of leather. The first variety was composed of a long, narrow strip of leather rolled up, leaving a little hole in the middle; through this hole ran the metal 'axle,' so to speak, of the wheel. The other form was composed of several discs of thick leather, four generally, with central holes; also two brass discs. All these discs were strung together, the four leather ones inside, and the two brass ones on either side of the group of leather ones; these ran on a metal axle, like the other form. One rarely sees either form now, because they have all worn out; the chief accident that happened to them was that, after standing still for any length of time, they went flat, or rather, lost their roundness, and became more or less squared. Of course, metal and wooden castors arrived later, and they were not liable to this drawback.

E. M. Barlow.

YOUNG JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND.

IN the Stuart line of kings there were a number of Jameses, but few to compare with James I. of Scotland. Even when only a boy he was remarkable for his powers of mind and body. Though born a prince, he did not live many years before he encountered trouble, and had to pass his days far away from his country and those he loved best. Brave, persevering, diligent, and hopeful, he offers a good example to all English and Scottish boys of later times.

His father was King Robert III., and James was born in 1394. By his father's wish he was sent to France for a short visit; but he was only on the way there, at the age of about eleven years, when his ship came across an English squadron. Just then the King of England, Henry IV., had a quarrel with Scotland. The young prince was seized, and with his suite taken to the Tower of London. In vain did Robert III. plead for his release; the boy remained a prisoner, but the English monarch was kind to him to this extent—he gave young James a first-class education, so far as that was to be had in the fifteenth century.

The prince was placed under the care of Sir John de Pelham, Constable of Pevensey Castle, at which place the future King of Scotland spent the greater part of his youth. Henry IV. made a wise choice, for Sir John was not only a statesman and a warrior, but also, what was unusual then even amongst those of high rank, he had a good knowledge of languages, of history, and of poetry.

Poor King Robert was so upset by the separation from his son that he did not live long after the separation; so James became really the King, though he was not allowed to return to Scotland, where a Regent had to be appointed to govern the country.

He grew up a finely proportioned young man, rather tall, with a broad chest, long and muscular arms, and well-formed and handsome legs. (Owing to the mode of dress in those days, the shape and size of people's legs were more noticed than they are generally now.) We are not surprised to read that he was a capital runner, a skilled horseman, able to handle the lance well in a joust or tournament. James also took a high place amongst the archers: few could send an arrow from a distance and strike the target nearer the centre than did he; and he was an able fencer. He excelled, too, both at throwing the hammer, and, as the Scots call it, 'putting' the stone. His tutor, moreover, who had been brought up under the Duke of Lancaster, made the prince well acquainted with the ballads, roundelays, and longer poems of the time. He learned to play upon a variety of musical instruments, and he had a rich, powerful voice, and a correct ear for music. Not long before his liberation, James wrote a notable poem, called the 'King's Quair,' in which he praises the poets Gower and Chaucer, his 'dear masters,' as he styles them. Not until the year 1423 did he obtain his throne, by the help of the Duke of Bedford.

J. R. S. C.

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 170.)

WHEN breakfast was finished, Miss Gomez summoned Ayah to help her to pack, and Arnold was left in Mary's charge. This arrangement further annoyed John, since his small brother talked so much it was not possible for any one else to talk at the same time. And there was so much it was important to discuss with Mary. If the march to the railway was to begin to-morrow, it was plain that the elephant valley must be found that very night. John took up a position at the end of the verandah, his back to Mary and the baby, his fingers in his ears, that he might not hear Arnold chatter while he thought and planned.

'John cross,' said Arnold, pointing a fat forefinger in John's direction. 'Arnold not liking John.'

But he liked Mary very much, and shrieked with delight as she rolled him over and tickled him. Then he ran up and down the verandah after a ball which Mary threw. He ran slowly, because he planted each fat foot so firmly on the ground. When he was tired he came and sat on his sister's lap, and leant his head against her shoulder and went to sleep. Mary put her arms round him and held him tight, as often she had seen Mother hold him. It was possible, she thought, that Arnold, though he could not explain it, missed Mother as much as she did. And then she heard John speaking to her—he had crept softly along the verandah so that he might not wake Arnold.

'Oh, Mary,' said John, 'there is only to-night left. We just must find the valley to-night. I don't believe Ganesh is angry. I think Tarm's lazy, and doesn't want the trouble of explaining.'

'Perhaps,' said Mary, not altogether attracted by the prospect of an angry Ganesh.

'We must go to-night, anyway,' John repeated. 'It's the only chance left. We will make Tarm take us when he comes.'

'But if he does not come, what shall we do then?'

'I've thought of that, too. I shall go to Julfu now and get him to take me to the temple at once, so that I can tell Tarm we are going away,' John said. But when he went in search of Julfu, he found a very busy person, who turned a deaf ear to his entreaties and was as near being cross as Julfu knew how to be.

'One order to-day and another order the next—the Nurse Miss Sahib is surely without sense,' Julfu grumbled. 'There are the lamps to pack, and the china and the glass; and now comest thou with yet another request. Run away, John Sahib; I have no time for play.'

'But I will help you to pack if you will take me to the temple first,' John urged.

'Help? Of what kind would that help be? Another name would fit it better, perchance,' said Julfu, still crossly. But he relented a little as he saw the disappointment in John's face. 'Maybe I will take thee later in the day,' he added. 'Have patience until the work is done.'

And with this John was, perforce, content. All day he and Mary hovered round Julfu, trying to help, and hindering instead. As each task was finished a new one arose. Miss Gomez wanted a box nailed down in the verandah, the saises clamoured for directions as to the horses, the kitchen people had a hundred questions to ask, a hundred problems to be solved—and all these things must Julfu attend to, and Julfu only. One by one the hours of the well-filled day sped past until evening came, and crushed finally all hope of a visit to the temple.

'Tarm will come—I am sure he will come,' Mary said as she and John lay in adjoining rooms, very wide awake.

'If he doesn't!' said John. And then he stopped suddenly. A new plan was growing in his mind. If Tarm did not come. . . . John shut his mouth very tightly, and looked as obstinate as only he could look. He would not tell Mary the plan yet. She might be frightened, and refuse to help him, if he spoke too soon.

But it was of his plan John thought as he lay watching the window for Tarm's face against the pane, listening eagerly for the sound of fingers on the glass. It was in vain that he watched and listened. One by one slipped by the hours of the night as the hours of the day had slipped, and at last John could bear the waiting no longer, and he got out of bed and went close to Mary in the next room.

'Mary,' he whispered, 'the night will soon be over, the last night—the only night. I heard Gummy's clock strike one just now, and Tarm hasn't come—and perhaps he isn't coming. Shall we go and find him, Mary? Shall we go now, before it's too late?'

'Out into the night?' Mary whispered back, fascinated and frightened at the same time.

'Why not?' said John. 'The night's just the same as the day, really, and it's quite bright moonlight: we can see the way easily.'

'But perhaps Tarm has gone hunting, and isn't in the temple?'

'Then we can come home again. Oh, Mary, do come! It's our last chance—our very last chance!'

Mary was sitting up in bed now, but still she hesitated a little. She put one foot on the floor, and drew it back again. 'Things will run after us,' she said.

'Oh, don't talk so much, but just come,' said John. 'We'll only get more frightened if we talk. And if we don't go, we shall never find the valley; and if we don't find the valley, Father and Mother will never have that money.'

Already he was hunting for his clothes. For a moment Mary listened to him. Then she too slipped out of bed and began to dress. Her fingers shook and fumbled a good deal. She found it difficult to fit the buttons into the button-holes or the hooks into the eyes. And perhaps John's fingers were clumsy also, for he too was unusually slow. And all the while Miss Gomez slept. She had meant to watch, but she was weary with the long day's packing.

And now they were ready and John softly opened the door which led into the verandah. Before them lay the road that they must take; it stretched across the camping-ground, like a white tape in the moonlight, to the river below. It was empty save for the dancing shadow of a tree here and there.

'It's only a little way, Mary—quite a little way,' whispered John.

(Continued on page 186.)

"A very busy person who was as near being cross as Julfu knew how to be."

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"Tarm came round a corner of the road, and stopped."

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 183.)

CHAPTER XVII.

DOWN the path to the river Mary and John walked. They did not run because they knew that if once they began to run they would also begin to be hopelessly afraid. It seemed wiser to pretend that this was just an ordinary occasion, but it was difficult to believe in the pretence firmly.

The forest was very beautiful in the moonlight, but it was a different forest from the forest of the day. The trees even took on an altered shape, and the shadows beneath and around them were not the pleasant shadows which the sun makes, but the mystery-haunted shadows of the moon. And all the noises of the night were other than the noises of the day; and, just because they were unlike, were in themselves alarming. It was an unknown world, indeed, through which the children walked. They held each other's hands as they went, because to John, Mary seemed the only familiar thing, and Mary, in the same way, clung to John.

Through the camp they passed, and a goat, asleep amidst the yet warm ashes of a wood fire, scrambled, startled, to its feet—and, at the noise of the scrambling, Mary's heart beat as though it would choke her; and, next, a night-jar flapped upwards from the thick road dust, and now it was John's turn to start. But still the two walked on towards the river, since their hearts were wholly set on the finding of the elephant valley.

Along its sandy bed the river slid: the most alive thing, seemingly, in the lonely night. It made curious little chuckling noises as it slipped over the rapids. It talked to itself in a ceaseless whisper. From the huts of the seekers of gold shone a solitary light, where a woman kept watch beside a sick child.

The water of the river was very dark, as dark as when Moti crossed the ford; the white stepping-stones shone plainly in contrast. And now it was necessary to walk in single file, and this needed a new courage. There seemed shadows like no other shadows on the nearer bank; waiting, watching shadows on the further side. It was fortunate, perhaps, that the stepping-stones were rather small and slippery, for much thought was needed for the safe placing of their feet, and Mary and John had the less attention to give to the shadows.

They reached the foot of the temple path at last, and now fear began to give place gradually to the joy of adventure. Soon they would reach the temple; they would find Tarm, and he would take them to the elephant valley. And, even as they thought thus, a voice floated down to them—the voice of Tarm himself singing joyously an old forest song. This is how it went.

'Very silent is the night.
(Step softly, tread lightly.)
Peer to left and then to right.
(Tread lightly, step softly.)
Is that shadow only there?
Or death lurking? And from where
Came that rustle? Oh, take care.
(Step softly, tread lightly.)

'To the river take your way.
(Step softly, tread lightly.)
All must drink when ends the day.
(Tread lightly, step softly.)
Others take the road with you;
In the forest there are few
Whose company you might not rue.
(Step softly, tread lightly.)

'Use each sense to judge aright.
(Step softly, tread lightly.)
Hearing, scent, and touch and sight.
(Tread lightly, step softly.)
Dare you cross this open space?
Listen, look, then speed apace
To that sheltered, shadowed place.
(Step softly, tread lightly.)

'Keep yourself in fighting trim.
(Step softly, tread lightly.)
Sound and hard of wind and limb.
(Tread lightly, step softly.)
Let not greed your master be,
Sloth nor anger, for these three
Will to ruin prove the key.
(Step softly, tread lightly.)'

And, singing thus, Tarm came round a corner of the road, and stopped at the sight of Mary and John.

(Continued on page 198.)

BIRD WATCHING.

'THERE are fellows who write books about birds, and love them so much that they'll go hungry and tired to find a new kind of bird—and kill it! They are called "ornithologers."'

In his chapter on birds in Scouting for Boys, the Chief Scout quotes the above passage (which describes the wrong sort of ornithologists in a few lines) because he wants his scouts to be ornithologists of the right sort. He says a good scout is generally a good ornithologist—that is, a person who knows all about birds; and why? Because, to be a good scout, he must make good use of his eyes and ears, and he cannot do that for long without noticing the birds on every side of him. And when he has learnt not only to know a hundred or more of them by name, but to recognise them in the air by their manner of flying, no matter how far away they may be—when he can distinguish their individual notes and songs, no matter how many may be calling and piping at once—then he will have done something towards acquiring that quickness of sight and hearing proper to a scout.

And he will have taught himself some useful woodcraft tricks incidentally, the first of them being to become a statue at a moment's notice; if his mouth is open, letting it stay open; if his hand is raised, keeping it raised; if one foot has but an insecure hold, balancing himself on the other—in short, becoming quite motionless upon catching sight of a bird worth studying. Very often his patience will only be tried for a few moments before he discovers what he wants to know, for birds themselves are the most impatient of creatures, and although the appearance of a still human form may rouse their sus-

picion and curiosity, they will soon get tired of watching it furtively, and will resume their occupation, showing themselves boldly.

For instance, you catch a glimpse of a woodpecker's head shot forth from behind a tree-trunk, but instantly withdrawn: you 'freeze'—the hidden bird listens for your next footfall, which shall be his signal for stealthy flight, but not hearing it, he pops his head round the other side of the tree-trunk to find out what the human being is doing. Your gaze and attention are concentrated in the right direction this time, and you can discover whether it is a green or a spotted woodpecker, which is probably all you want to know; if you wish to see more of him you have only to remain a statue, and he will gratify you in time.

I have spent many a pleasant half-hour watching birds at their nest-building at close quarters, without having recourse to any disguise or concealment, but merely standing still. Only, remember that you must be really still, for if a bird's distrust is often easily allayed it is always more easily aroused—a sigh will be enough to dispel its confidence.

I was once picnicing on a common with a large and noisy party, when I observed a pair of Willow-warblers moving restlessly about a blackthorn-bush, each with a little caterpillar in its beak. They were repeating one note over and over again, as many birds will when in anxiety about their nests.

Well, I searched under the bush and all about the adjacent ground for that nest, but failed to find it. Then I asked the rest of the party to move on and leave me alone, and when they had gone I 'froze.' The poor little parent-birds were much disconcerted by this manoeuvre; they flitted round me, inspecting me on every side, but evidently came to the conclusion at last that I was mysterious but harmless. Whereupon they dropped down a yard from my feet, and, as though they had touched a spring, five tiny scarlet mouths immediately gaped open. There was the nest, upon the open ground, its little thatched, feather-lined roof all mixed up with growing weeds, dead leaves cunningly disposed about its open doorway.

Now, if the nestlings had answered the incessant chirpings of their excited parents by demanding food, after the usual method of nestlings, they would, of course, have betrayed their whereabouts to me at once. But they 'lay low,' with complete success, until wiser heads considered it safe for them to move; and so you see the whole of this little family knew by instinct, as all birds and wild animals do, how to take advantage of the protective colouring of their surroundings. The father and mother showed this by their choice of building materials and the placing of the nest, and their little ones by their stillness in the moment of danger.

Two of our brightest-coloured birds—the King fisher and the Grey Wagtail—are to be found in the neighbourhood of water; but while the one must attract the eye even of the least observant wherever he goes, the other as a rule passes unnoticed by all. I will not waste time in describing the glories of the Kingfisher's plumage—you must take a walk by the river and see him for yourself. He won't try to hide. He will announce his coming in one of the shrillest notes known to the bird kingdom, and then right out over the middle of the stream he will flash past in straight, clean flight, swift and brilliant as a shooting star. Mark the line he takes, and then you can have some fun. The scout who has practised stalking knows, of course, how to approach bird or beast against the wind, and has learnt that a firm pressure of the whole foot, without either prodding with the heel, or going to the other extreme by tip-toeing, means noiseless walking.

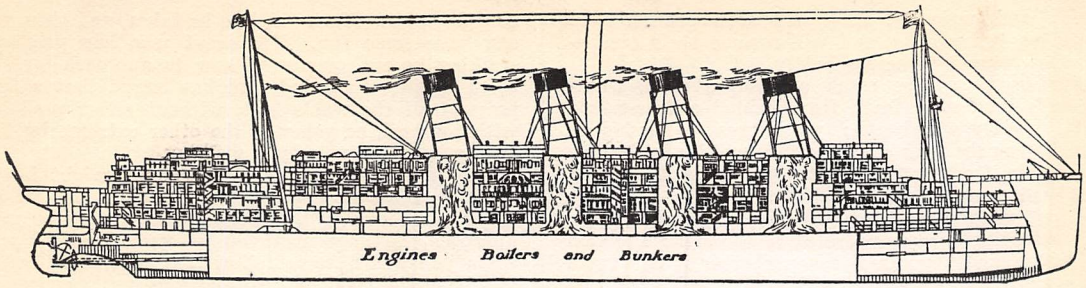
The kingfisher has alighted on a straight bough above some shallow water where little fishes are always to be found. However stealthy may be your approach, he may make off at first sight of you, when you will have to follow him up again. But if you have the good luck to find him really engrossed in his work, he will be too much excited to trouble about you. His bright eye may mark you down as you crawl towards him, but when you become absolutely still it goes back to the interesting scene in the water below him, and probably he is hoping devoutly that you have not come to spoil sport. Now, plop goes his glancing form into the water. Before you realise that he has left his perch, he has regained it with a minnow in his beak, as a token that he really has 'fished' before your eyes. A deft twist of his tongue brings the minnow's head into his mouth, and with a gulp and ruffle of his feathers, it disappears into its crop.

The Grey Wagtail is not afraid of you either—on the contrary, he will have a game with you if you care to play. When on the lookout for him, please remember that he is not grey, but about the yellowest bird we have. He is so yellow that, when he perches among buttercups, you can't see him at all. The grey shade of his back helps him to become thus indistinguishable from his surroundings, for it blends with such darker tints in the vegetation as dead leaves here and there, or the calyx of thistle or dandelion. And so he will let you come quite close to him, alluring you with his cheerful call of two notes. You hear it ringing out; you stand still and search the ground for him with all your eyes and fail to find him. Suddenly he shoots up into the air, seeming to try how high he can get with the impetus of one stroke of his wings; he takes a turn about the field, rising and dipping in the air, then drops to the ground again, and again cries, 'Find me if you can!'

Perhaps you can, but I can't. And I have never found his nest, although he pretends to have told me where it is situated over and over again. But I met an active nestling of his once, strutting among some cowslips, wagging a tail that was as yet composed only of quills.

The boldest bird youngster I ever came across was a little Peewit. I dare say most of you have met angry parent plovers who come hurtling at you if you approach the whereabouts of their nest, almost striking your face with their wings and deafening you with their screams. If you have any sympathy with birds it is hard to resist their would-be threats and entreaties, but I did it once. It took me three-quarters of an hour, searching a perfectly bare stretch of ground, before I found the chick. It was flattened against the short, rough grass from which its striped down was miraculously indistinguishable; one little leg was stuck stiffly out to look like a minute twig—only the (proportionately) enormous black eye, staring wide, but unwinking, gave the show away at last.

M. Blundell.



Where the Engines are placed in a Great Liner (the *Lusitania*).

BRITANNIA'S BULWARKS.

I.—BELOW DECKS.

(Concluded from page 158.)

WE will now notice the propeller shafting, which is practically the same for all steamships. Next to the engine proper comes the thrust shaft, revolving in the thrust block by which all the push of the propeller, in the case of reciprocating engines, or part of it, if turbines are used, is transmitted to the ship.

The section of the shaft which lies in the block has projecting from it a number of rings. On a piston-engine ship these alternate with large horse-shoe-shaped collars, threaded on stout bars bolted to projections on the block. The collars are faced with anti-friction metal and are hollow inside, so that a stream of cooling water may be continuously pumped through them to prevent over-heating.

Turbine thrust-blocks are made somewhat differently. In this case the block has an upper part or cap, and both have let into them half-rings of brass, lined with white metal, fitting between the shaft rings. The two sets of half-rings are slightly out of line with one another, those in the block taking the astern thrust, those in the cap the ahead thrust.

Joined to the thrust shaft is the tunnel shaft, in several sections connected together by bolts passing through large flanges at each end. Each section revolves in two large bearings, or plummer blocks, kept cool by water circulation.

The tail shaft, on the outboard end of which the propeller is fixed, is the last section of the shafting. This turns in a stern tube, lined with metal or lignum vitae, a wood which is well lubricated by salt water. At its inner end the tube has a water-tight gland to keep water out of the shaft tunnel. The outboard end of the tube is fixed in the stern frame, or, if it drives a 'wing' propeller, is supported by a bracket projecting from the frame. All the bearings of the crank, thrust, and tunnel shafts are lubricated with oil circulated by pumps through them, and through a cooler and a strainer in succession.

However perfect the engines may be, they will not do themselves justice unless wedded to equally good propellers. The design of propellers for marine work is too difficult a subject to be dealt with here. We may, nevertheless, notice that a high-speed propeller, that is, one meant to revolve fast, is smaller in diameter than a low-speed propeller, and has three or four wide blades which get a good grip on the water. The central boss of such a propeller is large, and has attached to it a big conical cover enclosing the end of the shaft and the nuts securing the propeller, so that the water may leave the boss easily, and suction may be reduced.

Not the least interesting of the below-deck mechanisms is the steering engine which works the gigantic rudder of a big ship. To move such a rudder by direct hand-power would require the united efforts of many men; and though an emergency handgear is usually provided as well, steam, hydraulic pressure, compressed air, or electricity is employed in ordinary circumstances.

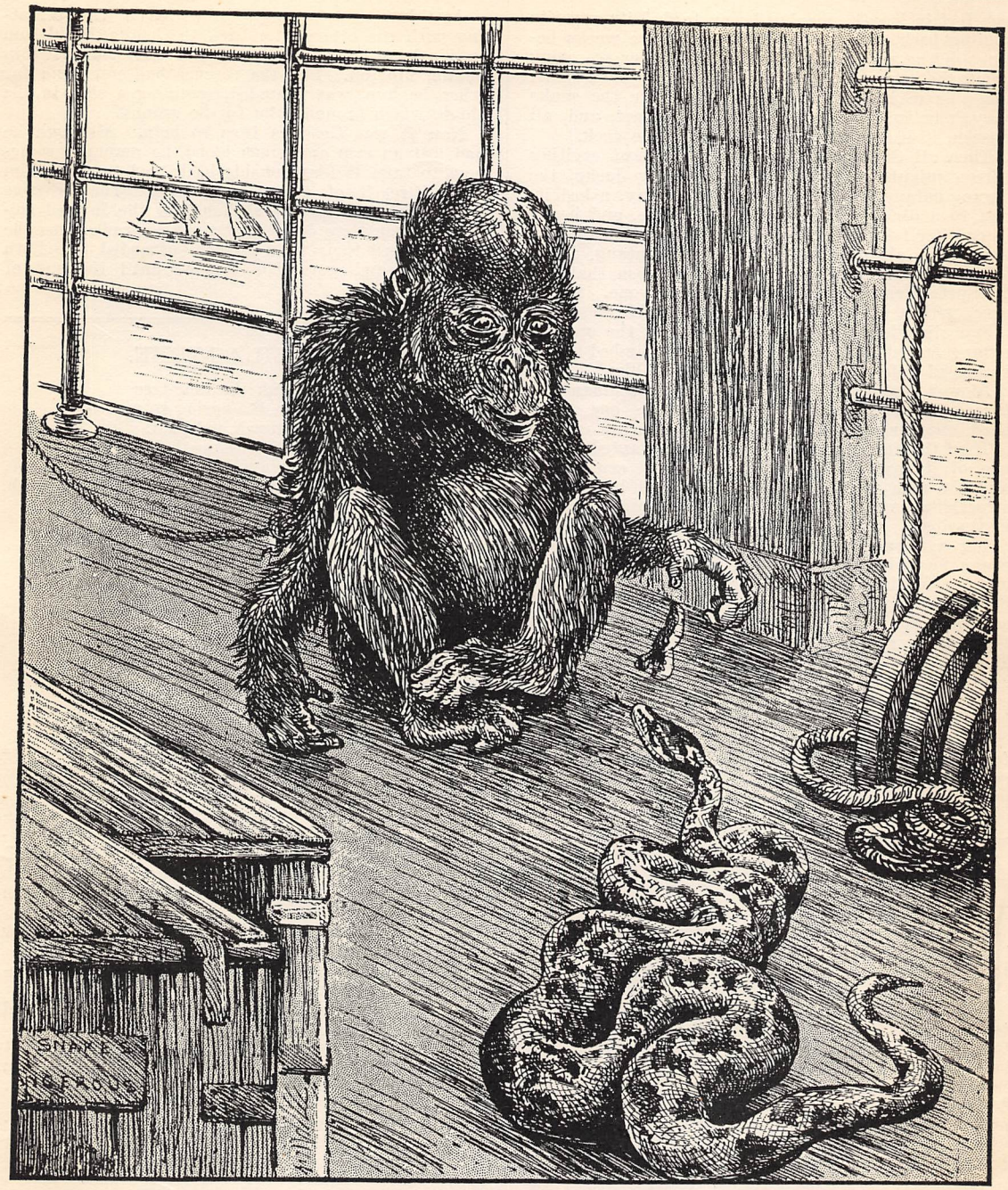
The steering engine is either on or near the tiller, and therefore far away from the captain's bridge. A 'telemotor,' which we will describe briefly, is used in most ships to connect the wheel with the engine.

The steering wheel is geared to a piston working up and down in a cylinder. A small pipe runs from each end of the cylinder through the ship to a similar cylinder near the steering engine. Both cylinders and both pipes are full of water. The piston rod of this second cylinder operates a valve which makes the steering engine, whether steam or hydraulic, move the tiller in the desired direction. As the tiller moves, the valve is automatically closed by it, so that the tiller works, as it were, against the telemotor, though it 'obeys instructions.' Since water is incompressible, any motion of the wheel is at once transmitted to the steering engine's control valve. If the helm is put hard over, the valve is opened wide, and does not close till the tiller has gone hard over: while a slight motion of the wheel is soon counteracted.

The water from the condensers is discharged into a hot-well. Thence it is pumped through filters, which remove all dirt, into feed-heaters. These are of two kinds. The 'surface' heater contains a number of tubes exposed outside to steam exhausted from the auxiliary engines. The water, passing through the tubes, takes in much of the steam's heat, and causes it to condense. In a 'contact' heater, the water, in spray form, is mixed with steam, which it condenses and adds to itself, along with its heat. From the heater the water is driven by force-pumps into pipes leading to the boilers, to be reconverted into steam.

These pumps, as well as the pumps for cooling and emptying the condensers, are driven by their own engines. Other engines are required to generate electricity for lighting, for working lifts and innumerable motors, and cooking, to drive the large fans ventilating the spaces below decks, to maintain pressure in the hydraulic system which oper-

ON THE TRAIL.



"The snake began to coil itself for a dart."

ates the bulkhead doors, to work the winches and other machinery for handling cargo, for compressing gas in the refrigerators; and for doing the many other tasks necessary in a floating town of perhaps three thousand souls.

Archibald Williams.

THE PYTHON AND JACKO.

ON board the British gunboat, Rattler, when she was away in the China Sea, there were two pets, a big ourang-outang called Jacko, and a very fine specimen of a python. The snake, which was twenty-

one feet in length, one day began to find its appetite coming back, having had its dinner three weeks before, in the shape of a small deer. After searching about the box in which it was kept, the python found one side in bad repair. It did not take the snake very long to come through the weak part, and, all unseen, it began to trail itself along the deck.

Then all the ship's company had a most exciting fifteen minutes. For the snake, seeing Jacko, the ourang-outang, tied up a few yards away, asked itself to a dinner very much to its taste, and began to coil itself for a dart at Jacko. It would very soon have been all over with the ourang-outang, if an officer had not at that very moment seen that the two pets were about to be made into one. He at once, with a slash of his knife, cut Jacko loose.

Squealing huskily in rage and terror, the ourang-outang leaped up into the rigging, and climbed to the masthead before any harm was done to him.

Almost instantly, two officers and a seaman had thrown themselves on the hungry snake: one at his head, another at its tail, and the third in its middle.

Then the fun began, for the python wanted to get one of its assailants into its coils and crush him, and the men were determined it should be kept in something as nearly approaching a straight line as is possible.

For a minute or so the three men and the great snake sprawled together, and wriggled, and coiled, and uncoiled all over the deck. Reinforcements, however, arrived in hot haste, and a score of sturdy seamen, each embracing a foot of python, reduced the furious reptile to a state of comparative quiet. The procession marched back to the python's box, and coiled the creature inside, and then the carpenter set about repairing the weak side through which it had escaped.

But the ourang-outang sat aloft at the masthead for a very long time, until he allowed himself to be persuaded to believe that he was not intended for the python's meal. A. T.

RE-UNITED.

WHEN, in the reign of Queen Anne, Great Britain was at war with France, the English troops laid siege to Namur, a fortified city of Flanders, and took the town; but the citadel held out against them.

In one of the regiments engaged in the siege were two young soldiers, whom we will call William and George. These two, when at school together, had been friends, but they had foolishly quarrelled about some trifle, and now hated—or thought they hated—each other. George, being a corporal, had many opportunities of showing his spite against William, who, though he dared not retaliate, felt very bitter towards George.

One day the order came for an attack on the castle of Namur. In this action George was struck by a cannon-ball, which shot away one of his arms. The poor fellow fell down at William's side. The enemy's soldiers from the castle were pressing closely upon the English, who were forced to retire. George feared that he would be trampled to death.

'Oh, William! William!' he cried, 'can you leave me like this?'

At this piteous appeal, William, who was retreating with the others, ran back to George, lifted him in his arms, and, under a heavy fire, succeeded in taking him off. But the rescuer had not gone far when he, too, was wounded, receiving a shot in the thigh, which brought him to the ground.

Now it was George's turn to help. Although he had lost an arm and much blood, he managed somehow to take William on his back, and to carry him beyond reach of the enemy's fire. Then George fainted. But help was at hand for the injured soldiers. They were carried by their comrades into the town, where their wounds were attended to. Both recovered, and were firm friends until the end of their days.

THE LILAC-TREE.

WHAT do you think the lilac-tree
Said one day in the spring to me?—
'I am the keeper, staunch and bold,
Of the fairies' secret treasure hold.
Long ago, in the springtide's birth,
They were called away from the fresh green earth,
And they gave this charge to me to keep.
I guard it well through the winter deep
For those who like to remember the day
Of the fairy folk who were called away.'
'What is the treasure?' I asked the tree;
But he only nodded mysteriously.
So I waited, and out on the boughs there grew
Frail tiny caskets of delicate hue;
And when they unfolded, faint and rare
The sweetest fragrance stole on the air.
So now, when I see the lilac-spray,
I think of the fairies who went away. N. M. C.

THE SWORDSMAN.

AFTER one of Napier's battles in India, a celebrated juggler visited his camp, and there performed before the General, his family, and staff. Amongst other wonderful doings, he cut in two, with one stroke of his sword, a lime or lemon as it lay on his assistant's hand.

Stretching out his right arm, Napier said, 'Now make the experiment on me.'

After closely examining his hand, the juggler declined to experiment on it.

'Ah!' exclaimed Napier, 'I thought I should find you out!'

'Stop a bit!' said the man. 'Show me your left hand. Ah! this will do. If you will hold your arm steady, I will perform the feat.'

'But why the left hand, and not the right?'

'Because your right hand is hollow in the palm; there would be a risk of cutting off the thumb. Your left hand has no hollow, therefore the danger will be less.'

Hearing the juggler speak so seriously, Napier felt far from comfortable. This, then, was no mere juggling trick, but a real feat of most delicate swordsmanship.

'If,' he said, 'I had not abused the man as I did before my staff and challenged him to the trial, I would have retired from the encounter. However, I put the lime on my hand and held out my arm stead-

ily. The juggler balanced himself, and with a swift stroke cut the lime in two pieces. I felt the edge of the sword on my hand as if a cold thread had been drawn across it. And so much,' he added, 'for the brave swordsmen of India whom our fine fellows defeated at Meanee.'

THE BACKWOODS BOY.

GUY CONNELL was standing in the dressing-room with clenched hands and set teeth, when a hand was laid on his shoulder.

'Bear up, old fellow!' said a friendly voice. 'We all have been through it, though I admit you're having an extra bad time.'

He turned to face Steve Rivers, the best dancer among the boys—not that he thought any better of him for that, but Steve was also a good gymnast, a good cricketer and footballer.

Guy unclenched his hands, thus showing the shreds of a pair of gloves. 'It's ghastly! I shall never do it! I didn't mean to let Dora Smith down. We got mixed, somehow!'

Guy Connell had been born and brought up on a Canadian farm. He was a big, awkward boy, and the free open-air life had suited him well. The death of both Father and Mother had brought it to an abrupt end, and he had been sent to an uncle and aunt in England, who promptly put him to school, and insisted amongst other things that he should attend a dancing-class. This was a weekly horror to Guy, who fully realised the contempt of the boys and the dislike of the girls.

'Look here, old man!' said Steve, consolingly, 'I will ask my sister to give you a leg-up. She's the nicest little girl in the crowd, and the prettiest too. Come on!' He dragged the unwilling Guy back to the room. 'Flossie,' he said, meeting her just inside the door, 'will you give Connell a help in the next waltz? He's having an awfully rough time.'

'Of course I will!' said Flossie. 'Let us go to the far end of the room where we shall have more space.'

The music struck up. At first Guy was as awkward as usual, but after a time he began to move more smoothly, and when the dance came to an end he wiped his heated forehead, saying, 'I kicked you four times! I'm an awfully clumsy brute, but I'm very grateful. If ever I can do anything for you, I'd like to!'

Flossie laughed. 'Thank you very much! The kicks weren't very bad. We must try again. It's very difficult at first.'

'Difficult? I should say so! I'd rather try to keep my seat on an unbroken colt any day!'

'Steve told me you came from Canada. Did you like it?' asked Flossie.

'Loved it!' replied the boy tersely. Then, drawn on by the sympathy in the brown eyes, he waxed eloquent. 'It's a glorious life! In the summer we were in the fields, riding after the cattle under a sky as blue as blue, or sometimes we went shooting or fishing, and in the winter we'd go into the woods with the sledges and dogs. When we got home at dark, Mother would be waiting for us. Then there was the jolly long evening round a glorious fire while Father read to us. When the cold was very bad, we'd hear the howl of the wolves. We were safe enough, but when they came too near we feared for the dogs, and Father and I would take our rifles and scare them away.'

The boy's eyes were glowing, and his whole appearance changed from his usual sullen, heavy look.

The afternoon wore on. So bitterly cold was it that a fire had been lit at one end of the room for the sake of the pianist. Guy had managed to escape the eye of the dancing-mistress, and was hiding behind a curtain, watching the dancers. As Flossie passed she caught sight of him, and gave a friendly smile. He watched her admiringly as she and her partner glided down the room. As they reached the end near the fire a particularly resinous log of wood burst into flame, scattering a perfect volley of sparks. Most of them smouldered out harmlessly, but one leapt on to the back of Flossie's skirt, and as she whirled around it was fanned into a blaze. The dress, being soft and light, caught like wildfire, and the first intimation of anything wrong was the yell of her partner who, seeing the flame over her shoulder, dropped his hold and fled. The other couples gazed for a moment in their direction, then scattered wildly. Flossie stood alone in the centre of the floor, looking with astonished eyes at the flying figures, not understanding what was the matter. Then the flames sprang round to the front also, and she realised.

'Steve!' she cried, holding out her hands, and running down the room. 'Steve, help me!'

But Steve was in the far corner, hemmed in by a crowd of horrified boys and girls, with a terrified partner clinging to his arm, and it was from another source that help came.

Guy, brought up amid scenes where dangers rise suddenly, and must be promptly dealt with, grasped the situation, and, leaping from his hiding-place, intercepted the flying figure. He had his arms round her, and had flung her on the ground in a flash. Kneeling beside her he crushed out the flames with his big hands, and the danger was over before Steve could force his way through the crowd and rush to the spot.

Thanks to his quickness, Flossie was not much the worse, except for the fright, and when they were safely home, and Mrs. Rivers had been told all, Flossie asked, 'Mother, can Steve bring Guy here? I haven't thanked him.'

'Certainly, dear. I should like to see him too.'

Steve soon returned with Guy, looking more awkward and shy than usual.

Flossie held out her hand as he entered the room. 'I want to thank you. You said if you could do anything for me you would, but I never thought of anything like that. Weren't you hurt?'

He laughed uncomfortably. 'Not much—only a blister or two. I'm glad—I'm glad I was there to do it. I once had a little sister like you—out there,' with a jerk of the head, supposed to be in the direction of Canada.

From that time, the girls who had previously disliked him would have made a hero of Guy, and the boys were ready to make friends. But though he was pleasant with all, it was only with the Rivers that he altogether forgot his shyness and awkwardness. He and Steve became fast friends, and both boys united in thinking that Flossie was 'the nicest and prettiest girl in the crowd.' C. E. Thonger.

"Guy intercepted the flying figure."

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"Full in the moonlight sat Green."

A MATTER OF DUTY.

THE farmer finished a grave conversation with his head man, and turned to his son, who was trying to balance himself on the edge of the horse-trough. 'Now, Pip, mind you don't get into any trouble while I'm away, and don't hinder the men at their work. And you, Sandy,' addressing a vacant-looking lad, who stood at the horse's head, 'hop round and help where you can. I don't know, I'm sure, what I keep you on for,' he added in a lower tone, gathering up the reins and springing into the trap. 'Let her go!'

Sandy let go, and the farmer drove out of the yard with a rather grave face, and turned along the road, to pull up almost directly, as a frantic yell of 'I say, Father!' reached him.

In another minute Pip had one foot on the step and one hand on the trap, clinging in much the fashion of a monkey, as he said, breathlessly, 'I say, Father, Sandy and I can have a day in the woods, can't we?' adding, in the same breath, 'What did Green say about the corn?'

'He didn't say much—in fact, he looked rather queer when I mentioned it. I should very much like to know who takes it—that some one does, I am convinced. It cannot be used on the farm at that rate. Yes, you may go into the woods, if you don't stay late, and don't get into mischief. Good-bye!'

'Good-bye!' Pip dropped into the road, and watched his father drive away before he rushed back to the yard, calling loudly for his friend, Sandy. Instead, he met Green.

'Now, look here, Mr. Pip,' said that worthy, 'we can get on with our work a deal better when you are out of the way: so I'll thank you to take yourself out of the yard.'

'I'm going, Green, for Sandy and I are going to spend the day in the woods,' returned Pip.

'And a good thing, too,' said the foreman, evidently relieved; 'that's the best place for the pair of ye.'

Pip chuckled; he was a sunny-tempered boy, and did not resent it, although he knew Green would always rather have his room than his company.

The half-witted boy, with a grin on his face that showed his entire approval of the programme, came out of the barn, and the two lads, after a trip to the house for provisions, leapt the field gate, and were soon lost to sight in the whispering softness of the woods.

They loved expeditions like this: for Sandy, half-witted though he seemed to be about most things, was certainly 'all there' in the woods. There was not a bird that he did not know, not a nest that he could not find, not a squirrel hoard nor a hedgehog burrow but he had set his seal of approval on it.

'Sandy,' said Pip, throwing his knapsack on the ground when they halted this morning for dinner, 'what's your theory about the corn?'

'I haven't one, Mr. Pip. It's funny, but no one can get at it; for Mr. Green always locks the door, and no one could get in any other way.'

'There's the window,' said Pip, quickly.

'Yes; but no one but you or me could get in there, and there have been no footmarks under the window, though it's been wet,' answered Sandy.

'Well, it's a funny thing; for Father is perfectly certain some one has taken it, because it goes so fast.'

Sandy sat nibbling a blade of grass. 'I'd like fine to catch the thief,' he said, with a gleam in his eye.

'So would I—it would be a lark,' answered Pip, stuffing the remaining provisions into his knapsack. 'Now show me that reed-warbler's nest, Sandy.'

Off they went again, careless and happy, and it was not until the long, bright day was drawing to a close that they came tramping back to the farm. Green was just locking up for the night when they reached the yard, and Sandy halted.

'Don't lock the barn yet, Mr. Green,' he said. 'I will just slip in and set the rat-trap.'

'There are no rats of any account in there,' answered the foreman. 'It's my belief you go there to lie about on the hay, which don't improve it. Never a one have ye caught there yet. Set 'em down by the fowl-house, in their runs.'

The boy trotted off obediently. 'Perhaps it won't hurt for to-night,' he said to himself, 'though the master said, "Set 'em in the barn."'

The two boys were counting their tale of rats the next morning, for Pip was, of course, deeply interested in what Sandy did, when they heard the foreman talking. 'I can't make it out,' he was saying, 'there's nearly half a bin gone, and I know I locked the place up every night.'

'We had better sit up and watch, then,' suggested somebody.

'Not a bad idea; we will to-night. You and Bill come up, Jack.'

Of course, the boys were wild to help, but Green would not let them; they were not sorry the next day, when they found nothing had been seen. That night the farmer was returning; he did not get home till fairly late, though—just about Pip's bed-time in fact—and he was too tired to go round the sheds then.

'Though we must find out who takes it, Pippin,' he said; and the boy, yawning, agreed.

That night he was awakened by a tapping at his window. He was not frightened, for Sandy often summoned him that way, so Pip sprang up and leaned out; there was the lad crouching on the low roof outside.

'Put on your things, Mr. Pip,' he said, 'and wake the master and come along with me. I've caught the biggest rat as ever you see.'

'Tell me all about it, Sandy, while I dress,' said Pip.

'You know the master said, "Set traps in the barn." Well, Mr. Green had always locked up before I could do it, and said it didn't matter. So to-night I crept in through the window when they were all gone, and I set the strongest trap I'd got, right between the door and the corn-bins, and dropped a wisp of hay on it. I thought I'd take it away in the morning before any one came. Because, you see, I thought if 'twas a two-legged thief, as it must be, who takes the corn, he'd be sure to set his foot in it, and,' triumphantly, 'that's what he has done, and I want you to come quickly before he gets away.'

Pip lost no time in rousing his father at that, and they followed Sandy in silence to the barn window. A shaft of moonlight fell across the floor, and full in its light sat Green, a sack half full of corn beside him, examining an injury to his leg and grumbling softly.

He got up presently and, swinging the sack over his shoulder, left the barn, locking the door behind him; and Pip never saw him again.

'The scoundrel,' muttered the farmer, 'and I trusted him, too. As for you, Sandy, you've more brains than all the rest of us put together.'

And half-witted Sandy was far more pleased with the words than with the bright sovereign with which the farmer rewarded him. May Heward.

ROUND THE WORLD WITH THE UNION JACK.

IV.—THE STRAITS SETTLEMENTS AND BORNEO.

THE history of the Malay Peninsula is very much like that of our other Eastern possessions, for here, as in India and Ceylon, the first explorers were the Portuguese. These were followed by the Dutch, and it was not until late in the seventeenth century that the English began to gain a footing in the country.

The Portuguese, it is said, always set out on their voyages in a threefold character, for they were at the same time soldiers, merchants, and missionaries. Monks and priests were taken on board the Eastward-bound ships, and the famous missionary, St. Francis Xavier, preached to the natives of Malacca, and, according to the legends, performed many wonderful miracles in that city.

The explorers, however, were careful to inspire their new subjects with fear, and we hear that Magellan, who travelled through the Straits of Malacca and later sailed westward across the Pacific to the Philippine Islands, exhibited to the natives a Spanish soldier clad in full armour. Three men were told to attack him with their swords, and, when they failed to injure him, and declared that a hundred men would be powerless against such a warrior, they were informed that each of the Portuguese ships contained hundreds of these invincible soldiers.

The supremacy of the Dutch in the East Indies began in the middle of the seventeenth century and lasted for more than a hundred years, but towards the end of the eighteenth century the English became gradually more and more powerful. Malacca and many of the islands changed hands again and again, and now the mainland of the Malay Peninsula is under British rule, while most of the islands, with the exception of part of Borneo, remain in the hands of the Dutch.

The Straits Settlements consist of Malacca, Penang, the Dindings, Wellesley Province, and Singapore, while a number of native states are under British protection.

The principal town in the Peninsula is Singapore, which is also one of the largest and most important seaports in the East.

The history of this great city is a curious one, for it is quite a modern place, and England owes it entirely to Sir Stamford Raffles, who was Governor of Java at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when that island still belonged to England. Raffles, seeing that a port was necessary to the Settlement, selected the little island of Singapore as a suitable spot. He then obtained a grant of the land from its native owner, and thus founded one of the most prosperous cities in the East.

The Malays are a strong and hardy race, with dark-brown skins and black hair and eyes. They are very cheerful and fond of amusement and gay clothes, so, at first sight, one is inclined to think them harmless and peaceable. Their past history shows, however, that this is not always their character.

For centuries the Malays were a nation of pirates, and terrible stories are told of their marauding expeditions, and of the savage cruelties committed by them on the hapless travellers who had the ill-luck to fall into their hands. They are also subject to wild frenzies of religious madness, and will sometimes seize their daggers and, rushing furiously into a crowd of people, stab any one who stands in their way. This is called 'Running amok,' and we can imagine how these maniacs are dreaded and shunned.

Malays, as a rule, are very lazy, and most of the hard work in their country is done by Chinese immigrants.

South-east of the Malay Peninsula is Borneo, one of the largest islands in the world, and here both England and Holland have dependencies. There are also two native states, Brunei and Sarawak, which are under British protection.

The great island of Borneo was discovered by Lorenzo de Gomez in 1518, and was afterwards visited by Portuguese and Spanish explorers. In the seventeenth century Dutch and English settlements were founded, but these were soon abandoned. It was not until 1816 that the Dutch returned to Borneo, and really gained a footing in the country.

Later, in the nineteenth century, England obtained possession of the neighbouring island of Labuan and of a large district in the north, which is governed by the British North Borneo Company. The capital of British North Borneo is Sandakan. The ruler of Sarawak is an Englishman, Rajah Brooke.

Borneo is inhabited by Malays, Chinese, and by the Dyaks—a wild race who were probably the original natives of the country. These people are savage and war-like, and many of them are head-hunters—that is to say, they try to secure the heads of their enemies as trophies.

Dyak villages are very different from those of most other natives, for instead of dwelling in separate huts, they often inhabit one large building, sometimes as many as six hundred or a thousand people living under one roof.

The Borneans have great war-canoes for use on the rivers. These are made of huge logs, and they are often more than a hundred feet in length. The Dyak warriors are formidable-looking savages when they start out on their head-hunting expeditions, for they are armed with long spears, swords, and short daggers, besides having the deadly blow-pipes, through which poisoned darts can be projected.

East of Borneo is the still larger island of Papua, or New Guinea, the southern portion of which has belonged to England since 1887. This district, which is larger than Great Britain itself, being near to Australia, is now under the government of the Australian Commonwealth.

New Guinea is one of the wildest and most uncivilised countries in the whole world, and although the coast has been explored, very little is known about the interior of the island and the mountainous dis-

"Magellan exhibited to the natives a Spanish soldier clad in full armour."

tricts. The Papuans are savages, and many of them are cannibals.

The children in New Guinea are neglected by their parents, and are allowed to do exactly as they like. They are not educated in any way, but the boys have many amusements, and delight in dressing themselves as warriors or hunters, and in playing leap-frog and other games. As in most other savage countries, the girls are expected to make themselves useful, and are taught to cook, to row the canoes, and to make pottery. Some of them are also trained as dancers.

The Papuans wear very few clothes, but they are elaborately tattooed, and they are fond of daubing themselves with red paint. Their hair, of which they are very proud, is frizzed out into an immense mop and decorated with coloured beads.

These strange people build their huts either on piles or else high up in trees, so that they look very much like gigantic birds'-nests.

On the coast of the island, near Port Moresby, which is the capital of British New Guinea, live a tribe called the Motuans, who are traders, and travel from place to place in boats with great claw-shaped sails. These people make pottery, which they sell to the other natives.

The climate of Papua is very hot and humid, and a great part of the island is covered with dense forests. Here many strange birds are to be found: among them the hornbills, with their huge, ungainly beaks, and beautiful birds of paradise. Many of the animals of the island are like those of Australia.

A. A. Methley.

STRANGE STINGS.

IT is well known to everybody that bees and wasps have a sting, but I wonder how many of you have heard of the curious sting which some of the near relatives of the bees have.

In the summer-time, if you watch almost any kind of bush on a fine, sunny day, you may see a brightly coloured, slender-bodied insect flying in a peculiar manner over the leaves. It does not make

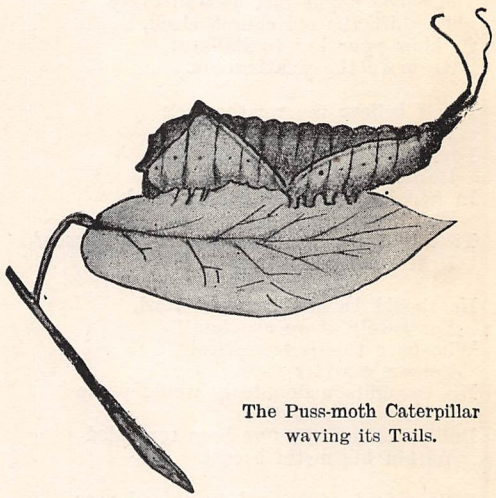
An Ichneumon attacking a Caterpillar.

a humming noise, like the bees, nor does it visit the flowers, but it is quite easy to see that it is looking for something. Silently and stealthily it passes from leaf to leaf, looking over both the tops and the bottoms of them.

What does it seek? You will be surprised when I tell you that it is looking for caterpillars, and still more surprised when you learn that, when it finds one, it will lay its eggs in its body.

If you are fortunate enough to see it discover an unfortunate caterpillar, you will see a most interesting sight. At the end of its body, the ichneumon, for this is the name of the fly, has a very long, pointed sting, called an 'ovipositor,' because it is an instrument with which to deposit its eggs (ova). As soon as it finds the caterpillar, it hovers round to make sure that its victim does not know it is near, and then suddenly it makes a dart upon it. The caterpillar gives a sharp wriggle, but it is too late, for already it has been stung and an egg has been left in its body. Some ichneumons only lay one egg in each caterpillar, but others will sting again and again, until quite a large number of eggs are left in various parts of the caterpillar's body.

Now, it is hard to believe the truth of what happens to the caterpillar after this, but it has been



The Puss-moth Caterpillar waving its Tails.

proved over and over again, and if you ever collect moths and butterflies you will often have an opportunity of proving it yourself. In a very little time, the eggs of the ichneumon are hatched, and a tiny grub comes out to feed on the caterpillar's body. It takes care only to eat the fatty portions, and the caterpillar itself lives and eats just as it did before. Sometimes, when there are a large number of eggs, the fat is eaten too quickly, and the caterpillar dies. The grubs then finish feeding and make themselves a cocoon, in which they remain until they have changed into perfect ichneumon flies. Sometimes the grubs have grown to their full size long before the caterpillar dies or becomes a chrysalis, and then they push themselves outside its skin and make their cocoons, so that the caterpillar goes about with these funny silky things hanging to its body.

More often the caterpillar lives and grows to its full size and turns into a chrysalis, but when the beautiful moth should come out, a host of horrid ichneumons come instead. There is no end to the various ways in which these changes may take place.

Nearly all kinds of caterpillars are stung by different sorts of ichneumon, but some much more than others; and there are a few which are hardly ever touched, because they have a method of defending themselves from the attacks. One of these is the puss moth, which you may often find feeding on poplar-trees. It is a very large, fat-bodied cater-

pillar, and sits up in a funny, hump-backed fashion. What is most peculiar, however, is the little forked tail at the end of its body. If the caterpillar is disturbed or irritated, it pushes out two very fine red threads from this tail and waves them in the air. These frighten the ichneumon and drive it away.

Herbert Mace.

THE WEATHERCOCK.

I KNOW a bird that never quits
His perch to take a fly,
Although since first he mounted there
A century's rolled by.
The winds might just as well essay
To shift the old church clock,
Or blow your hat to Ballarat,
As move the weathercock.

I half believe the weathercock
Enjoys the tempests' din,
For in the rushing of the gale
He does get such a spin!
In fact, I'm half inclined to think
The legend to be true,
That tells us, 'when he hears the chimes,'
He'll 'cock-a-doodle-do!'

He should be an observant fowl,
For surely there are few
Who over things terrestrial
Possess a wider view.
His thoughts undoubtedly would prove
Of lasting interest,
But up to now they've been concealed
Within his metal breast.

Long may he turn and twist and veer
Against the changing sky,
And may he never wish to spread
His gilded wings and fly.
There's not a doubt that if he did,
The flight of Sinbad's roc
Would cause far less sensation than
Our flying weathercock.

G. Baird.

THE MIDDY'S DISGRACE.

THE well-known writer, Douglas Jerrold, was, as a youngster, a midshipman on the brig Earnest. It was an exciting time for England. The Earnest entered the harbour of Ostend five days before the battle of Waterloo was fought. Thence she returned to the Nore, but after a stay of only two days she was off to sea again. In consequence of bad weather she had to anchor at Cuxhaven or at Heligoland.

It was as she lay at anchor that Jerrold got into trouble. He had gone ashore with the captain, and in that officer's absence was left in command of the gig. Two of the men in his charge asked permission to go and buy something. The good-natured midshipman gave them leave to do so.

'By the way,' he said, 'you might as well buy me some apples and a few pears.'

'Very good, sir,' answered the men, and they disappeared.

The captain presently returned, but not the seamen. When they were searched for they could not be found. They had deserted. The captain, of course, was exceedingly angry with young Jerrold.

Thirty years later, when Douglas Jerrold had long since quitted the Navy, and was now fighting the battle of life, not with a dirk, but with a pen, he came across one of the runaways. As, one day, he strollel eastward towards the printing premises of Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, in Whitefriars, he suddenly recognised the form and face of a baker, who, with a load of bread on his back, was gazing at something in the window of a surgical instrument-maker. The ex-midshipman walked quickly to the man's side, and slapped him on the shoulder.

'I say, my friend,' remarked Jerrold, 'don't you think you've been rather a long time getting that fruit?'

The deserter, being the possessor of a guilty conscience, was greatly startled, but soon saw that he had nothing to fear.

'Why, is that you, sir?' he said, for well he remembered the little middy and his wish for fruit. Jerrold laughed heartily as he went on his way.

THE BEE AND THE WOOD-PIGEON

A Fable.

ON a sultry day in July, when all nature seemed to be taking an afternoon nap, a bee went down to a brook to take a refreshing drink.

But, alas! in her enjoyment of the cool water, the little creature lost her balance and fell into the stream. It was in vain that she flapped her wings, and tried to raise herself above the level of the water; and she would certainly have been drowned but for the kindly aid of a wood-pigeon, which happened to be nestling among the shady branches of a tree overhanging the stream.

Taking pity on the insect, the friendly bird dropped a small twig at the right moment, so that the bee was enabled to lay hold of it, and to get to dry land in safety by its means.

A few days later, the wood-pigeon had just flown up into the same tree, when a huntsman came stealthily along, gun in hand. He pointed the barrel at the bird, and laid his finger on the trigger. But the cunning little bee, who had been watching his movements, and had a deep-rooted mistrust of all two-legged beings, flew down at the moment, and stung his extended hand with all her might.

Puff! Bang! The shot was lost among the trees, and the wood-pigeon flew away unhurt, cooing her thanks to the grateful little bee. C. Morley.

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 186.)

'YOU!' said Tarm, not very much surprised. He thought, apparently, that Mary and John usually walked in the forest in the middle of the night. 'I was about to cross the river to talk with you again.'

'We have come to talk with you instead,' said

John. 'We want you to find Ganesh at once, so that he may take us to-night to the death valley.'

'Ganesh is angry,' said Tarm; but John would not be turned from his purpose.

'To-morrow we go to the hills,' he said. 'If we do not find the death valley to-night, then we shall never find it.'

'To-morrow you go away?' said Tarm. 'And, if there is no ivory, then I must stay here.' His voice grew shrill and alarmed. 'Oh, then we will surely go to Ganesh. Each day he grows a little less angry. It may be that now his anger is past.'

He began to stride rapidly along the river-bank, and Mary and John ran, one at each side of him, asking questions as they went.

'What will you say to Ganesh? What will he do?'

'I shall call to him, and if he is not very angry he will come to me. He will feed from my hand. He will place me on his neck. He will listen and try to understand when I speak to him.'

'And if he is very angry?'

'Then, I think, he will try to kill me, for that is the way of the elephant folk. When anger rules them, those they love first do they slay.' And, as he talked, Tarm walked so fast that Mary and John had no breath left with which to ask questions. Past the huts of the seekers of gold they went, a mile, at least, up the river; and then its bed drew in suddenly to a narrow gorge.

At the mouth of the gorge Tarm halted and stood for awhile, his hollowed hand to his ear. And soon, above the chuckle and whisper of the river, came the rattle of stones followed by a heavy splash.

'Ganesh drinks before the morning comes,' said Tarm. 'It is a good moment. Tread softly, and follow me.'

He crept into the entrance of the gorge with Mary and John close behind him. It was darker here, for so high were the cliffs, so narrow the space between them, that the moonbeams failed to find their way through. But ahead the gorge widened—the main stream of the river flowed swiftly on. To one side was a pool, smooth and wide. And, in the centre of the pool, was something which looked like a great rock until it moved and showed the grey-black sides, the huge head, the white tusks of Ganesh, the solitary elephant.

Tarm halted again. And yet Ganesh was unaware that his solitude was disturbed. He dipped his trunk into the pool, filled it with water, and splashed his dry and dusty hide. He shook himself to dislodge the twigs and dead leaves which had fallen into the hollows of his shoulders as he pressed through the forest. He lifted one leg after another only to let them sink again in the cool water with deep grunts of satisfaction. And then he stood almost still for a moment as though it pleased him to admire his own likeness in the water.

It was when Ganesh stood still that Tarm moved forward, but first he signed to Mary and John to remain hidden in the shadow of a rock. Close to the side of the gorge they crouched, their eyes on Tarm as he walked towards the elephant. He trod with the lithe step of one of the big cats of the jungle—of a panther or a tiger.

But, lightly as Tarm walked, Ganesh heard the sound of his coming. The great body swung round in the pool, the head pointed towards Tarm, the big ears fanned outwards, and the small eyes, deep set, watched intently. And Tarm, as he interpreted their expression, came abruptly to a halt.

'Ganesh, it is I,' he said, and the narrow walls of the gorge echoed back his voice. 'It is I, Tarm, thy friend. Come, then, and give me greeting.'

But Ganesh did not move. Only there came from him a low and angry rumble, and that, too, the walls of the gorge echoed until it grew into a very volume of sound.

For a perceptible moment Tarm hesitated; then he took another step towards the elephant. And at that, Ganesh heaved himself from the pool, scattering its waters to right and left; and then, with trunk upraised and a deep, threatening trumpet, he made straight for Tarm's waiting figure.

But Tarm waited no longer. Instead, he turned and ran towards Mary and John, and they also started to run even before he reached them. Down the gorge they went, with Ganesh in pursuit.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was very difficult to run quickly on the sand: so difficult that the chase must surely soon have ended had not Ganesh, by reason of his heavy bulk, encountered yet greater difficulty than did those he pursued. But, as the elephant covered six feet at a stride, he gained steadily on Mary and John—and on Tarm also, for Tarm matched his pace to that of the children.

'Run faster, run faster!' he cried. And, 'I cannot run faster,' Mary gasped; and, 'I think my legs will soon break,' said John.

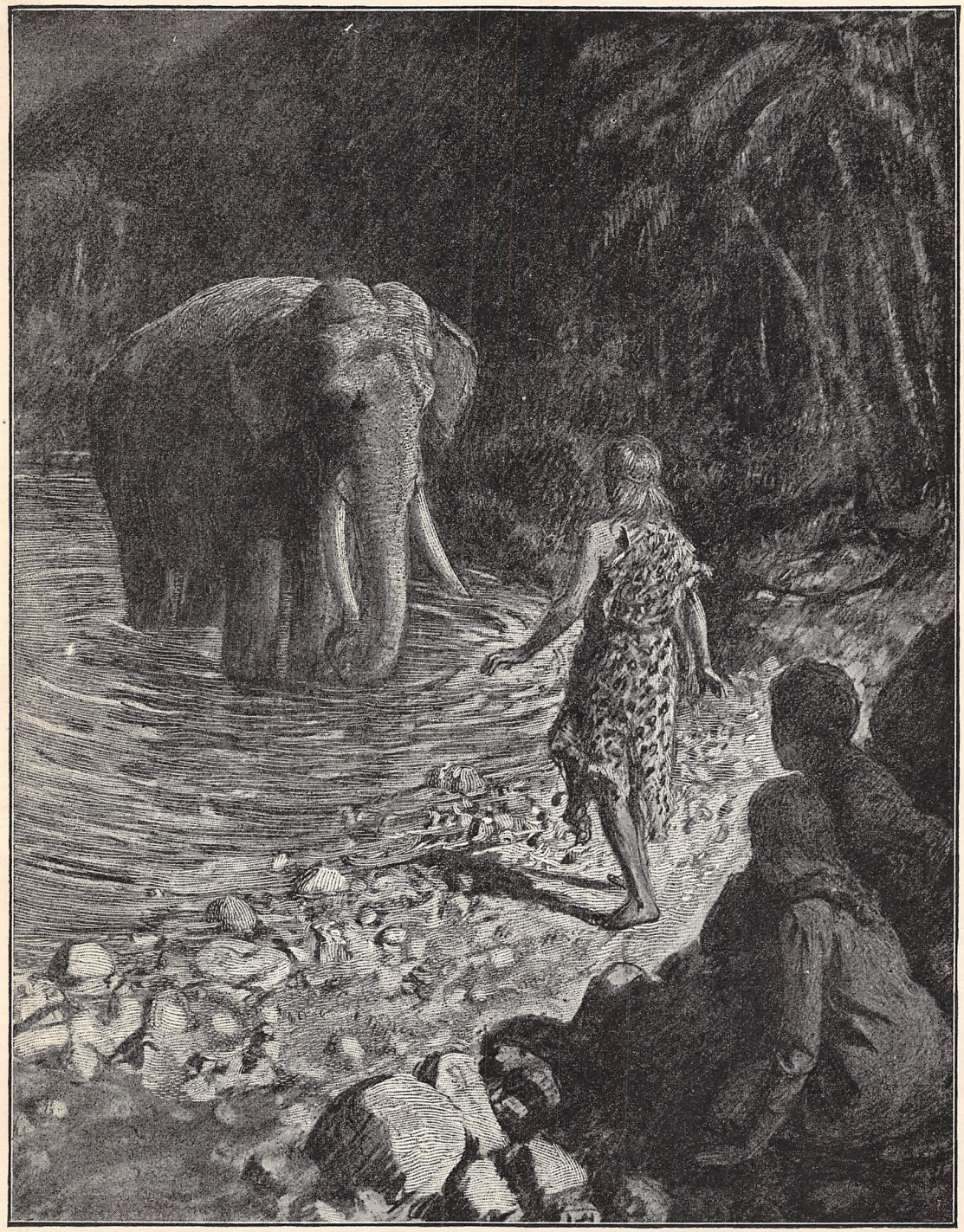
Tarm glanced back over his shoulder. Thirty yards behind Ganesh pounded, screaming shrilly as he came. The noise he made was very dreadful: it seemed to proclaim so merciless an anger.

Tarm caught Mary's hand in one of his, John's in the other. Thus helped they could run a little faster, but still the advantage was with Ganesh. The opening of the gorge was very near; beyond was the wide stretch of the river-bed. 'There is nowhere to hide for miles and miles,' said Mary to herself. 'Ganesh will kill all of us, one after another.'

Tarm ran a little faster. He dragged the children off their feet almost, so great was the haste that he made. But he did not think of deserting them. He had no affection for them, but the instinct of the white race held good: the instinct that bids the white man protect, at any risk to himself, the weak and helpless. Julfu was ready to give his life for the children at the bidding of loyalty; Ayah, because she loved them so greatly. But Tarm was willing to make a like sacrifice though he owed them neither loyalty nor love. Dimly he understood that this was what he must do should it be necessary. Instinctively he answered to that command within him which was stronger even than the desire to save himself. Tarm was no coward, save in his dealings with the old priest.

But while he ran, his brain, trained in all woodcraft, worked quickly. How should they escape?—for he had by no means abandoned hope of escape. The entrance to the gorge was very close now. Ganesh was no longer thirty yards behind, but twenty only.

(Continued on page 202.)



"He took another step towards the elephant."

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"'Do not struggle. We will save thee yet.'"

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 199.)

'THIS way,' said Tarm, suddenly. He swung the children round the shoulder of rock which cut off the river-bed from the gorge, and dragged them away from the stream for a short distance towards the opposite bank. Then he turned again, parallel with the river; and now he ran more slowly, and at each yard Ganesh gained.

'We shall be killed! we shall be killed!' Mary sobbed, and John bit his lip hard that he might not sob also. But his breath came in such big pants that it shook the teeth from his lip, and, despite all his efforts, a sob managed to escape. Tarm squeezed the hand that he held, and made a kind of song as he ran.

'We shall not be killed. He who pursues us shall be slain in our place. See, now, the sand beneath our feet, the sand that was part of the very earth itself. It shakes. It is as the water of the river. He who follows shall be engulfed in its midst.'

And now Mary and John grew aware of a very curious thing. The sand beneath their feet indeed moved and shifted, and when their shoes sank within it, they felt as though something clutched them round the ankles, drew them steadily downwards with finger-tips which coaxed and clung. 'Tread lightly,' sang Tarm. 'Tread lightly, step softly.'

He loosed the children's hands as he spoke, and ran a little ahead of them; and as he ran, the sands around him quivered as a jelly quivers if you shake it. And then, all at once, Tarm stood again on firm ground, and turned to beckon to Mary and John.

'Come quickly, come quickly,' he cried; and quickly indeed they ran to him, while Ganesh trumpeted behind.

'Run,' said Mary, pushing against Tarm's arm, 'run.'

But Tarm stood still instead, and pointed to Ganesh, and 'Look!' he said; and again, 'Look!'

Ganesh was some fifteen yards away now, a distance he could easily cover in a few strides. Already he believed that victory was his; his angry scream deepened to a note of triumph. One stride he made, and as he did so the ground around him quivered, not as it had quivered for the passing of Mary and John, but as though it were shaken to some unknown depth by the heavy weight of the elephant; and Ganesh felt the quiver, and as he felt it all his anger was drowned in a chill wave of fear.

He knew what that quiver meant—too well he knew. He tried to turn, but those clutching hands, which seemed hidden in the sand, held him fast by the feet. One plunge he made forward, and then the hands gripped his hind legs also. Helpless, terrified, stood Ganesh, for he knew that death was in the ground beneath him. His scream of triumph died away, his eyes seemed fixed on those who watched him in a very agony of entreaty. All the anger had gone out of him. Only fear, desperate fear, was left.

'What is it?' said Mary. She whispered the words, for she was very frightened. There was something so strange and mysterious about this silent elephant, motionless amidst the quivering sand. Mary had been afraid of Ganesh angry; but this, because she could not understand it, frightened her yet more.

'It is a quicksand,' said Tarm. 'We crossed in safety because we ran quickly; also we are neither large nor heavy. But the sand which bore our weight could not bear that of Ganesh. Now he will be swallowed up, he will die. I, who was his friend, have led him to his death.'

Tarm threw his arms wide as he finished speaking, and from his lips came a low and melancholy wail. 'Ganesh,' he mourned, 'oh, Ganesh, I have slain thee, my brother of the forest.'

Ganesh turned his head a little at the sound of Tarm's voice, and the hands in the sand, helped by the movement, tightened their grasp on his feet, drew them deeper yet; and, at that, Tarm sank down on the edge of the quicksand, and wail after wail broke from him. 'Now must I sing the death song of Ganesh,' he moaned. 'Ganesh, who was chief of all the elephants of the forest.'

'Oh, poor Ganesh,' said Mary, and she cried in sympathy with Tarm. Only John and the great elephant were silent: John, because he was thinking hard and quickly; Ganesh, because he knew that no outcry could avail.

'Father said once,' John began, thinking aloud, 'that if an elephant was caught in a quicksand, you must give him anything solid you can find to put under his feet, and then he can sometimes struggle out again on to firm ground.'

'Let us find something solid at once,' said Mary, quickly drying her tears. 'Stop crying, Tarm. Do you hear what John says?'

'But,' John added firmly, 'if Ganesh means to chase us again directly he gets out of the quicksand, we must not help him. It would be a very silly thing to do. Will Ganesh chase us, Tarm? Do you think he is still angry?'

Tarm's wails ceased in their turn. He looked at that quiet waiting figure, which was sinking deeper every minute. The quicksand held Ganesh now just below the knees.

'He is not angry any more,' said Tarm. 'He will not hurt us if we help him.'

Tarm sprang to his feet, and ran round the quicksand until he was almost within touch of Ganesh. The dangerous spot was but narrow, some twelve feet across, perhaps. 'Wait, my brother,' he said. 'Wait. Be patient. Do not struggle. We will save thee yet.'

And Ganesh seemed to understand, for he did not move, though now the sand reached above his knees.

(Continued on page 215.)

ADVENTURES WITH AVALANCHES.

FEW of us may have seen an avalanche, or been unfortunate enough to have been in the path of one of these moving snowfields, but many of us have seen the snow fall from the housetops, and perhaps smother the clothes of a passer-by. Such an occurrence is indeed a miniature avalanche.

But the true avalanche is only to be seen in mountainous regions, where the snowfields are often so gently balanced that the slightest noise is sufficient to dislodge them and hurl them pell-mell down the steep slopes. Indeed, most of the railway companies in Switzerland have had to build series of

walls on the slopes above their lines, so as to protect them from the ravages of avalanches, and even then the damage wrought by them is often severe.

To the mountaineer the avalanche peril is an ever-impending danger, and a few stories of adventures with them will doubtless serve to give some idea of the importance of this oft-recurring evil. Few Alpinists have experienced more hairbreadth escapes from avalanches than that intrepid mountaineer, the late Professor Tyndall. One of his most famous adventures was that which occurred on June 30th, 1864, when, while staying at Pontresina, he was invited by two friends to join an expedition up a famous peak, returning by way of a glacier. The party was composed of Messrs. Tyndall, Hutchison, and Lee, and they were accompanied by two guides, Jenni and Warner. The early stages of the climb were of a simple nature, but later they came to a huge couloir, or gully filled with snow, the surface of which had been partly melted by the sun, and partly frozen again, so as to expose a sloping wall of ice. The party was roped together at this point, of course, the guide Jenni taking the lead, followed by Tyndall, Hutchison, and Lee, with the guide Warner in the rear to check any false step that might be made. The moment the ice was reached, Jenni began to cut steps in its surface with his axe, and before long the party had reached the snow in safety, when Jenni suddenly turned round and advised them to keep to their tracks, adding that a false step might detach an avalanche.

He had no sooner spoken, however, before the false step was made. With the exception of the Professor, the whole party was thrown into the snow, and the next moment he saw his friends whirled past him. Being a skilled mountaineer he did his best to quell the progress of the avalanche by forcing his alpenstock into the snow in the hope of reaching the solid ice beneath and so making a kind of break. But this was of no avail, for the next instant he came into violent collision with some obstacle, and was thrown into the air, the guide Jenni, at the same time, being shot down upon him.

Both men had now lost their alpenstocks, and in that moment had actually been carried over a crevasse and thrown far beyond it, so great was the velocity with which the avalanche moved. The next moment a second crevasse was reached, and it was here that the guide, Jenni, did a brave thing, for he threw himself bodily into the chasm in the hope that the strain upon the rope—for he was an exceptionally heavy man—would arrest the progress of the avalanche.

But this act, too, was of little avail, or at least it made no visible impression at the time, for he was instantly jerked out of the fissure again and nearly squeezed to death by the pressure on the rope. And still the downward rush continued. Jenni was now in the rear of the party, the others being on the very brow of the avalanche, which continued its downward path with unabated fury. At times all four were almost buried in the snow, which reached to their waists. A few hundred yards ahead they could see that the glacier was broken by additional crevasses of even greater dimensions, and further still it was seen to be cut by a huge precipice. Unless the avalanche came to rest almost at once, it was evident that they would be carried over the precipice, even if they escaped the crevasses, and be buried in the vast masses of snow which followed, from which they would never be extricated. Here, however, we will let Professor Tyndall continue the story in his own words:

'Looking in advance I noticed that the slope for a short distance became less steep, and then fell as before. Now or never, we must be brought to rest. The speed visibly slackened, and I thought we were saved. But the momentum had been too great; the avalanche crossed the brow, and in part regained its motion. At this point, Hutchison threw his arm round his friend, all hope being extinguished, while I grasped my belt, and struggled to free myself. Finding this difficult from the tossing, I suddenly resumed my strain upon the rope.' This gave Jenni a slight advantage, 'and the whole question was whether the opposing force would have time to act. This was all arranged in our favour, for we came to rest so near the brow, that two or three seconds of our average motion of descent must have carried us over. Had this occurred, we should have fallen into the chasm and been covered up by the tail of the avalanche. Hutchison emerged from the snow with his forehead bleeding, but the wound was superficial; Jenni had a bit of flesh removed from his hand by collision against a stone; the pressure of the rope had left black belts on my arm, and we all experienced a tingling sensation, like that produced by incipient frostbite, which continued for several days. I found a portion of my watch-chain hanging around my neck, another part in my pocket; the watch was gone.'

It is interesting to note that when the Professor went to examine the avalanche several days after, he found his watch in the snow, uninjured.

The famous accident which occurred on the Haut de Cry will long be remembered. In this instance the party was also crossing a glacier covered with snow, and it was here that Tyndall's favourite guide, Bennen, perished. Local guides had assured the party before they set out that the snow was in a safe condition, but from the first, Bennen paid little attention to this advice, and proceeded with great caution. The adventure is related in the Alpine Journal by Mr. Gossett:

'Bennen advanced; he made but a few steps when we heard a deep cutting sound. The snowfield split in two about fourteen or fifteen feet above us. The cleft was at first quite narrow—not more than an inch broad. An awful silence ensued. It lasted but a few seconds, and then it was broken by Bennen's voice: "We are all lost." His words were slow and solemn, and those who knew him felt what they really meant when spoken by such a man as Bennen. They were his last words. I drove my alpenstock into the snow and brought the weight of my body to bear upon it. I then waited. It was an awful moment of suspense. I turned my head towards Bennen to see whether he had done the same thing. To my astonishment, I saw him turn round, face the valley, and stretch out both hands. The ground on which we stood began to move slowly, and I felt the utter helplessness of my alpenstock. I soon sank up to my shoulders, and began descending backwards. Before long I was covered up with snow, and in utter darkness. I was suffocating, when with a jerk I suddenly came to the surface again. To prevent myself sinking again,

I made use of my arms much in the same way as when swimming in a standing position. At last I noticed I was moving more slowly; then I saw the pieces of snow in front of me stop at some yards' distance, then the snow straight before me stopped.'

But while the avalanche had come to rest, the snow above pressed on and buried Mr. Gossett. So intense was the pressure that he could not move, and he began to fear that it would be impossible for him to get out. Then, while vainly trying to move his arms, he suddenly became aware that his hands as far as his wrists had the faculty of motion. The cheering conclusion was that they must be above the snow. So Mr. Gossett struggled on. At last he saw a faint glimmer of light. The crust above his head was getting thinner, and let a little air pass; but he could no longer reach it with his hands. The idea struck him that he might try to pierce it with his breath. He tried, and, after several efforts, succeeded. Then he shouted for help, and one of his guides, who had escaped uninjured, came and extricated him. The snow had to be cut with an axe down to his feet before he could be pulled out. Then he found that his travelling companion, M. Boissonet, was dead, and that no trace of Bennen could be found. Later, however, the body was recovered. And so ended one of the most terrible tragedies recorded in the history of the Alps.

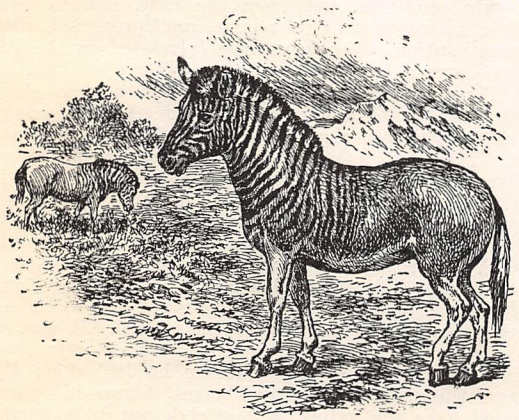
A. E. D.

BEASTS OF YESTERDAY:

Some Animals Extinct within the Memory of Man.

IV.—THE QUAGGA.

THE Quagga, which was closely related to the zebra, has been extinct for some thirty years. It was the first of the family to go, but, unfortunately, others are likely to follow within a comparatively short time. There are several reasons for this: quaggas are easily shot, their skins are of



The Quagga.

some value, and the natives of South Africa, where the quagga lived, are very fond of zebra meat. When their numbers have been reduced to a minimum by these causes, the lions will finish them off, for zebra is the lion's favourite food. The quagga owes its extinction almost entirely to the skin-hunting Boers.

Its range was not large, but where it was found at all there were usually large numbers. Cape Colony, Griqualand West, and the Orange Free State formed its habitat. In 1837, Cornwallis Harris described the quagga as living on the plains of the Orange Free State in 'immense herds.' In 1850 it was quite common in the north of Cape Colony, according to Gordon Cumming; but it finally became extinct (in a wild form) between 1865 and 1870, although I believe that a few specimens were in zoological gardens in various parts of the world until 1890, or even later.

The quagga lived on the wide, open plains, roaming in herds of thousands. When on the march, they moved in single file; when grazing, of course they scattered over the veld. If frightened, the herd joined up in a closely-packed troop.

The quagga was from thirteen to thirteen-and-a-half hands high (i. e., from about 4 ft. 4 in. to 4 ft. 6 in.); this is about the same as the zebra's height, but the quagga was of stouter build than that animal, and, incidentally, slightly inferior in pace. The quagga was very differently coloured from any of the many species of zebras; the upper part of the body was of a pale reddish-brown, the head and neck being rather darker. The dark-brown stripes usually extended only slightly behind the shoulder, and a dark line ran along the top of the back from the mane to the tail. The stomach and legs were pure white; the mane was upstanding, and had brown and white markings, and the tail was white and flowing.

G. Bathurst Hony, M. B. O. U.

THE FAIRY RING.

DRINA lay stretched at full length on the velvety bed of moss at the edge of the pond, and gazed thoughtfully at the mirrored reflection of her face between the smooth leaves of the water-lilies. 'Oh, Boris, you did startle me!' she exclaimed, as a hand suddenly gripped the back of her pinafore; then, as she looked round and saw the excitement in her brother's face, she scrambled to her knees on the bank, and listened eagerly as he poured out a breathless torrent of words.

'I've got something wonderful to tell you!' he was saying. 'We need never be unhappy again! There'll be no more reason for Mother to cry, because when the days are cold we can have fires, and there will be food for us all, and we shall not even have to gather wood to sell in the villages.'

'Oh, Boris—how? Surely, it can't be true!' Drina was kneeling upon the grass, her wide, excited eyes raised to her brother's face.

'I'm going to speak to-night to the fairies,' he continued, lowering his voice impressively. 'Old Granny Turnbull told me about it this morning. To-night the moon is at the full, and she says that the fairies dance in a ring in the bluebell glade at ten o'clock. If I hide till they come, and, while they are dancing, run out and kneel before the Queen, I may ask any favour of her, and she will grant it.'

Drina sat back on her heels and shook her head sceptically. 'I don't believe you will see them,' she said. 'I shan't come. I wish—I wish you hadn't told me!'

"He ventured to look up into her face."

Her voice broke over the words, and she suddenly jumped to her feet, and, speeding away over the undulating ground, disappeared into the gloom of the pine forest beyond.

The moon was flooding the woodland with silver light when Boris crept out of the woodcutter's cottage that night, and he stole silently over the carpet of pine needles to where the bluebell glade lay

in a network of dancing shadows. The scent of the flowers wafted up into his nostrils, and the soothing silence seemed to quiet the nervous beating of his heart as he roamed round the dell, searching for a hiding-place. He stopped as he reached a spot where the tall ferns lay flattened on either side, and his eyes fell on a small glittering object at his feet. Stooping down, he picked it up, and held it in the palm of his hand to where the light filtered through the branches above him. The pale rays caught the brighter ones among the jewels, till they glinted and sparkled; and Boris wondered, half-awed, whether the stones were diamonds, in the tiny ring that looked too small to fit any human finger. He would take it home to Drina, he decided, and perhaps she could sell it for a few shillings in the village. Thrusting it into the depths of his ragged trouser-pocket, he soon forgot about it altogether, in his delight at finding a hiding-place in the hollow trunk of an old tree.

The time passed by, and the boy's excitement turned to anxiety. It must surely be ten o'clock, he said to himself; but the eager eyes that peeped over the edge of the jagged tree-trunk saw no fairy visitants in the peaceful glade. Only the moonlight danced restlessly among the bluebells, and a distant chorus of frogs kept up a low murmur of sound.

Boris rested his head on his arms, and before long the heavy eyelids began to droop, for the woodland music, weaving itself into a dream, mystic and soothing, had lulled him gently into a peaceful sleep. It was the sound of voices, accompanied by the soft rustle of a silken gown, that roused the little boy suddenly from his dreams, and in a minute he had scrambled to his feet, and was peering over the edge of ragged bark. His heart gave a bound of excitement.

No ring of fairies circled the glade, but one, who was surely their Queen, tall, and clothed in shimmering white, stood quite close to where he was concealed. She was calling softly to some one in the distance, and in an instant Boris had clambered out of his hiding-place, and was stumbling over the rough ground to where the vision stood. She gave a little start of alarm as she caught sight of the small ragged figure at her feet, but Boris knelt unhesitatingly on one knee, and poured out his wishes in the way Granny Turnbull had instructed him.

At the end he ventured to look up into the face above him, but the first words that the lady spoke struck a chill into his heart. 'There are no fairies, dear little boy,' she said. 'I am not a Queen, as you think, and it is not possible for me to grant that your wishes shall be fulfilled. I have come to the glade to search for a ring that I lost this afternoon, hoping that I may see it gleaming in the moonlight.'

Boris' hand went at once to his trouser-pocket, and he felt the tiny hard object resting there. If he gave it to the lady, he would have nothing to take home, and Drina would laugh at him for having believed in the fairies.

As he stood there trying to still the struggle in his mind, the lady turned away, and began walking further into the glade, looking searchingly among the ferns and grasses on each side of her.

Boris felt suddenly very unhappy and forlorn, and he shivered a little as he saw her go. Then his hand went to the trouser-pocket again, and the victory was won. 'I have found your ring!' he cried, as he ran across the uneven ground. 'I had it all the time, only—only I didn't want to tell you.'

His voice faltered, and the tears had suddenly rushed to his eyes, but he brushed them away on his coat-sleeve as the lady took the ring from him with a cry of delight.

Boris was turning to retrace his steps, when he heard the soft voice calling to him, and he hastened back to the lady's side.

'Do you not know that there is a reward for you for finding my ring?' she said. 'Take this now, and come to-morrow with your mother to the White House beyond the wood, and I will see how I can help her.'

For a moment no words would come, and Boris stood staring in stupefied amazement at his brown upturned palm, on which two golden sovereigns quivered eerily in the moonlight.

'It's dreadfully disappointing to know that there aren't such things as fairies really,' mused Drina, dreamily, as she sat on the cottage doorstep next evening, watching her brother chopping wood.

Boris laid down the chopper, and pushed the curly hair from his forehead, as he looked at his sister. 'I don't mind a bit,' he said. 'I don't mind anything now that the lady has given us work to do, so that we can go on living here happily.'

'And after all,' added Drina, 'though you didn't see the ring of fairies, you certainly found a fairy ring!'

V.

SOMETHING TO DO.

A FAMOUS naturalist was engaged in writing a book upon the habits of plants. In order the more closely to study the subject, he spent many hours every day in the hothouses, looking at the flowers. The constant work began to tell upon his health, and his family became very anxious about him. One day, his daughter mentioned to the old housekeeper that her father was every day becoming weaker, and asked the old servant what she would suggest to be done. The old woman at once said: 'I believe the master would be all right if he had only something to occupy his mind. Sometimes he stands from morning to night just looking at the flowers. It cannot be good for him. If he had only something to do, he would be ever so much better.'

H. B. Score.

THE TREES OF THE HOMELAND.

IV.—HAZEL.

THROUGH the hazel copse we wander,
Strolling down the sunny side;
Let us leave awhile the pathway,
'Neath the nut-boughs turn aside.

Moss and woodland plants our carpet,
All around are hazel clumps,
Crowded stems are waving gently,
Rising from their mossy stumps.

O'er our heads, in tempting numbers,
Hang the nuts in clusters thick—
How they seem to taunt our efforts,
Dancing just beyond our stick!

Ferns that love the shady places;
Bracken, graceful, tall and strong,
Wave their cool green fronds in welcome,
Far and wide, a silent throng.

English children love the hazel,
Old folk find the memory stays
When less pleasant thoughts have faded
Of their childhood's nutting days.

E. M. Haines.

COURAGEOUS TODDY.

MR. LEIGH, the great scientist, was taking his afternoon stroll upon the beach of a small seaside town. He was an iron man; his hair was white, but he was strong and active, and his cheeks were firm and ruddy. Mr. Leigh was a bachelor, and because he chose to be reserved, and lived practically alone in a great house which stood upon the brow of a cliff, he was suspected of being a 'miser.' This was by no means the case, however, for a more generous man never drew breath.

On this particular afternoon, Mr. Leigh was amusing himself by knocking pebbles about with his walking-stick, as he strolled along. Suddenly he became aware of a subdued sound of weeping, and on looking round he saw a thin, ragged little lad lying upon the sand, and crying bitterly. Mr. Leigh strode up to him, and poked him gently with his stick. 'What's the matter, my boy?' he asked, kindly.

The boy turned quickly, and flushed scarlet with shame. He did not speak.

'What is the matter?' repeated Mr. Leigh.

'Oh, sir,' replied the lad, hanging his head, 'I'd rather not say.'

'Where do you live?'

'There, sir.' The boy turned, and pointed to a little tavern called 'The George,' which stood upon the quay, about a hundred yards away.

'Is Grey'—the landlord—'your father?'

'No, sir; he's my uncle.'

'Is he kind to you, boy?'

'Not very.'

'You're hungry?' said Mr. Leigh, thrusting one hand into his pocket. 'You look half-starved. Could you eat something?'

'Rather!' answered the boy, quickly, with a half-wolfish look. 'I'm dreadfully hungry.'

'Well, here's half-a-crown. Go and buy something to eat.'

The old gentleman dropped the coin into the boy's lap, and hurried off, without waiting to be thanked. Indeed, he would have been compelled to wait a very long time. Toddy was so astonished that he was quite dumfoundered. A whole half-crown for himself! It was quite a fortune for the penniless lad. Visions of pies, cakes, and sweets arose before him.

Alas, poor Toddy! His hopes were speedily slain. He was met at the door of 'The George' by his uncle, the landlord. Grey was a low-browed, ruffianly-looking man. 'What's the old toff given you?' he demanded, fiercely.

'Nothing,' replied the boy, sullenly. Toddy was very truthful as a rule, but he felt that his half-crown must be saved at all costs. Poor boy—blows and hunger were slowly hardening a very lovable character.

'You lie!' shouted Grey, cuffing his nephew's ears heartily. 'Tell me what he's given you. I know he's given you something—I see him do it.'

Toddy's tears started to flow again. Not because of the blows—he was used to them—but he saw that his half-crown must go. 'He gave me'—he said, chokingly—'he gave me half-a-crown. And—and I want to keep it, please, Uncle.'

'Like your cheek!' roared his uncle, administering another cuff. 'Give it me. Go an' scrub the parlour out. D'you hear?'

Toddy gave up his prize, and entered the wretched little parlour. He drew a bucket of water, and, taking a scrubbing-brush, dropped on to his knees and began his work. He had not been long at his labour before his uncle entered the room. He was accompanied by another man, a ruffian of the same sort as himself.

'That's right,' said the second brute, sticking his hands into his trousers' pockets and gazing down upon Toddy. 'Nothing like work for kids. Keep him at it, Jack!'

'I'm going to,' replied 'Jack' grimly.

Toddy scrubbed the floor fiercely. He had a vague idea that he was revenging himself by doing this. Savage little Toddy!—he wished the floor had been the rough's face. It would have been such an advantage—to the rough!

'Would you believe it, Bill,' said the landlord, pouring out a mug of beer for his friend, 'this young nipper had half-a-crown given him by old Leigh. He actooally wanted it hisself! I hate selfishness!'

'Did he, now?' responded Bill, trying in vain to assume a look of outraged virtue. 'How horrible!'

When the two cronies had finished drinking, they passed out of the room, and stood talking for some time at the door of the tavern.

Toddy, who had not dared to pause in his scrubbing while under his uncle's eye, now straightened his aching back, and rested awhile. He could hear the two men talking, but was unable to distinguish the sense of their conversation. Yet he was aware of the repetition of one word. On listening very carefully, he discovered that word was Leigh!

Toddy's first feeling was one of surprise. His next was one of alarm—alarm for his kind benefactor. He knew enough of his uncle's character to be aware that Mr. Leigh would not come to much good through him.

The little lad crept softly from the room, down the passage towards the door. At last he reached a bend in the passage. He could go no further than this without being seen. He had gone far enough, however, to enable him to overhear what was passing. Unfortunately, the conversation was nearly over.

'. . . And don't forget the jemmies,' his uncle was saying. 'It'll do the old miser good to lose some of his gold.'

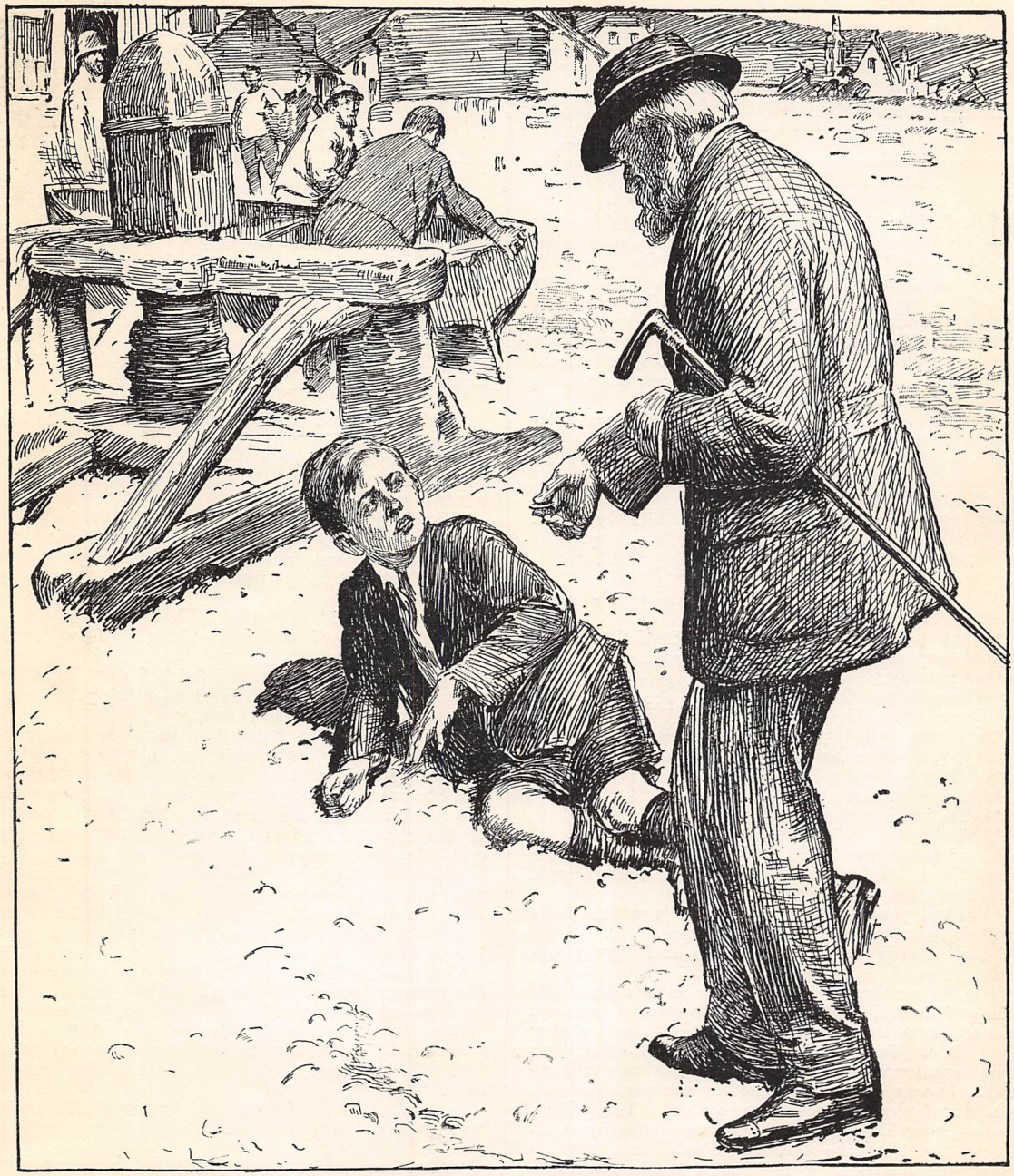
'Haw, haw, haw!' laughed the other wretch.

'Come here after closing,' went on Grey. 'We can arrange our plans for to-night. So long!'

'S'long!'

Toddy slipped stealthily away. When the landlord returned to the bar, he found a little boy diligently engaged in scrubbing the floor.

(Continued on page 210.)



"'Here's half-a-crown. Go and buy something to eat.'"

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"'Don't you argue with your betters.'"

COURAGEOUS TODDY.

(Continued from page 207.)

'HERE, you get off to bed, Tod, d'you hear?'

'Why, it's only nine o'clock, Uncle!'

'Don't you argue with your betters—that ain't your duty. If I tell you to go to bed at nine, and get up again at ten, you'll have to do it. Take that, and—git!'

That was the usual cuff. Grey had become quite an expert in the art of cuffing. This one was administered with such perfect aim and good-will, that it had the effect of hastening his small nephew through the door.

Toddy picked himself up, dashed the tears from his eyes, and then made the best of his way upstairs. When he reached the wretched little garret, which served him for a bedroom, he did not undress. No, he must not rest. He must pit his wits against two able ruffians.

Toddy felt sure that his uncle, and the other villain were going to attempt to rob the only man who had ever shown him any kindness. Toddy was not the lad to allow this. He had plenty of grit in him yet. Why had his uncle sent him to bed at nine o'clock, when it was his usual custom to keep him working till ten—or later? Toddy could guess. What was going to happen in the parlour? He felt that he must hear those 'plans.' But how? He must hide somewhere in the room. There were no cupboards in the room. Toddy could think of no place to hide in. He pressed his hands to his burning brow, and tried to think harder.

Ah—the chimney! It was large. He had been up it more than once. Grey had made him sweep it many a time. There was a ledge just inside, on which he could rest his feet. He would overhear everything then!

Having decided upon a plan of action, Toddy felt a little more at his ease, and waited impatiently for the clock in the parlour to strike eleven—closing-time. It was a long time to wait—an hour. It was quite ten o'clock before Toddy had arrived at this decision.

He dared not leave his room before eleven, as he would be bound to pass through the bar on his way to the parlour. He scarcely liked to think what might happen if he were discovered. He knew that his uncle was an utterly unscrupulous rascal, and would put him out of the way without the least compunction, so long as he thought that there was small chance of getting his own skin scratched.

Toddy's heart thumped violently when he heard the clock strike eleven. Now was the time for action! His uncle would leave the bar in a minute to go and bolt the tavern door. Toddy would have to slip downstairs, through the bar, and into the parlour, before his return. Rather a risky undertaking! Yet it was the only way, and, being a spirited little boy, he was determined to act without hesitation. He slipped off his shoes, and waited breathlessly.

Click!—click!

'There go the bolts,' murmured Toddy to himself. Then, after screwing up his courage, he crept quietly from his room.

He descended the stairs as quickly as he could. They creaked dreadfully. It seemed to Toddy that his uncle must hear them. He paused awhile on reaching the foot of the staircase, and was intensely relieved to hear Grey fumbling with the door-chain. Locking up was a somewhat elaborate process at 'The George.' Our little hero was glad of it.

Without wasting any more precious time, Toddy ran swiftly through the bar and into the parlour.

Crash!

Alas! in his haste he had brushed a glass with his sleeve as he passed. It happened to be standing right on the edge of the counter, and after toppling uncertainly for a moment, it fell with a crash upon the stone flags. Of course, it was smashed to atoms.

With a sickening dread at his heart Toddy sprang into the old fireplace, and commenced scrambling up the chimney. He was not hiding in order to overhear 'plans' now, he was hiding from his uncle's vengeance. How he blessed Grey for forcing him to ascend the dark chimney so often! Toddy knew every projecting brick in the sooty shaft from painful experience, and was soon out of sight. He accomplished this feat with very little noise.

Grey heard the crash of the broken tumbler, and rushed into the bar with an oath.

'What's that?' he shouted. Then his eye fell upon the fragments of glass. 'Who did this?' was his next query. He looked round the room in a bewildered manner. Then he suddenly sat down and passed his hand over his brow.

'Suppose I left it too near the edge,' he murmured nervously. 'It's dreadful uncanny, anyhow.'

How Toddy rejoiced! He was not ruined after all; his uncle never even suspected him. He might be able to outwit the two ruffians after all!

'Bill's late,' went on Grey to himself. 'Ah—there he is.'

Toddy heard five distinct raps upon the back door. Oh, dear! already his legs were beginning to ache. The ledge of brickwork was so extremely narrow. How on earth was he going to remain up there even five minutes longer?

He heard his uncle open the back door and greet his 'pal.'

'Hullo! that you, Bill? Come in, old fellow. Warm night, ain't it? Nice for our little job. Haw-haw-haw!'

Bill shuffled in and closed the door. Presently there was a sound of clinking glasses.

'Bring your drink into the parlour, Bill,' Toddy heard Grey say. 'We can talk comfortable there.'

At this moment our little hero was seized with a violent fit of trembling. He nearly came tumbling down the chimney. However, he managed to calm his overwrought nerves just as the two men entered the room.

Strange to say, Toddy felt much less frightened now that the ruffians were within a few yards of him.

'Ah!' said Bill, dropping into a chair. 'I like a nice generous-hearted, open-'anded friend, like yourself, Jack. I've got the jemmies, Jack; good 'uns they be too—see here!'

'Ah, trust Bill Jenkins for knowing what's what!' returned Grey, who had not yet got over his friend's flattery.

'And now, Jack, let's to business.'

'Certainly. Which window of old Leigh's d'you reckon we'd better force?'

'The hall window, I guess. It's large and low.'

'Do you know where he keeps his gold?'

'Can't say I do. Soon find it. Old Leigh himself won't stop me. I've got a lead pill for the old miser here!'

'Where's that boy?' asked Bill suddenly. 'I don't trust him; he's too avaricious to be trusted. We don't want him a-listening to us.'

'He's abed,' replied Grey.

'Sure? Ain't he under the table, or up the chimbley?'

'Not he—he knows better than to come any of his games with me, he does,' answered Grey. 'If I caught him a-spying I'd——'

Toddy didn't hear the end of the sentence. His uncle had evidently concluded it with some significant sign. Toddy did not doubt its nature, and he trembled so violently that he dislodged a large mass of soot, causing it to fall heavily into the fireplace. Surely they must find him now! Toddy was soon indulging in wild thoughts. Should he drop down the chimney and make a dash for the door?

'It's a-going to rain,' he heard Bill say. 'I saw some soot fall down before.'

'Shouldn't be surprised if it does,' replied Toddy's uncle. 'Now, Bill, my boy, I guess we'll start! The moon has gone down, and it's nice and dark. We'll go by the fields. It's further, but we shall have to go up the drive if we go t'other way. They might hear us walking then.'

(Concluded on page 223.)

THE SHIPWRECKED MARINERS.

FOUR people clung to a wave-tost raft,
On the lifeless stretch of the angry sea;
And the old moon watched, but she only laughed
At the shipwrecked mariners' misery.

They watched the hours pass one by one,
Till the eastern sky turned pearly-grey;
Then slowly upcrept the laggard sun
From his watery lair to proclaim the day.

Higher he clambered in the sky,
Till he sat at noon on his throne o'erhead;
And their mouths grew parched, and hot, and dry;
And the sea was a basin of molten lead.

Hour by hour through the burning day
They sat with their backs against the mast;
And never a ship came by that way,
Till the hush of the evening fell at last.

A sail came over the line of sea
Where it touched the sky in the fiery west;
And they watched it growing, feverishly—
And each heart beat in each weary breast.

But jealous night with its hasting feet
Drew on, and the tiny stars peeped out;
And they wearily waved an old torn sheet,
And raised their voices in one last shout.

Then Mother came in, and tried to frown,
But she smiled at the poor, worn sufferers;
For the raft was a table unside-down,
And we were the shipwrecked mariners.

Stephen Southwold.

SKY PICTURES.

I LIKE to look up to the sky,
And see the clouds all sailing by:
They look like ships upon the sea,
Each sailing onward, fast and free.

And sometimes they are piled so high,
They look like mountains in the sky;
Their towering peaks all white with snow,
Where the bright sunbeams shine and glow.

Sometimes they seem like castles tall,
With many a battlement and wall,
And turrets that no foe could scale,
But where the stoutest heart must quail.

And when there comes the close of day,
The ships have sailed far, far away,
The mountain-tops all disappear,
Nor castles lofty turrets rear.

Only the sun, with fire that glows,
Kisses each cloudlet ere he goes,
And paints them each a lovely red—
Then sun and clouds all go to bed.

Frank Ellis.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

7.—ACROSTIC.

Literary Characters.

I.

1. The poet and romancer of the North;
2. An early king, whose writings were of worth;
3. An essayist who wrote some well-known lays;
4. An archbishop who computed sacred days;
5. A corn-law rhymer, one who loved the poor;
6. A genial writer, who did much endure.

II.

7. A constant lover of the open air;
8. A lady who wrote books in midst of care;
9. A saintly poet of the English Church;
10. A great philosopher, of vast research;
11. A courtly author, of unstain'd repute;
12. A painter's wife, whose tales the mournful suit;
13. A hymn-writer (who in late years was blind), Whose verses still are sacred to mankind.

Initials give a man of weight and worth,
Still reverenced in this country of his birth.

C. J. B.

8.—PUZZLE.

Flowers to Guess.

1. A pleasant adjective, an interjection, two personal pronouns, and the letter L.
2. Protection, and a blossom.
3. A delightful singer, and a cruel little goad.
4. Two pretty maidens.
5. A girl living between two hills.
6. Repose, and an agricultural implement.
7. A vehicle, and a host of people.
8. A covering for the ground, and a very little water.

(Answers on page 255.) C. J. B.

ANSWER TO CHARADE ON PAGE 179.

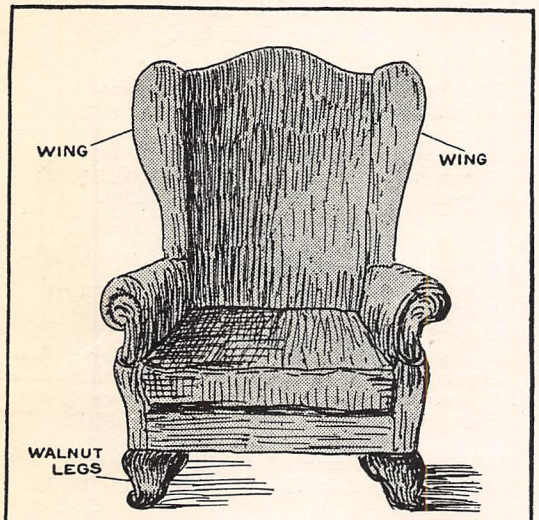
Time-table.

THE ROMANCE OF OLD FURNITURE.

VII.—THE USE OF WALNUT (Continued).

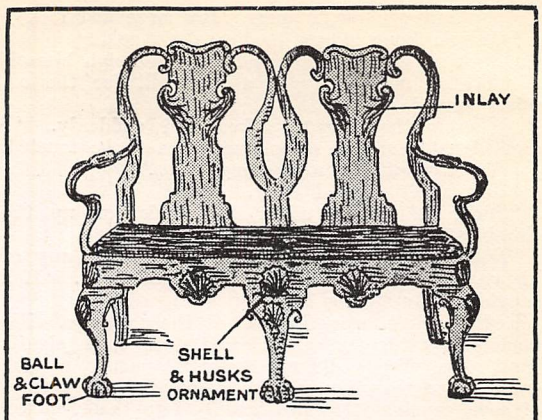
I WILL now deal with pieces of furniture other than chairs. First of all, there were what were called 'love-seats'; these were a kind of chair, but they were too big for one person and only just big enough for two! I need not give a picture of one, for it only looks like an ordinary arm-chair with an extra-wide seat. Most of these love-seats and many ordinary arm-chairs were now entirely upholstered, arms and all, leaving wood visible only in the arms and stretchers. Wings to the back came into fashion, and loose cushions were greatly used. In case you do not know what I mean by 'wings,' I here give (fig. 1) an outline sketch of a winged arm-chair, with cushion. The wings are the sheltering pieces at the sides of the back.

The Settee now became a popular piece of furniture. Some settees were very similar to our present-day 'Chesterfields,' but not so springy; they stood on taller legs, and some were like two chairs joined together. Fig. 2 is a sketch of one of this kind. It is a late seventeenth century example, but such pieces were made much earlier. The upholstered sort are still copied now, and in shop-windows one often sees them marked as being copies of some celebrated antique specimen. In earlier times it was



1. WINGED ARM CHAIR

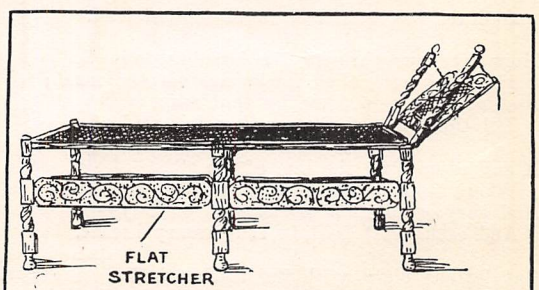
considered very unbecoming for any one to be seen lying at full length in any room but a bedroom; but in the early walnut period a piece of furniture termed a 'day-bed' came into fashion for use in living-rooms. Fig. 3 is a sketch of one from the Victoria and Albert Museum, where there are several. This is a seventeenth century one, and though it is really a couch, it shows all the characteristics of the chairs of that period. It has twisted legs (six of them), a flat carved stretcher and a movable back, which, by means of chains, could be arranged at any angle to suit the comfort of the person using it. It is caned, but when in original use was undoubtedly



2 INLAID WALNUT SETTEE FOR TWO PEOPLE

covered with a long cushion to fit, enveloped in one of the beautiful silks of the time. Later, a day-bed became more like an arm-chair with extended front, and it was upholstered, not caned. This piece of furniture was, of course, the ancestor of the sofa, but I will tell you about the sofa itself when it arrives in its proper place.

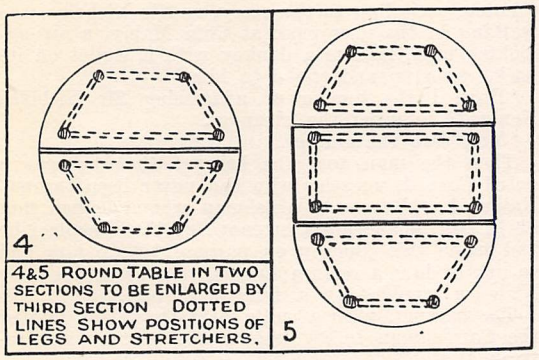
The bedsteads of the period were more elaborate than ever, but most of them were entirely covered with silk and embroidery. The great cornice round the top would be moulded in wood, but all the mouldings were covered with silk. Wonderful valances hung from the cornices, all festooned with elaborate cords and fringes, the cost of which was enormous. The ceilings, too, were embroidered, as also were the backs, the heavy velvet curtains, and the lower valances. Several fine specimens of these bedsteads can be seen at Hampton Court Palace. To add to the splendour of the bedrooms, the chairs were upholstered with the same material used on the bedsteads, and the woodwork was gilded and painted to represent the embroidery on the bedsteads and its covers. Very often these bedsteads



3. DAY BED (6 FT LONG) OF WALNUT AND CANE

had groups of feathers on each corner at the top, and the cost of these was fabulous. The only woodwork of the bedsteads which showed was the legs, and these, as a rule, were partly hidden by the valances.

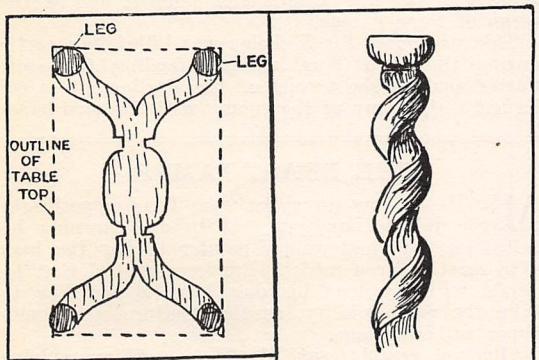
Very many gate-leg tables were used with twisted legs, and of course the draw-tables of the oak period remained in use, not being likely to wear out or fall to pieces. A new form of table appeared—a round one which could be taken in half, and each half would stand by safely on its own legs (fig. 4). Then, if a still larger table was wanted, another table (made to fit in properly) was put between the two pieces, thus making an oblong oval table (see diagram, fig. 5). This is still the principle employed



4&5 ROUND TABLE IN TWO SECTIONS TO BE ENLARGED BY THIRD SECTION DOTTED LINES SHOW POSITIONS OF LEGS AND STRETCHERS.

in our expanding tables, though our machinery is better. Many small tables appeared, too, for cards and coffee; these usually had flat serpentine stretchers, as shown in diagram in fig. 6; these stretchers were often decorated with marqueteries. Their legs, too, were twisted, but the twist was not so close as earlier—it was more stretched out, so to speak. Fig. 7 gives an idea of my meaning.

Next, let us try to trace the development of the chest of drawers from the chest. The chest, you

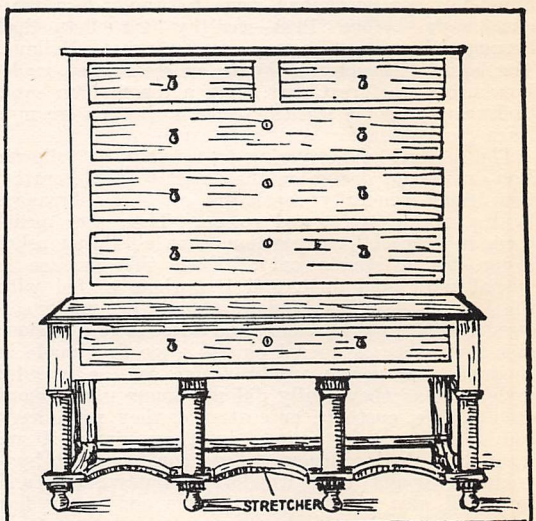


6. FLAT SERPENTINE TABLE STRETCHER

7. TWISTED TABLE LEG

will remember, was at first just a box standing either on the ground or on feet. Then, later, people began to put in it a little inner box for small articles, and later again they put a drawer under the box. Still later they arranged the chest as three drawers on a stand, and the box disappeared altogether. Then in the walnut period you began to have sets, as you see in fig. 8, where you have two small drawers at the top, and three deep drawers extending the full width of the chest; then a ledge and a shallow drawer; all this on a stand with six legs and a flat stretcher. The cutting up of the chest into drawers must have been a great convenience, for one knows what a nuisance it is to find things in a big, deep receptacle, like a chest.

When people began to realize the convenience of these smaller receptacles, they wanted more and more, and thus cabinets came in, sometimes on legs and sometimes on a chest of drawers. These cabinets were generally enclosed by double doors, so that when they were closed the whole piece looked like one large cupboard; but, when they were opened, it was found to contain a most wonderful collection of little drawers and cupboards, with perhaps more drawers inside. During the marqueterie period all these drawers were panelled with the most wonderful designs, and the doors were covered with designs inside and out. It is impossible to give you any idea of the wonder of these masterpieces—



8. SIMPLE CHEST OF DRAWERS ON A STAND

they must be seen to be appreciated; many pieces can be seen at our museums, so you must go and look for them, and remember what I have told you about their make.

With the coming of the quiet home-life of which I have already spoken, people began to read and write more, and so the need came for bookcases and writing-cabinets. These both showed the characteristic ornaments of their time. Also a sort of combination chest of drawers, cabinet—a writing-cabinet—came into fashion. The top part would be a cabinet, then came a pull-out writing arrangement, and below that drawers. This is the common 'bureau' shape of to-day, and we owe it to the way in which the domestic habits of England influenced English furniture two hundred years ago.

Another piece of furniture of considerable interest is the dressing-glass. At this time (the late Stuart period) glass was very expensive, so that only small pieces were used. One nowhere saw the fine, large looking-glasses which we now have. Glass could

only be made in rather small pieces, and it was years and years before large pieces could be obtained; so of course the dressing-glasses of the middle of the seventeenth century were very small, and generally had a double row of tiny drawers beneath. Some glasses are so small that they look now as though they must have been made for dolls! These glasses usually stood on small tables. Very often they were set in frames upholstered with the most wonderful needlework, for the reigns of Charles II. and James II. were noted for needlecraft.

I will close this article by telling you something of another method of decoration of surfaces. This was Lacquer. Now, this form of ornament was purely Eastern, and always retained its Eastern character. It was brought over after the founding of the East India Company in 1600; and the English and Dutch merchants in the East, in this as in other ways, thus added to the luxury and beauty of our homes. Lacquer was unlike anything else, and 'took' tremendously, just as things do now. Some few specimens had come to England in various ways before 1600—wealthy travellers had brought them, and some came through Holland. The home of lacquer is Japan, where it was made, I read, even before Christ. When the fashion came to England, people learned to do it, just as we now learn 'pen-painting' or 'chip-carving.'

The method of lacquering is, roughly, as follows: You draw your design on the object to be decorated, the design generally consisting of birds, Japanese figures, rocks, trees, and so on. Then you model them in a special composition, thus obtaining relief (your design stands out). Then this surface is dusted with gold dust, and the whole coated with the lacquer itself—a kind of glaze. The main colours used were gold, black, and red. It is a curious fact that when lacquered objects were first made in England, the people would design in the oriental style, and as they really did not know much about oriental life, customs, or costumes, they made very bad mistakes. Of course, in these days, if we wanted to do lacquer work, we could consult hundreds of books with wonderful illustrations, and we could also go to our museums and study fine examples done by the Japanese; but you must remember that students had no such advantages in those days, so one must forgive the crude work which was sometimes produced, and try to think how difficult it must have been to produce such work at all. With all our educational advantages, there is still something unique about true oriental work done by the oriental. We say their drawing is extraordinary (their whole theory of drawing being, as a matter of fact, different from ours), but, at the same time, there is a charm about their productions which we Western people cannot obtain.

E. M. Barlow.

A DEAR HEAD AND A CHEAP ONE.

DURING the reign of a certain King of Poland, an insurrection broke out in that country. One of the rebels, a Polish Count, set an enormous price on the king's head, and actually wrote to tell the king what he had done, in order to frighten him.

Apparently, however, the letter failed to produce the desired effect, for this is the reply which the count had from the king: 'I have duly received and read your letter. It has given me pleasure to learn that you value my head so highly. Unfortunately, I am unable to return the compliment, for I assure you I would not give a farthing for yours.'

A WELSH TRADITION.

A TRADITION of Sir Nicholas Kemys, of Cefn Mably, who was one of the strongest men of his time, still exists in Glamorganshire. One summer evening, according to the story, as Sir Nicholas was walking in the deer park at Cefn Mably, a strong-looking man, leading a donkey with a wallet on its back, came up and spoke to him.

'Have I the honour of addressing Sir Nicholas Kemys?' inquired the stranger.

'Yes,' was the answer.

Then the man told the baronet that he was a noted Cornish wrestler who had never been thrown. Having heard from a Welshman whom he had met at Bristol of the great strength of Sir Nicholas, he had made this journey on purpose to see him and to ask of him a certain favour. This was that Sir Nicholas would 'try a fall' with him.

The baronet, with a smile, said 'yes,' but invited the Cornishman to go first to the buttery and refresh himself.

'No, thank you, sir,' said the man; 'I am quite fresh.'

So they began to wrestle, and in a moment the Cornishman was thrown upon his back.

'Now are you satisfied as to my strength?' asked Sir Nicholas, as he assisted the man to rise.

'Not unless you throw me over the park wall,' was the reply.

So Sir Nicholas promptly flung over the Cornishman, who then asked that his donkey might be thrown after him. This request also was granted. A spot in the old park is still pointed out as the scene of these doings.

This wonderful Sir Nicholas was killed in a sortie during the Civil War, while defending Chepstow Castle against the troops of the Parliament—after he had slain many of the enemy with his own hand.

THE BEAST-TAMER.

MR. H—— was an artist who lived opposite to Sir Edwin Landseer. Early one morning he called on the great animal-painter to beg the loan of a mastiff for a model. Landseer replied that he would willingly lend his dog, but did not like to take the responsibility, as the creature was sometimes rather savage.

'I'm not afraid!' said Mr. H——. 'I can subdue him; he shall obey my will.'

'All right, then,' said Landseer; 'take him and welcome!'

Mr. H—— took the dog. About four o'clock in the afternoon Mrs. H—— came across to Sir Edwin's house to inquire if her husband was there. She had seen nothing of him, she said, since lunch. His studio was empty.

Somewhat alarmed, Landseer went with Mrs. H—— to her house, where both searched for the missing artist. They found him in an upper room, seated on the top of an oak wardrobe. The mas-

tiff sat on the floor, gazing up at the man with large, intent, threatening eyes.

'Oh!' said poor Mr. H——, in tones of exhaustion, 'I'm glad you have come at last! I have been here for six hours, and no one has heard my cries.'

It is said that the artist never again tried to 'tame the savage breast' of a mastiff. E. D.

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 202.)

CHAPTER XIX.

TARM delayed no longer. He ran swiftly towards the river-bank, climbed it, and came running back again, a big broken branch in his arms. He threw this towards Ganesh, who seized it with his trunk and placed it instantly beneath his feet in the quicksand. The elephant was forced to withdraw one leg for the purpose, and he sank a little deeper in consequence. But, when his forefeet rested securely on the branch, he was able to raise himself again slightly from the mire.

Mary and John helped now. Backwards and forwards they ran, carrying such branches as they were able. John directed the proceedings with an air of authority.

Backwards and forwards they ran; but each journey was long, and Ganesh made slow progress towards safety. Fortunately he sank no deeper in the mire, and, beneath him, the platform of branches grew steadily. It was then that Tarm lighted on a treasure, the trunk of a small fallen tree.

'It is too heavy for you to carry,' said Mary, wondering. But Tarm laughed and stooped to the tree, and lifted it easily to his shoulder. 'There is nothing too heavy for me,' he boasted as he strode forward across the river-bed towards the quicksand.

Mary never forgot that scene. She could see it always afterwards as clearly with her mind as you can see a picture on the wall with your eyes. The sky paling to dawn. The river, grey now, its night blackness fading—the bleached river sands. The sad figure of Ganesh fast in the quicksand with drooped haunches and down-bent head. And Tarm, striding to the rescue like some hero of old, erect beneath the weight of the tree-trunk on his shoulder, his long hair streaming behind him in the dawn breeze.

The log fell a little to one side of Ganesh at the very place where the quicksand was narrowest. The elephant's trunk seized it; he planted his forefeet firmly on it, his hind feet on the platform of branches. There was a sucking sound as he withdrew his great body from the clinging sand. Then his forefeet reached out again, and found ground that they could trust beneath them. One mighty heave, and Ganesh stood upright on that pleasant earth he had believed lost to him for ever. He stood thus for several moments, very quiet, exhausted by the efforts he had made. Then Tarm stole towards him. He passed his hand gently up and down the rough skin of the elephant's trunk; he talked to him in a murmuring voice. And Ganesh answered to the caress with a low croon of pleasure. All his anger had gone out of him, banished first by fear and then by relief.

'Now we can go to the elephant valley,' John cried triumphantly. But Tarm did not answer directly. Only he pointed to the sky, and Mary understood.

'It is almost day,' she said in a flat little voice—flat with disappointment. 'We must go back to the bungalow again. We shall never find the valley now.'

'I will not go back!' John cried. 'I will not!—I will not! Miss Gomez must wait for us.'

'But I must go back,' said Tarm. 'My old priest will be angry if I am not in the temple when daylight comes. The night is my own. In the daytime I must do as he bids me.'

'And you will give up everything because you are afraid of that old man?' cried John. He was so angry he did not care much what he said, nor if Tarm were hurt by his words. 'You ought to be ashamed to be afraid, you who are white as we are.'

But Tarm did not answer. He only stroked the trunk of Ganesh again, while he listened to John with a bewildered expression. In all his sixteen years, Tarm had never tried to conquer any impulse that ruled him, except when such impulses interfered with the success of his hunting. At other times, if he felt afraid, he let himself be afraid. If he felt angry, he gave free rein to his anger. If he felt pleased, he showed his pleasure with shouts and leaps and loud laughter. But here was a new thing. John seemed to think that at all times man should be master, not only of Ganesh and his like, but of his own self also.

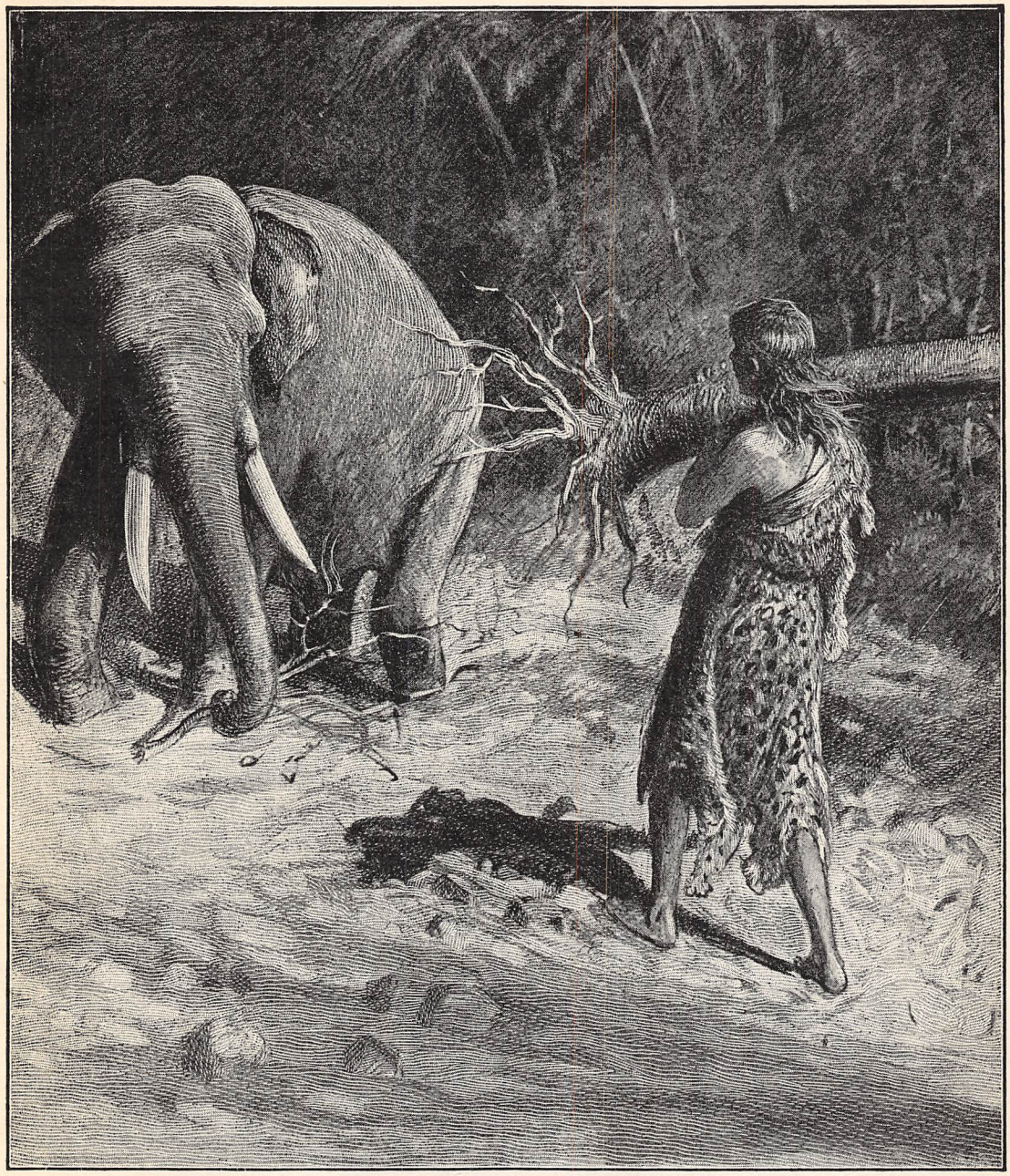
Tarm was bewildered; but he was angry as well. It was the old priest alone, he considered, who had the right to rule him. He was indignant that John should question and blame. He turned away from Ganesh, strode in the direction of the river-ford, and called back over his shoulder: 'I return to the temple. Do ye what seems good in your eyes.'

John looked from Tarm to Ganesh. The elephant watched him solemnly, angry no longer, content to be friends with those who had helped him and who were also the friends of his friend. If Ganesh remembered that other day in the forest, the smart of the little bullet, he showed no sign of resentment. For a moment John wondered if he, himself, could explain about the death valley. But he knew well it was impossible, that he did not possess the smallest control over Ganesh. So he followed Tarm in angry, miserable silence, and Mary followed also.

She was a little glad to follow, perhaps. She was very tired; not only with running and with carrying branches, but with the after-results of fear and excitement. She felt limp, as if she would like to double up on the sand, and lie there and sleep for a very long time. But each moment brought dawn nearer; the camp-followers would soon be astir. It was necessary to walk quickly.

Tarm reached the ford first. He turned away from it to climb the path towards the temple, and Mary and John picked their way across the stepping-stones. Carefully they crept through the still sleeping camp, and gained the window which stood ajar as they had left it. A few minutes more and they were safe again in bed. They fell asleep almost as they lay down.

(Continued on page 218.)



"Tarm striding to the rescue like some hero of old."

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"A figure stepped from behind a tree-trunk.

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 215.)

IT was Ayah who woke the children a couple of hours later. She brought with her trays of tea and toast, and boiled eggs and fruit, that Mary and John might make an early breakfast before the march began. From the camping-ground outside came the sound of men's voices, of the creaking of cart-wheels, of the grunting of camels. Each thing which was capable of making a noise appeared to be making it. Mary and John had slept through at least an hour of this tumult, to Ayah's astonishment. She felt Mary's hands and her head to see if she were hot with the dry heat of fever, and then she felt John in turn. But even Ayah's anxious mind could discover nothing wrong; and as she watched the children at work upon their breakfast, she grew quite content. No child who was ill could eat so heartily.

'Already the cart is at the door,' she said. 'The Nurse Sahib and the little one are waiting. Dress now, my children. It will be good to see the high hills again, will it not?'

'No,' said John crossly. 'It will be horrid.'

He was so angry, as he remembered that now he would never discover the death valley, that he would scarcely speak again. He would not even look at the little fish darting to and fro in the river. As the cart skirted the hill on which was the temple, John glanced with angry, unhappy eyes at the building. Inside it, doubtless, sat Tarm: Tarm who might have found the way to the valley had he not made Fear his master.

Mary talked cheerfully to Miss Gomez and Arnold. She also was disappointed, but she was a little relieved as well. She wished to get the ivory, very much she wished to get it, but she had had enough of adventures for the present. She felt too tired to encounter any more. She tried at first to coax John to a better temper, but left him alone presently, when she saw that she but wasted her time.

Arnold was very pleased to find Mary so close to him, for the whole party were seated on some straw spread at the bottom of the cart. He crawled from Miss Gomez's lap to that of his sister. He put his arms round Mary's neck and hugged her. 'Nice, soft Mary,' he said, and he hit her with his dumpling of a fist just to show how much he liked the softness.

'Nice Arnold,' said Mary, and Miss Gomez smiled approval.

'Yes, Arnold is a nice baby,' she said. 'Your dear Mother loves him very much. She would like to see that you are kind to him, Mary; not all cross like John.'

It vexed Mary that Miss Gomez should blame John, John who wished so much to give pleasure to Mother and Father. But the words of praise helped a new thought to grow in her mind. Perhaps taking care of Arnold, being kind to him, would be the next best thing to finding the ivory. Perhaps Mother might like it almost as well as she would like the money. So Mary played with Arnold diligently while the cart rattled and bumped over the hard, uneven road; and when he fell asleep she covered him carefully with a shawl, and opened a white-covered umbrella to shield him from the sun.

It was a short march, not more than four miles at the most, but it took a considerable time. The bullocks which drew the cart walked so very slowly. But they did arrive at last at their destination, and the children found that there was a bungalow in the middle of the new camping-ground built on the same pattern as the bungalow they had just left, and that the forest surrounded it in the same fashion. Only the river was different: a rapid, rushing river, foaming over rocks. John strolled down to its bank late in the afternoon, and stood with his hands in his pockets, looking crossly at the water.

'John,' said Mary as she crept up to him quietly, 'please do stop worrying now, for there is nothing we can do to make things better.'

And John could keep quiet no longer, but began to talk at last. 'It is all Tarm's fault,' he said. 'Just because he is afraid, just because he is a coward, we can never find the ivory for Father and Mother. I hate cowards, I hate them!' John cried, and he stamped his foot on the rocks as he spoke. And, as he did so, a figure stepped from behind a tree-trunk scarcely a yard away, the figure of Tarm, the coward: Tarm with a radiant smile upon his face.

'I have come to live with you,' he said. 'I have come to stay with you always; I cannot remain behind. Ye are white as I am white. The way that ye travel, I also will go.'

For a little moment Mary and John were silent, and then they spoke, both together.

'But will the old priest let you come? Are you no longer afraid of him?'

'He is very angry. He has pursued me through the forest; even now he is close on my heels; but I have tried not to be afraid, as you told me,' said Tarm. He smiled, a little timidly, at John.

And, as he spoke, from the camping-ground came the sound of a voice pitched on a high and angry note.

'Where is my disciple? Where is my child? Give him back to me, ye who have stolen him. It is my right.'

(Continued on page 230.)

LETTERS LONG DELAYED.

DURING the siege of Paris by the Germans in 1870, the French Post Office devised a clever plan for sending out letters enclosed in small zinc globes, water-tight and hermetically sealed. These were dropped into the Seine, and, if not captured by the Germans, floated on to the French lines, where they were gathered into a net stretched across the river, and sent off to their various destinations. Unfortunately for the French letter-writers, the Germans discovered the purpose of these floating balls, and, as it was quite impossible for them to see and fish out one by one all the letters thus sent, they stretched a net across the Seine at Villeneuve St. Georges, and thus put a stop to the posting of letters into the river.

About eleven years ago, when the zinc globes and their use were almost forgotten, a fisherman found

one of them in the Seine, near Villeneuve. He opened it with a large knife, and inside were three hundred letters, all dated December, 1870, and still legible. They were handed over to the postal authorities, and at last, after their long rest in the river, went on their way. They must have been very interesting to read.

LITTLE KINGS AND QUEENS.

II.—EDWARD THE MARTYR.

THE eighteenth of March is St. Edward's Day. Perhaps, however, everybody does not remember that this Edward, King of the West Saxons, was one of our English boy-kings, since he came to the throne when he was scarcely fourteen years old, and met his death before he had reached the age of seventeen. Yet, in spite of his youth and the shortness of his reign, he was so good and gentle a boy that people in his own time and ever since have called him both Saint and Martyr.

Edward was born in the year 961. His father was named Edgar, and he had himself reigned from the time when he was only sixteen years old.

His wife was so gentle and beautiful that she was called Ethelfleda the Fair, but she died when her little boy, Edward, was only a few years old. Afterwards King Edgar married a very wicked and ambitious woman, named Elfrida, and as Edward became bigger, she grew to hate him more and more, because she considered that he stood in the way of her own child, Ethelred, whom she had determined to make King of England.

In the year 975, King Edgar died, and fourteen-year-old Edward succeeded to the throne. Although his stepmother had always been cruel and unjust to him, the young King was such a sweet-tempered, affectionate boy that he did not bear the least malice to her, and he was the kindest of big brothers to little seven-year-old Ethelred.

Edward allowed Queen Elfrida to rule the kingdom almost entirely, whilst he gave up his time to study. He was helped and encouraged by the great Archbishop of Canterbury, Dunstan, who was a brave and determined man, and withstood the attempts of certain members of the Royal Council, who wished to take advantage of Edward's youth to upset the kingdom and its laws.

At one of the first meetings which this Council held in the young King's reign, Edward very nearly met his death.

The Senators were assembled in the upper chamber of a hall in the town of Calne, and the whole company rose in open rebellion against the government of Edward and his adviser, Dunstan. They threatened the Archbishop with death, and the boy-king was quite helpless to defend him.

Then, all of a sudden, when the tumult was at its height, the floor of the council-chamber, with all its beams and supports gave way.

Almost everybody in the great room fell crashing through to the floor beneath, where all those who were not instantly killed were so badly injured that they never recovered. Only Dunstan and the little King were quite unhurt in this terrible accident, since it came about that they were standing upon the single beam which remained in its place.

When the people heard of this wonderful escape, they believed that it was a sign from heaven, and henceforth supported the Archbishop in his wise government.

But even Dunstan himself could not protect Edward against the plots of his wicked stepmother. She was quite determined that little Ethelred should be King in the place of his half-brother, and at last, one warm spring day, she saw an opportunity to carry out her terrible plan.

The young King had been hunting in the forests of Dorsetshire, but the stag which he chased had escaped. Edward's companions were scattered in pursuit of the hounds, and the boy found himself alone. He was very tired and terribly thirsty, when, to his great joy, he saw through the trees the towers of Corfe Castle, where his stepmother and little Ethelred lived.

Edward at once determined to visit them, and rode up to the castle gates, blowing upon his hunting-horn. When Elfrida came out, pretending to be overjoyed to see him, the young King begged her to give him something to drink at once, even before he dismounted from his horse.

Immediately the Queen sent for a sup of drink, which she held up to him with her own hand. But whilst the poor boy was drinking, this wicked woman made a sign to one of her attendants, who stabbed the young King in the back with his dagger. Edward was fatally wounded, and although he managed to ride a little way down the hill from the castle, he soon fell dead from his horse.

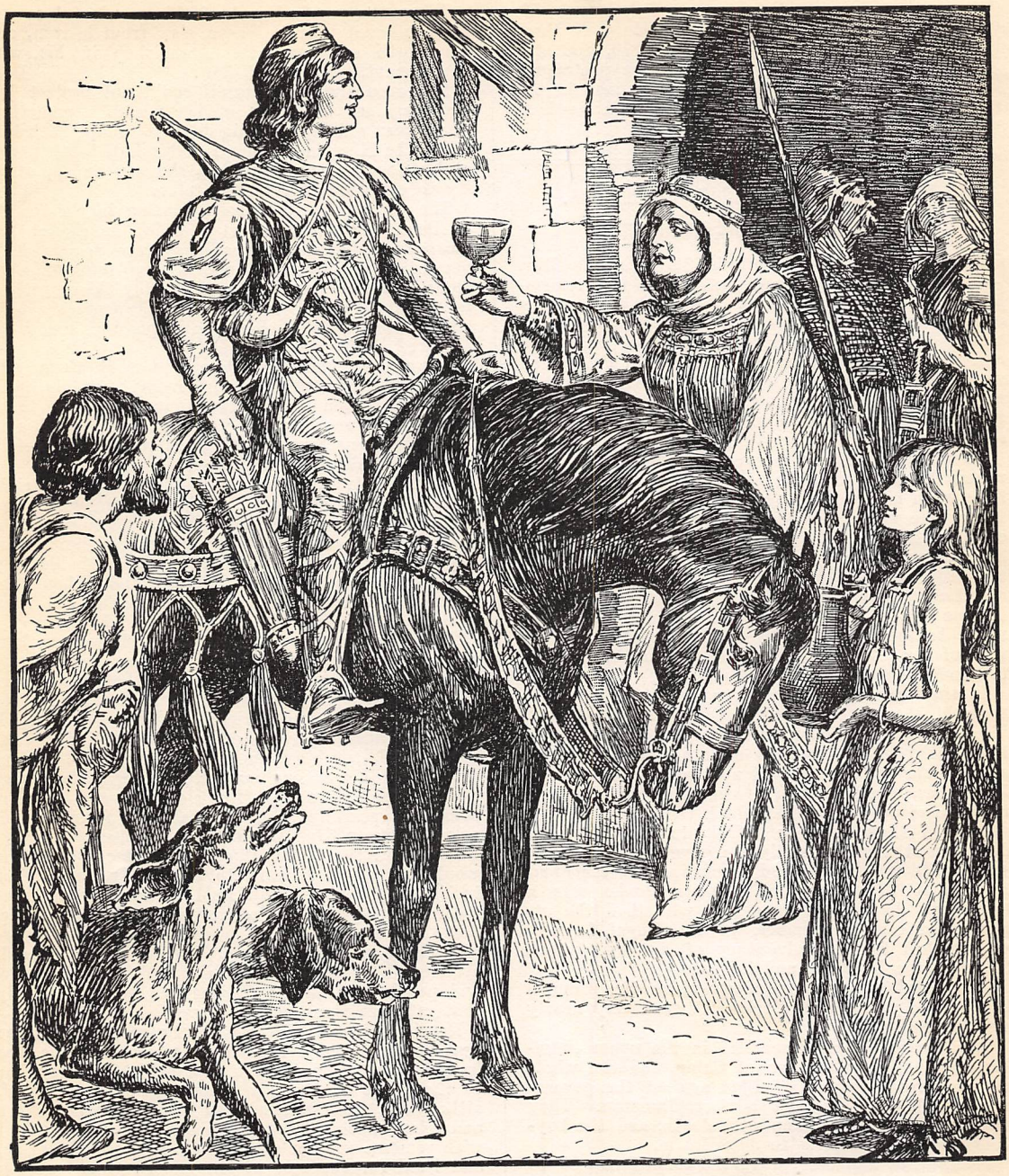
The old chronicler tells us that people were so horrified by the cruel way in which this innocent and unsuspecting boy was murdered, that men were afraid to drink, even when the cup was offered to them by their dearest friend. It was so, we read, that the custom began of people 'pledging' each other, and touching each other's glasses, before drinking. It was one way of making certain that your companion was in front of you, and that he could not possibly mean to stab you from behind, as poor young King Edward was stabbed.

Even now the wicked Queen was not content. She would not allow Edward to be royally buried, but insisted that his body should be laid in unconsecrated ground at Wareham, a few miles from Corfe. But the old writers say that Heaven would not permit the good and innocent boy to be so treated. Wonderful visions appeared about his humble grave, and people said that the place had become so holy that miracles were worked there.

Hearing all this, Elfrida determined to visit the spot herself. But the horse on which she rode, the legend says, refused again and again to carry her to the grave of the boy whom she had murdered, although it was whipped and urged on with blows and cries. Seeing this, the wicked Queen was seized with remorse for her deed. She fled from the place, and lived for the rest of her life in great poverty and humility at Bere Regis.

The body of the good young King was carried to Shaftesbury, and there royally buried, whilst all the kingdom grieved for his early death.

More sorry than any one was Ethelred, the new little ten-year-old King, who had dearly loved his kind elder brother. We are told that he wept so bitterly, when he heard of Edward's death, as to make his wicked mother angry. In her fury, she



"The Queen held the cup up to him with her own hand."

snatched up a bunch of long candles and beat the little boy with them most violently.

This other boy-king, Ethelred, lived to be a man, but all the thirty-seven years that he reigned were miserable and unfortunate, both for himself and England. It seemed that a reign begun so badly could never be happy, and we know him in history by the name of Ethelred the Unready, because he was never prepared for his enemies.

V. M. M.

THE OWL'S NEST.

"'You naughty child! Stop this very minute!'"

ALEC'S PANSIES.

ALEC'S garden was always very spick-and-span. He weeded it every day after breakfast, or hoed it or watered it; so that when, one morning, looking out of the window, he thought he saw weeds between his flowers, he couldn't understand it at all. He went out to see what had happened, and a dreadful sight met his eyes. All his lovely pansies had been broken off, and were lying on the earth!

He stared hard, and for a minute he could scarcely believe it. The prized plum-coloured pansy and the blue ones and the yellow ones—all gone! The tears rolled down his cheeks. After all his care it was too hard. In he ran to Mother, and told her.

'And it can't be slugs,' he cried, 'because Father and I put soot round every one of them, and you know how slugs hate soot, don't you, Mother?'

What could it be? Mother came out to inspect, and at the sad sight Alec cried again. Father would be so disappointed.

'It is very mysterious,' said Mother, picking up one of the flowers and examining it. 'They have not been bitten, I'm sure: so it can't be an animal, Alec.'

Then she had to go away, but Alec determined to watch, and took up his stand at the window overlooking his precious garden. Nothing happened for a long time. He was getting tired and cross when he heard his baby-cousin, Queenie, come in from her walk with Nurse.

Nurse went into Mother's room to talk to her, and instead of Queenie stumping upstairs—a performance not to be mistaken—Alec heard her patter out again into the garden. In another minute she had come into sight.

She was talking to herself. 'Me will pick more flowers,' she said, and trotted peacefully across the grass, straight to Alec's garden.

He watched, his hands clenched. Yes, she was the culprit. Planting a sturdy foot on the bed, she pulled the head off a wallflower.

Out rushed Alec. 'You horrid, naughty child!' he exclaimed. 'Stop this very minute! How dare you spoil my garden like that?' He seized her round the waist, and tugged her backwards, and had actually raised his hand to slap her when the sight of her surprised, innocent baby face stopped him. He let her free. The anger in his heart seemed to smoulder and die down as he did so. 'After all, you didn't understand,' he said, sorrowfully. 'You are only a baby, Queenie. But you have spoilt my garden.'

Queenie understood this, and she began to weep. Alec comforted her, taking her indoors and upstairs to the nursery quite tenderly. It was some time before he got down to Mother, to settle into the sums he had to do.

'Could the sums wait just two minutes more, do you think?' inquired Mother, as he opened his copy-book. 'There is something I want to show you in the garden.'

'Oh, Mother, don't say any more flowers are spoilt!' cried poor Alec.

'No, I don't think they are,' said Mother. 'But let us come and see.'

They made their way to the little garden that had been so tidy yesterday, and—

'Oh, was it a dream?' exclaimed Alec, joyously. 'Why, there are just as many pansies as before, and I really think, Mother, they are bigger ones!'

'There will be twice as many soon,' Mother said; 'for the old roots are still there, you see. Now, don't you think I am a clever gardener? Almost as clever as the brave little person who loves these flowers so well, and yet knows that self-control and the power to forgive are worse things to lose than even all the flowers he has made to grow so beautifully.'

Alice James.

THE DOG WITH TWO TAILS.

MR. BARNUM, the famous showman, used to tell the following story of his boyhood: He was about fourteen years of age, when a neighbour made what in those days—railways being unknown—was considered a long journey of thirty miles. On the man's return, the boy Barnum asked him if during his travels he had seen anything strange.

'Well,' was the reply, 'one day I saw a dog with two whole tails.'

Barnum's curiosity was aroused; the showman spirit in him showed itself for the first time. 'I'll have that dog,' he said. 'Do you think I could buy him for five dollars?'

'Oh, yes!' replied the neighbour.

So the next morning Barnum mounted a horse, and prepared to ride off to the town in which lived this remarkable dog. Then the man who had told him of the wonder strolled up to him.

'Young man,' he said, 'before you start perhaps I ought to mention one thing. The dog I saw was coming out of a tan-yard, and carrying a cow's tail in his mouth.'

THE GOLDEN HEAD.

THERE once stood in Naples a marble column which had been placed there by an eccentric Frenchman many years before. On it were written, in the French language, these words, 'On May 1st of every year I have a golden head.'

This inscription provided the people of Naples with an interesting puzzle. On the first May Day after the erection of the column they came crowding around it in the hope of seeing its top covered with golden coins. They were disappointed.

This sort of thing went on for several years; then the authorities had the column taken down, with the idea that treasure might be found beneath it. Nothing, however, was to be seen except earth, so the column was stuck up again. Not for many years was the riddle solved.

But at last, in 1841, it was solved by a beggar named Annibale Tosci, who, after long and patient pondering, actually got at the true interpretation of those mysterious words. Anxiously he awaited the arrival of May Day. On that day he set out at dawn for the column, carrying a pick and shovel. Arriving at the spot before any other visitors had made their appearance, he began, at six o'clock, to dig in the ground covered with the shadow cast by the top of the column. His exertions were very soon rewarded with success. He came upon a satchel which contained eighty thousand francs! The head of the column had covered the treasure every year on May 1st. It did not cover it on the next May Day, however, nor ever again; for, of course, Tosci carried off his treasure-trove, thanks to which he was no longer a beggar. He became a land-owner, made a home for himself near Mantua, and died not so very long ago at the age of eighty-four.

THE BEDTIME CARAVAN.

WHEN the bedtime caravan sets out,
Up the long, dark, lonely stair,
Joan and I go cautiously and slow,
Because of the perils there.

The grandfather clock is tall and grim
  In the flickering candle-light;
And little Jack Goblin, who lives in the works,
  May jump out and give us a fright.

But the bedtime caravan goes on,
  Dark caves on either hand,
And we feel very glad when before us we see
  The cheerful nursery-land.

Of course, we're not really afraid, you know—
  It's only the game we play;
It's much greater fun, and we don't mind so much
  When we go up to bed in that way.

N. M. C.

COURAGEOUS TODDY.

(Concluded from page 211.)

TODDY had been puzzling his brains as to how he should reach Mr. Leigh's in time to warn him. Now his uncle had kindly solved the problem for him. While the two men walked over the fields, he could run along the road, which was certainly half a mile nearer. Thus, he would be enabled to reach the house in good time to warn his benefactor.

'Out with the lights, Bill!' said Jack, picking up the 'jemmies.'

Not until the men had left the house, locking the door behind them, did Toddy venture to descend from his sooty hiding-place.

After a little difficulty, he succeeded in scrambling out of the narrow window.

'If I'd been better fed,' thought he, 'I'd have been fatter, and then I shouldn't have been able to get out. It's all for the best!'

You will see from this that Toddy had what we call a 'philosophical' mind.

Our little hero did not let the grass grow under his feet. Oh, that wild run! Toddy never forgot it. He strained every muscle in his small body to its utmost. That utmost was not much, certainly, but if his legs were weak and thin, they hadn't a very weighty body to carry!

Toddy was breathless and nearly fainting with exhaustion by the time Mr. Leigh's house came into view. But he set his teeth grimly, and struggled doggedly on. He felt that the hour of his triumph was nigh.

When he reached the bottom of the drive, he paused a moment to recover his breath. Then he dashed along at full speed. He charged up the steps, and seizing the bell in one hand, and the knocker in the other, commenced ringing and knocking with all his might.

Clang! bang!—clang! bang!

Toddy often laughed about it afterwards. What a din he made, to be sure!

At last, as Toddy seemed to be shaking the whole house, a slow, nervous tread was heard coming down the passage. It halted uncertainly for a minute, and then——

'This ain't the doctor's,' called a tremulous voice. 'It's further along. Go away!'

'I don't want any doctors,' gasped the boy. 'It's burglars—robbers! Open!'

'Here, what's all this noise about?' said a sturdy voice, which Toddy instantly recognised as Mr. Leigh's. 'Out of the way, Williams. I'm going to open that door!'

'Mercy!' cried the tremulous voice. 'Don't do that, sir. It's robbers—and this is the vanguard! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!'

'You silly old man——' began Mr. Leigh.

'Oh, open, sir!' cried Toddy, despairingly. 'They'll be here soon. Mr. Leigh, I'm the boy you gave that half-crown to. I want to warn you. Oh, please, please, open the door!'

'All right, my lad—there!'

The door flew open, and Toddy staggered in, blinking his eyes in the gaslight.

Mr. Leigh was in his dressing-gown. The owner of the tremulous voice had vanished—a pressing engagement somewhere else, probably.

'Merciful heavens!' ejaculated Mr. Leigh. 'What is the matter, boy? You're as black as a nigger! Has your uncle been hurting you?'

'No, sir,' answered Toddy. 'He's coming to rob you—and another man with him. I got up the chimney. I heard their plans, and I've come to warn you!'

'Brave lad!' said Mr. Leigh, calmly, closing the door. 'But you should always keep cool in a case like this. Jennings—Wilson—Rodgers! Come here, all of you!'

Three sturdy men now appeared upon the scene, in various stages of undress.

'This boy,' said Mr. Leigh, quietly, 'has discovered that two men intend breaking in here to-night. Wilson, run and get some rope and my revolver. Do you know which window they intend forcing?'

'The hall window, sir,' answered Toddy.

'Very well! Come along, men. Bring your lanterns, but keep them under cover till I give the word.'

In five minutes they were all in the hall, waiting in perfect silence for the thieves. Mr. Leigh's calm conduct had struck our little hero dumb with admiration. How could he take it so quietly?

After a few moments—moments of supreme suspense—a slight scratching noise was heard at the window. Presently one of the panes dropped from the frame. A dark shadow fumbled at the catch. Then the window opened slowly, and——

'Come along, Bill,' said a voice in a whisper which made poor Toddy tremble all over: 'it's all right.'

A second form climbed into the room, and Mr. Leigh whispered, 'Now!'

Instantly the servants drew their lanterns. The rays of light seemed to stupefy the burglars.

'Good evening, gentlemen!' cried Mr. Leigh in an ominous voice. 'Oblige me by holding your hands up. This revolver is liable to go off if you don't!'

Grey and Jenkins obeyed. I can't say that all their pluck had fled, because they never had any. Not until the rope was round their wrists did they seem to realise the situation.

'Take them and lock them in the cellar,' was Mr. Leigh's next order.

'This is your doing, you young varmint,' said Grey as he went out, abusing his nephew bitterly. 'A nice return for all my kindness! You won't have no home, that's one blessing!'

'You are mistaken,' said Mr. Leigh, quietly. 'I shall adopt Toddy—courageous Toddy!'

Valentine Gilbert.

"'Good evening, gentlemen. Oblige me by holding your hands up.'"

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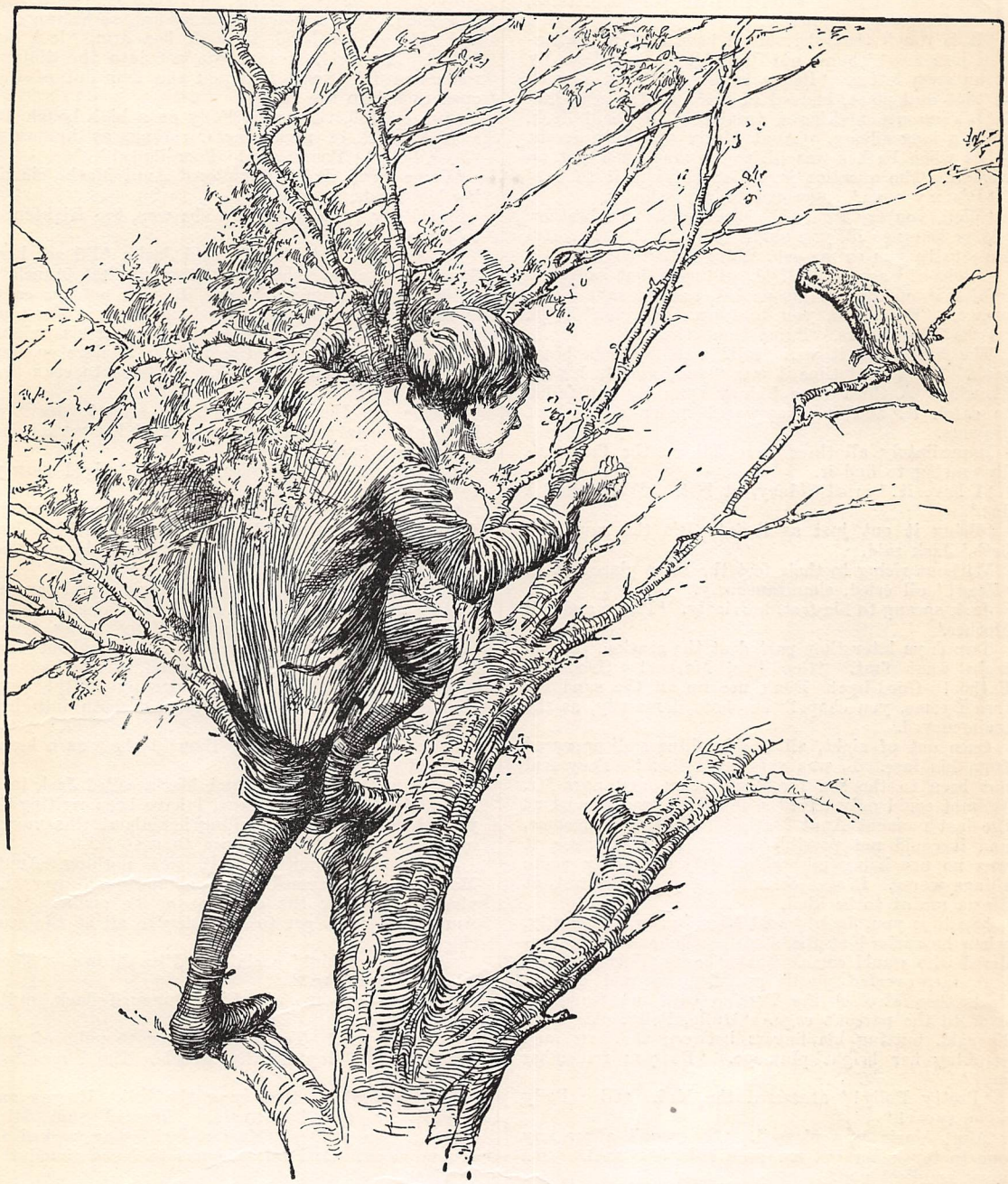


"The bird edged slowly towards him."

HEADS OR TAILS.

THE three Wilmots sat round the playroom table, looking very depressed.

'It is rough that she should have sent an invitation just now!' burst out Wilfrid, looking dismally at an open letter. 'Fancy having to spend a week at that dull place, instead of being at the seaside!'

'It's no use making a trouble of it,' said Jack, after a long silence. 'Aunt Maria was jolly decent to us when Father was ill, so we must just put up with it. The question is, which of us is it to be?'

'It's my turn,' suggested Sidney, slowly.

'Well, you can't go, old chap,' replied his brother. 'After being so ill, you ought to go to the sea. It'll have to be you or me—eh, Wilf?'

'Right-o!' agreed Wilfrid, willingly, but sadly.

Jack rummaged in his pocket, and brought out a penny. 'Here, Sid, you toss up. "Heads" I go. "Tails" Wilf does. Twice three times!'

The first time it was 'tail,' and Wilfrid's heart sank. The second time it was 'head,' and Jack's did likewise. A third time Sidney spun it, but failed to catch it, and it disappeared under a chest of drawers.

Immediately all three were flat on the floor, endeavouring to find it.

'I have it!' cried Sidney, at last. 'What shall I do?'

'Bring it out just as it is! It's the same for both,' Jack said.

Without rising to their feet the three glared at it. 'Head!' all cried, simultaneously.

Jack sprang to his feet, hurriedly. 'I'll go and tell Mother.'

Two days later they parted at the station. Jack's train went first. 'Good-bye, Mother! Good-bye, Father! Good-bye! Don't use up all the sand before I come, you chaps!' he shouted merrily, as the train moved.

Once out of sight, all the brightness disappeared from his face. It was very hard lines! They had not been to the sea for three years, and now Mr. Wilmot could only afford a fortnight, and almost at the last moment Aunt Maria's invitation had come, and it could not possibly be refused. However, it was no use being miserable. It would only make things worse. It was certainly very dull, but Aunt Maria meant to be kind.

'So it is you, Jack!' said Miss Brown, pleasantly, when he arrived at the stately old house. 'I wondered who would come. Shake hands, Fifi.'

A fat, overfed poodle waddled up and obeyed. Jack then stroked the Persian cat, and wandered over to the parrot's cage. 'Hullo, Polly, old girl!' he said, putting his fingers between the bars, and stroking her bright plumage. 'Do you remember me?'

'Pretty Polly!' answered the bird. 'Give Polly some sugar!'

Aunt Maria was pleased. 'She won't allow any one to touch her but me, as a rule,' she said. 'She must recollect you.'

The days passed monotonously. In the mornings they went for a drive. In the afternoon Jack took Fifi a walk on the leash. The evenings were passed in a stroll round the garden and 'draughts' till bedtime.

The third day of his visit, Jack arrived downstairs to find Aunt Maria standing in the garden at the foot of a high old tree, wringing her hands, in company with the two maids and Thomas, the portly coachman. 'Oh, my dear,' she sobbed, as he ran out and slipped his hand through her arm, 'look at Polly! A horrid, strange cat got into the dining-room and frightened her, and she flew out of the open cage into the tree.'

Sure enough, there was Polly on a high bough, in a high state of nervousness, calling, at intervals, 'Poor Polly! Poor Polly! Poor Polly!'

'Come down, Polly!' implored Aunt Maria, clasping her hands.

But Polly remained where she was, too frightened to move.

'Cheer up, Aunt Maria!' said Jack. 'I'll get her. Thomas, give me a leg-up on to that first branch.'

Thomas obligingly did so. It was not an easy climb. The boughs grew slenderer towards the top, and Jack had to test each before putting his weight on it. Finally he arrived as high as he dare go, but Polly was still out of reach. He tried to coax her to him.

'Come on, then, Polly! Come along! Have a lump of sugar!' Taking one out of his pocket, he held it out invitingly.

Encouraged by the voice, the bird edged slowly towards him.

'Clever Polly!' said Jack, and she came nearer. A few more steps, and he gently caught hold of her and placed her on his shoulder. 'Now, old girl,' he said, 'cling on tight.'

The descent began. It was slow work, and several times there were ominous cracks, and Jack had to alter his foothold cautiously. Polly clung tenaciously. There was no need to trouble about her. But finally he dropped to the ground, safe and sound.

'Oh, my brave boy! My darling Polly!' exclaimed Aunt Maria, receiving them both into her embrace.

Jack laughed; but Polly thought she was a heroine, and gabbled loudly.

Later in the morning, Aunt Maria called Jack into her sitting-room. 'My dear, I have been writing to your dear mother, and telling her about this morning's adventure. I want you to post it.'

Jack looked amused. 'It was nothing, Aunt. Mother is accustomed to us climbing all over the place.' He took the envelope as he spoke. 'Oh, Aunt, this won't get to her—they're all at the seaside!'

'At the seaside!' exclaimed Miss Brown. 'Then why are you here?'

'You invited me, Aunt,' stammered Jack, quite taken aback.

'Invited you? Yes, but I never thought of you missing a holiday at the seaside. Hand me that time-table.'

She scanned it, then rang the bell. It was answered by the housemaid. 'Roper,' said Miss Brown, 'can you get Master Jack's bag packed in ten minutes? And tell Thomas to bring round the carriage.'

In an incredibly short time they were at the station and Jack was leaning out of the carriage window while Aunt Maria bade him farewell.

'Good-bye, dear boy! I should never have forgiven myself if you had lost your seaside holiday for me. Give your father this envelope, and tell him

to stay another week, if possible; and here's something for yourself.' She pressed a coin into his hand. The engine whistled, and she stepped back.

Jack sat down, feeling overwhelmed. 'What a rush! I can't believe it's true I'm going to the sea.' He looked at the coin in his hand. 'A sovereign! What a brick she is!' C. E. Thonger.

THE TREES OF THE HOMELAND

V.—SILVER BIRCH.

FAR across the sandy common,
Past the river and the mill,
Stands a wood of silver birches
By the roadside up the hill.

We, who see them, pause delighted;
Ask, enraptured, what are these
Slender, graceful, light and dreamlike?
Why, they must be fairy trees!

Trunks and branches, all of silver,
Gleam and sparkle through the green;
Drooping sprays of leaves and catkins
Make a thin, transparent screen.

Never deep or dark the shadows
Underneath the birch we see—
Even its shade is filled with sunbeams
Glancing through this airy tree.

Bending lightly o'er the roadway,
Every branch would seem to say,
'Never cast a gloomy shadow,
Be as cheerful as you may.'

E. M. Haines.

BYGONE LONDON.

III.—IN ROMAN TIMES.

ONE summer, many hundreds of years ago, a fleet of eighty Roman galleys sailed from the shores of Gaul and crossed the narrow straits to Britain. On board were the seventh and tenth legions of the Roman army, under their great General, Julius Caesar. The soldiers landed, and fought two battles against the native tribesmen. At the end of three weeks they returned to Gaul, but the next summer they came again to Britain with a much larger fleet. It consisted of eight hundred ships, and carried forty thousand men. They fought the Britons many times, and after they had captured a fortified ford of the river Thames, near Brentford, the stronghold of the British leader, many of the tribes submitted and promised allegiance to Rome.

The Romans then withdrew their army, and it was not till a hundred years later, in 49 A. D., in the time of the Emperor Claudius, that they came again to Britain. Their army of fifty thousand men, under Aulus Plautius, repeatedly fought the Britons, and after a hard struggle gained the advantage. They had with them soldiers who were accustomed to swim while carrying their arms, and these were able to gain possession of the fords, and so allow the Roman army to cross the rivers in safety.

After the passage of the Thames had been gained in this way, the men encamped on its shores, on the site of our present City of London, and there awaited a visit from the Emperor.

From this spot, where a smaller stream flowed into the river, the British trading vessels had been used to start on their voyages, and there also an annual fair had been held; there was probably a town, fort, and settlement of some kind, though not a great town, where London now is. The northern tribes fought valiantly for their freedom, but were gradually overcome by the invaders, who made many good roads, and were thus able to move their armies about with greater ease. They built a line of forts from the river Severn to the fen country, and strongly fortified the towns of York and St. Albans, which they considered of more importance than 'Londinium' or 'Augusta,' as it was afterwards called for a time, and which they never really made their capital.

By the side of the Walbrook, the name of which still survives to-day, and is used for the narrow street built over the spot where the stream used to flow into the Thames, the Romans built a fortress big enough to hold four legions, and also the buildings for their governor and his officials. The language of the government was Latin, and gradually the native people living outside the fortress began to use many Latin words in their speech, which soon became a kind of 'patois' made up from various dialects. The young men were forced to serve in the Roman army, and were often sent abroad to fight and to take part in the gladiatorial contests in Rome.

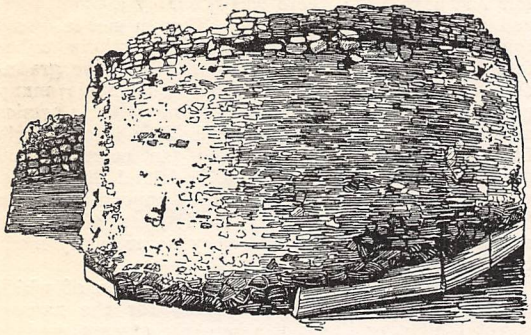
Soon the northern tribes also began to take advantage of the new roads, and to make constant raids on London. Once, under the leadership of the British Queen, Boadicea, a revolt took place of the submissive tribes. They began to march towards the town, and, much to the alarm of the inhabitants, the Roman General and his army marched out to meet the rebels, leaving them undefended. The rebels evaded him, and, entering London, killed nearly every man, woman, and child.

On the West side of the fortress were the cottages of the poorer people, and on the other side of the Walbrook, and facing the big river, were built the villas, standing in large gardens, of the wealthier Roman inhabitants. Behind these were the traders' stalls. There were three ports or gates on the river, Billingsgate, Dowgate at the mouth of the Walbrook, and Greenhithe. Here the ships were moored to piles, before a wall was built along the river-side.

As the power of Rome grew weaker, many of their soldiers were withdrawn from Britain, for they were needed for protection at home, and so the raids by the tribes from the North and East grew more frequent. The inhabitants of London felt great insecurity, and it was perhaps after one such alarm that they began to build the wall for the protection of their town, probably about the year 360 A. D. Some of the pieces that still exist in different parts of the city show signs of having been built in a state of panic. All kinds of materials have been used, including fragments that must have come from the buildings in the citadel. Perhaps this is the reason so few remains of the ancient forum and other buildings have been found on the spot where we know they once stood.

Starting from the site of the Tower, the wall ex-

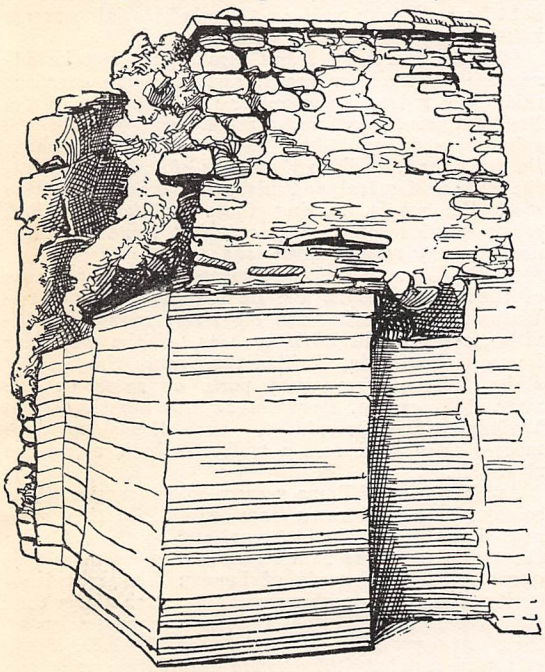
tended to Aldgate, then turned to Bishopsgate. At St. Giles's it turned again to South Aldersgate, and then, after passing Newgate and Ludgate Hill, it reached the river once more, leaving a corner of swampy ground by the banks of the Fleet River,



The Bastion of the Roman Wall, u der the General Post Office Yard. London.

another stream that flowed into the Thames lower down.

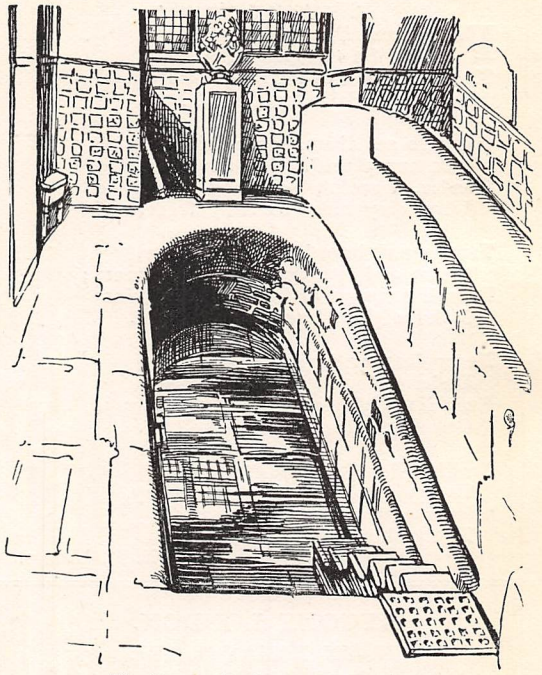
The bastions placed at intervals along the wall were usually solid at the bottom, hollow in the middle, with loopholes for the archers to shoot from, and solid again at the top. In the churchyard of St.



Part of the Roman Wall.

Giles, Cripplegate, a piece of the wall can be seen, and more recently a much larger piece was brought to light during the building of the new General Post Office. It consists of about half a bastion or tower, and a piece of wall. Some authorities think the tower is of later date than the wall, in which a row of flat Roman tiles can be seen at the top and at intervals lower down.

The Romans were very fond of bathing, and most people spent part of the day at the public baths. Some of the more magnificent villas had baths of their own, and one of these still remains for us to see. It must have belonged to a large country house built some way outside the walls of London, standing on the slope of a hill, among fields traversed by several small streams that supplied the water for



The Roman Bath, Strand, London.

the bath. These streams still run under the busy Strand, and still supply the water for the bath. In later times it probably became included in the palace of a noble who built his house on the site of the old Roman villa, and so it has come down to us in a perfect state of preservation, and is still able to be used.

Ruth Cobb.

CAT AND DOG FRIENDSHIPS.

ALTHOUGH cats and dogs are looked upon as hereditary foes, and really seem to have a natural antipathy to each other, instances of friendship between the two animals are not uncommon, and 'a cat and dog life' may sometimes be a peaceful and happy one. Many dogs are quite fond of cats living in the same house with them, although they would chase, and if possible kill, any cat whom they met out of doors. We must remember that most dogs have been taught to hunt cats, so it is natural that they should wish to do so.

Mr. J. Dinsdale gives a striking instance of a friendship between a collie and a cat. One day the dog persisted in barking all over the house for half

"There was only a chink open, through which Puss thrust her paw."

an hour, evidently trying to attract somebody's attention. At last the maid thought something must be wrong, and followed the collie as he ran anxiously into the kitchen, which she had left some little time before. He stopped in front of the dresser, still 'yapping' noisily, and she saw the cat's paw protruding from one of the drawers, which was almost closed. Evidently Puss had gone in and

fallen asleep in the drawer, which had been shut in the meantime; there was only a chink open, through which she thrust her paw in a vain attempt to get out. The collie must have seen her struggles, and heard her piteous mewing, and ran for assistance.

An Irish terrier lived in a kennel in a yard, and, as a rule, chased every cat that appeared in sight; but one day his mistress was surprised to find a small tabby kitten curled up in the straw with him. From that time 'Jack' seemed to adopt the little cat, who was apparently homeless. She slept in the kennel, and shared his meals, but did not succeed in reconciling him to her friends, who often prowled about the walls of the yard, while the dog barked furiously at them.

A small dog, whose puppies had all died, brought up a family of Persian cats, and even after they were quite grown-up, she took the greatest interest in them. If she heard them cry, she would fly from the top of the house to see what was wrong with them, and she shared all her meals with them.

A big St. Bernard dog formed a great attachment to a stable-cat, who used to come down from the hayloft to join him at his dinner, or to pass an hour or two cosily curled up on his back, either out in the sunshine in the yard in summer, or in his warm kennel in winter. She hated all the other dogs, and oddly enough disliked women also, though she was fond of the groom and the gardener, but she would run away if the ladies of the house or the women-servants appeared. M. E. S.

A THOUGHTLESS HUSBAND.

A GENTLEMAN was visiting one night at a friend's house, when a severe storm arose. He waited for a long time to see if the weather would improve, but as it only seemed to grow worse and worse, his friend asked him to accept a lodging for the night. The gentleman agreed to this, but in a short time he was missed from the parlour. About an hour afterwards he returned, drenched with rain. As he entered with the water pouring in streams from his hat and clothes, the host in great surprise asked him where he had been. The gentleman shook off the water as well as he could, and quietly replied, 'I have been home to tell my wife that I should not return, because the night was so bad.'

H. B. Score.

OLD HEDGEROWS.

ALL over England the old-fashioned hedgerows are fast disappearing, and we are sorry, for many of them are very beautiful, made up, as they are, of a variety of shrubs or bushes with, underneath them, often, a tangle of wild flowers and grasses. They are disappearing, and we have left instead prim hedges that are closely cut, or barbed-wire fences, or even brick walls. Yet even in London suburbs we may still come upon a pretty bit of hedge, little injured, that has so far escaped the roadmaker and the builder; and such counties as Kent and Hampshire and Devonshire can show a good number still.

Boys have often amused themselves by hiding in a hedge, or creeping through them; the banks and the bushes are also famous places for birds'-nests. To birds, especially the smaller kinds, hedgerows are very attractive.

One of the peculiarities of an ancient hedge, a hundred years old or more, is the occurrence of tree-stumps, perhaps hollowed out and full of knots, yet still growing. Frequently such hedges are partly evergreen in winter, having in them privet, holly, ivy, and dwarf oak. In June they may be fragrant with wild roses, and show various creepers, like the convolvulus, bryony, bedstraw, nightshade, or the spreading traveller's joy. Below the hedges grow early buttercups, arums, and violets in the spring; and, later on, mallows, mulleins, meadowsweets, speedwells, scabious, and more than we can write down here. We may find along some hedges a beautiful bank of soft green moss. There are a few curious hedges which are double, and have a little stream or ditch running down the middle; and I have heard of a hedge thick enough for a boy to stand on the top.

Watching the birds amongst the hedges is an amusement both in summer and winter. At the latter season their shrubs are a blessing to the birds, especially to the young ones, when the weather is cold or rough. Often they get into the nests of last season, or hide amongst the dead leaves on the ground. Berries, large and small, afford food during hard weather, but few birds touch those of the privet: they enjoy hawthorn and holly berries, also hips, with others which human beings could not safely eat. The hedge-sparrow, blackbird, thrush, and whitethroat are frequent builders in hedges; so, occasionally, are the lively robin, and the little wren, which delights to sing unseen. What are called migratory birds, those of moderate size—the chiff-chaff, the sedge-warbler, the blackcap, the nightingale, for example—generally stop in the hedges to recover from the fatigue of their journey, and from the hedges we first hear their songs.

Sometimes we discover in a hedge the nest of a corncrake, or landrail; the nestlings are dark little creatures. Mice, too, are fond of the hedges; the dormouse (rather rare now) prefers to have its nest high up, but the field-mouse seeks out the lower stems. Now and then a rabbit startles us by jumping out of its hiding-place, and the weasel goes into hedges, seeking prey. Numerous along the hedgerows in some places are the mounds of that 'little gentleman in black'—the mole! In fact, for any one who keeps his eyes open, an old hedgerow is a perpetual picture-book. J. R. S. C.

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 218.)

CHAPTER XX.

TARM ceased to smile as he heard the old priest's voice; instead, he crouched close against the rock, and his wild, frightened eyes looked hither and thither for any way of escape.

'Where is my child? Give him to me!' the old priest shrieked again.

And now there was the sound of servants' voices answering him, and after that, Miss Gomez called loudly: 'Mary, John, come here at once! Oh, you naughty children, where have you hidden yourselves?

Come immediately, or this mad priest will find you and kill you.'

'We are coming,' John called. And he began to march up the path towards the camp, leading the way for the others, as he felt very sure that Father would wish him to do.

Mary and Tarm followed, Tarm shaking in every limb. Mary was so sorry for him that she forgot to be frightened for herself. She took his thin, sunburnt hand and held it in her own. 'You shall not go back to him, Tarm,' she said; 'we will not let him take you back.'

'No,' said John, very firmly, 'you shall not go back.' And he marched on to the camping-ground to face Miss Gomez and the priest with his head held high in the air, and his mouth set in a straight line.

'There he is, there he is!' shrieked the old priest, and rushed towards Tarm.

And, 'There they are! there they are!' shrieked Miss Gomez and limped towards Mary and John. She collided violently with her enemy in consequence, and both stood still for a moment, rubbing damaged elbows and glaring at each other.

John walked up to the old priest and stood in front of him. He was frowning, and looked, Mary thought, as he often looked when he was puzzling out some difficult sum in arithmetic, and did not mean to let himself be beaten.

'Tarm is going to stay with us,' John said. He spoke loudly and slowly. 'He is never going back to your temple to sit there and play at being a white image.'

The old priest did not answer at first, and he did not look at John, but at Tarm, cowering behind, his hand still in Mary's.

'If Tarm does not come with me,' said the old priest, at last, 'then I will lay a spell upon him. His head shall become the head of an elephant, his feet the feet of a porcupine, his hands the hands of an ape, and his body the body of a snake.'

'No, no!' Tarm shrieked. He truly believed that the old priest could do as he threatened. 'Do not put a spell upon me, my father. I will come with you—at once I will come.'

He started to run forward, but Mary held tight to his hand, and again John spoke.

'You cannot cast a spell,' he said. 'Nobody can do the things that you pretend you can do. Tarm will stay with us, and he will not become an elephant-porcupine creature; he will remain just as he is now.'

'Then I will summon spirits from the jungle to catch him by the hair and drag him through the sky,' said the old priest. 'His head will knock against the stars, his feet against the earth, and he will break in two.'

Tarm moaned at this, and crouched on the ground, and placed his hands on the top of his head as though he would protect his hair from those invisible spirit fingers. But John, though a little impressed, managed to laugh successfully.

'I don't believe you can do that either,' he said. 'Now go away. I tell you that we will not let Tarm be taken away since he does not wish to go.'

The old priest broke at this into a fierce yell of anger. He stamped his feet, he pulled at his hair with his hands, he almost foamed at the mouth. There was no trace left of the kindly old man who had once given milk to Mary and John, and talked to them in such a friendly fashion. And Tarm cowered and shook in the background. Miss Gomez was forced into a frightened silence, and the servants stood round in a subdued circle, alarmed at the wrath of one whom they deemed almost all-powerful.

John looked round the circle in search of Julfu. Only on this one man could he depend, he knew, and nowhere was Julfu to be seen. And then from the forest Julfu came running swiftly, fetched by Ayah, whose fears for the children lent her the wisdom she so often lacked.

'What is this?' said Julfu, and he thrust himself between John and the old priest. And his hand went to his belt, and pulled the sharp knife from its sheath. 'Stand back, old man,' he said. 'Touch not the child to do him harm, or, in the same moment, I slay thee.'

The stern voice calmed the priest's anger. He ceased to scream and stamp and tear at his hair, and, though he still shook as the sea shakes after a storm, he managed to explain the errand on which he had come.

'Give this man back to me,' he said, and pointed at Tarm. 'He is my disciple; he belongs to me. It is an evil thing that ye have done, to persuade him to leave me.'

Julfu turned and stared at Tarm and, as he stared, his mouth fell open and his eyes grew round with astonishment. Until this moment he had not realised that the fugitive was no native of India, but a white lad—white as his master's children were white. He stared, too astonished even to question, and Mary made haste to explain.

'It is a white man, Julfu,' she said. 'He has lived in the temple ever since he can remember. He does not know who were his father nor his mother, nor where he lived with them. And now he wishes to come with us: to go back to white people again.'

'And I say that the old priest shall not take him away,' said John. Partly on purpose, partly from habit, he copied his father's manner exactly; and Julfu, also from force of habit, listened submissively. 'I say that he shall not go back to the temple—that we must save him from the old priest if he wishes us to do so.'

Julfu looked from Tarm to John, from John to the old man. He stood on one leg. He scratched his head; it was plain he did not know how to decide. And the priest spoke again, entreaty in his voice. 'Give him back to me. He is all that I have. I love him very greatly.'

And, at the new gentleness in his voice, Tarm ceased to cower and shake. He stood upright, and held out his hands to the man who, though he had tormented him, had hitherto been his one friend.

'Great kindness hast thou shown me,' he said. 'That kindness will I never forget. I will set it in the balance against all that I have suffered. But, lo, the two sides of the scales are equal. I am free now to choose my own path.'

Tarm's hands dropped to his sides, and he stood very upright. His voice was full and clear. In that moment he conquered the fear he had permitted so long to rule him. 'I will stay here,' he said. 'Here, with mine own people. I will never return with thee alive to the old bondage. My dead body only shalt thou take.'

(Continued on page 234.)

"Both stood still, glaring at one another."

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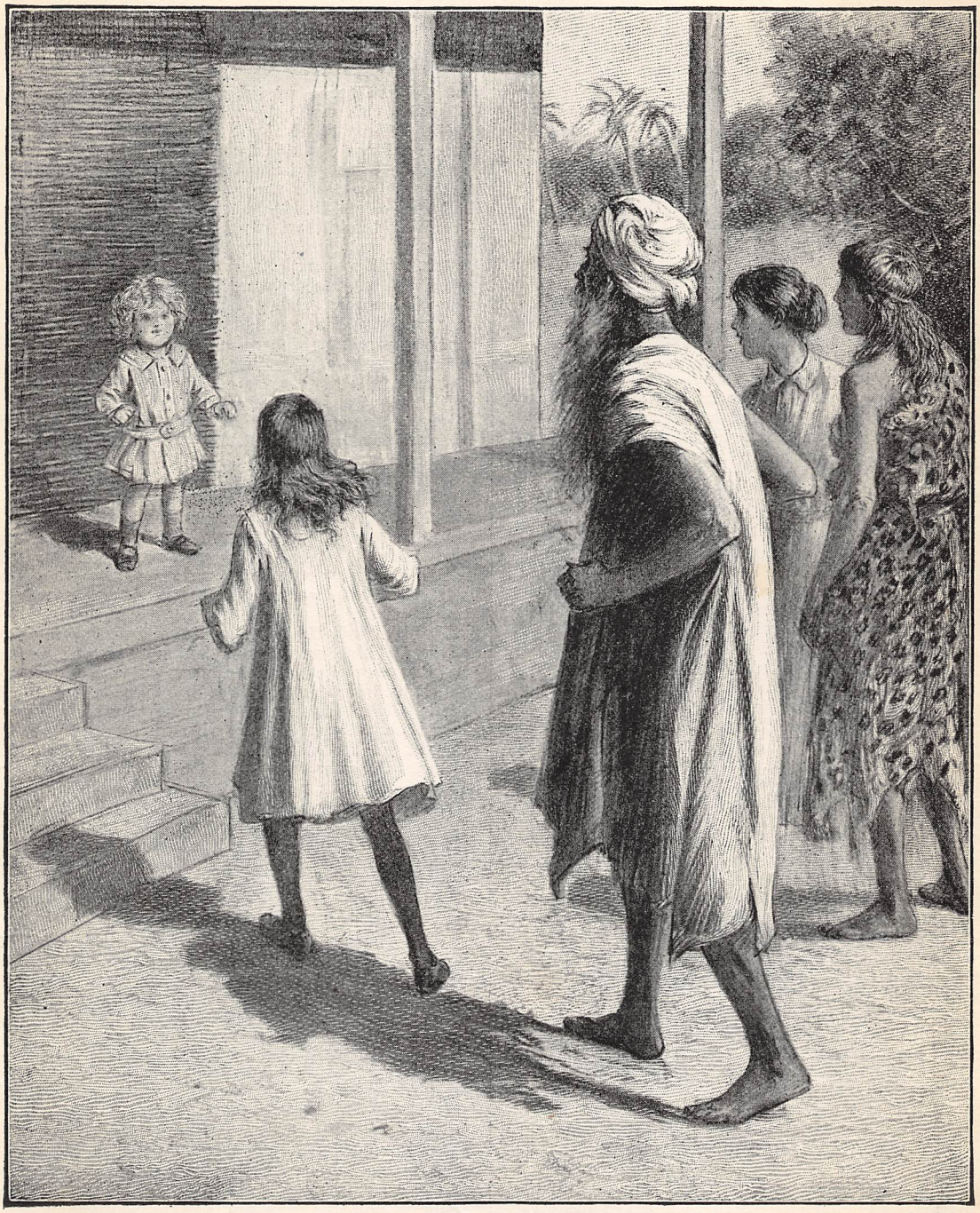


"In the opening, the baby stood."

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 231.)

THERE was silence as Tarm finished speaking. Mary and John, Julfu, the servants, all waited to see what now the priest would do. And the old man confronted them, his face twisted with anger, while he thought how best he might obtain that which he wished. Tarm must return with him to the temple alive, that more gold might be added to the store in the little bag. It was the money only that he thought of at that moment. His real love for Tarm was drowned by his greed.

And then, across the silence, breaking it, as it were, into little pieces, came Arnold's voice, sweet and high. 'Mary!' he called from the bungalow. 'Arnold wants Mary.'

The reed curtain which screened the bungalow doorway was pushed aside, and, in the opening, the baby stood, a small chubby figure, with blue eyes and yellow hair. And, as Mary started to run in answer, the old priest's eyes followed her, to rest finally on Arnold; and as he looked, the anger died out of his face, and in its place came wonder mixed with cunning. He spoke to Tarm, and his voice, as well as his expression, changed completely.

'I will not hinder thee, my son,' he said. 'If it be thy will, depart from me. Only do not wholly forget one who served thee faithfully, who loved thee very greatly.'

With a gesture of farewell and resignation he turned away, and Tarm watched him go, scarcely believing that he heard aright. At the edge of the camping-ground the old man halted. He waved his hand, then moved on again, and disappeared amidst the sheltering trees of the forest.

Julfu slid his knife back into its sheath, very much relieved. He was glad that the priest had gone in peace at last. He did not like to anger one who, he believed, could cast the most powerful spells. He considered Tarm thoughtfully, as he wondered what arrangements had best be made for him. There were some old clothes of his master's, Julfu remembered, which had been left in his charge. It might be possible to find amongst them something wherewith to clothe this stranger. Leopard-skins were certainly not seemly attire for a white man. And, while Julfu hunted amidst his stores, John and Mary and Tarm discussed the old priest together.

'I am sorry for him,' said Mary. 'He will be very lonely without you, Tarm. It was nice of him to let you go when he saw that you wished it so much.'

'I do not think he went away because he wished to be kind,' said Tarm. 'Nor do I think he went away because he was afraid. I think that he had some plan in his mind which seemed to him good, and so he was satisfied.'

'Some plan? But what plan could he have?'

'That I do not know. Only I am very certain that this is not the end.'

CHAPTER XXI.

It was Miss Gomez who now took command of the situation. She chattered shrilly, she asked incessant questions. But, better than anybody else, she knew what should be done. 'This person,' she began—she looked at Tarm, but she spoke in English, so that he did not understand a word of what she said—'This person shall come with us to the railway station, and there I will telegraph to the officer whom the Government have sent in your dear father's place. He will arrange everything, and restore the lost one to his people. He will have the old priest punished if he has done wickedly.'

Then she began to talk to Tarm in Hindustani. 'Go with this man,' she ordered, and she pointed to Julfu. 'He will give you clothes to wear. White people do not walk about dressed in leopard-skins. And then, when you are clothed, you may come back again, and eat your food with us.'

Tarm followed Julfu obediently to the little tent in which the shikari slept. It was so small there was only room in it for a narrow bed and a leather trunk. Julfu opened the trunk, and searched amidst its contents. He drew out, finally, a pair of white flannel trousers, and a blazer striped with purple and green. He considered that sombre-coloured clothes were not well suited to this strange, wild-looking creature. The blazer was the most gorgeous garment that his master owned.

'Is this what I must put on?' said Tarm. He eyed the blazer with dislike, and stroked the leopard-skins with a loving hand. 'These things which now cover me are more beautiful than that ugly coat.'

Julfu was not at all pleased. It was not right that this stranger—this wild man of the forest—should criticise his master's possessions.

'White people wear clothes such as are these,' said Julfu. 'If, indeed, thou art white, then it is fitting that thou shouldst wear them also. See, here is a shirt to place beneath the coat, and a red tie for the neck.'

He dived into the trunk again, and produced a pair of bright blue socks: and Tarm, overawed at the sight of so much grandeur, drew out the brass pins which held his leopard-skins together on the shoulders. Other fastenings had they none, but were sewed clumsily in places with strips of tree-bark. He put on the shirt, the trousers, the tie and the blazer. He even drew the blue socks over his feet, slowly, and with wrinklings of his nose. Then, with a quick movement of dislike, he kicked the socks off again. 'I will not put my feet in a cage,' he said. 'How shall I climb trees if I cannot feel the bark with my toes? How shall I pick up from the ground what I have dropped when my hands are full, if I have no toes to help me? These blue coverings for the feet are wholly without sense.'

Julfu did not press the point further, for, secretly, he sympathised with Tarm in this matter. He began to look for a pair of scissors with which to trim the long yellow hair which almost covered the back of the green and purple blazer. But when he explained his intention to Tarm, he met with so firm an opposition that he did not dare to persevere.

'No one shall cut my hair,' said Tarm. 'My strength lies in my hair. On the day that it is cut I shall become weak as a little child.'

And this belief, also, Julfu understood. His own hair had not been cut until he was ten years old, because his mother thought that a great misfortune would overtake him should she permit such cutting. India is not like England. Even in England some people think in the same way and act in a similar fashion. But in India you may think as you like

and do as you like, and no one is surprised, however different your thoughts and your acts may be from their own. If Tarm had told Julfu he had made a vow never to cut his toe- or finger-nails, Julfu would have accepted the fact quite calmly.

'And now, what comes next?' Tarm asked.

He looked a strange figure, with his sun-tanned face and long yellow hair, dressed as he was in the white flannel trousers and vivid blazer.

(Continued on page 246.)

SOME OLD-TIME ORDNANCE.

SO little is known of the early history of gunpowder that it is impossible to say at what date it was really invented or discovered. Certainly, compound substances of the nature of gunpowder were used in very early times, possibly for purposes of display, much in the same way as we use fireworks. We hear in the seventh century of a substance called Greek Fire, the composition of which is not known; it was not, however, till somewhere near the end of the thirteenth century that we hear of gunpowder as a force to throw a projectile from a cannon.

These early cannon were quite simple in construction, of small size and of a vase shape (fig. 1), being carried about and used for throwing stones, and such-like projectiles, into forts and stockades. A little later, however, in 1338, a quite ingenious breech-loading gun was invented and constructed of wrought-iron bars hooped together by strong iron bands, the clever feature being the breech, which is clearly illustrated in A and C (fig. 2). At the end of the tube formed of wrought-iron bars a stirrup-shaped piece of iron was fixed; this enclosed a removable chamber, B, which contained the powder and vent or touch-hole, and was held in place by a wedge or wedges. This chamber had a handle on it, to facilitate its removal for loading; with several of these chambers, a comparatively rapid fire could be kept up. These guns were mounted as in C; they were elevated by wedges, and the recoil, or 'kick,' after the explosion taken by timber let in the ground.

Later, small cannon of this pattern were cast in bronze or iron, instead of being built up, retaining the breech arrangement of movable chambers. Such weapons were used in Elizabethan days by the great explorers and others, and were usually mounted by means of trunnions in a fork, as shown at D (fig. 2). This fork was usually let into a socket on the taffrail of the ship; such an arrangement constituted a swivel gun.

Cannon, towards the end of the fourteenth century, increased in size to huge dimensions. They were mostly built-up guns, constructed of the usual iron bars, with red-hot iron rings shrunk on to hold the bars firmly. None of these early cannon would have sustained the explosion of modern gunpowder; the powder of those days was comparatively weak. The larger cannon bore a general resemblance to fig. 3, which represents a type of gun cast in bronze at Constantinople about 1468; some of these guns had a bore (the diameter inside the muzzle) of from fifteen to twenty-five inches, and a length of from twelve to sixteen feet, and threw round stone balls of from three hundred to seven hundred pounds weight. Several of these enormous cannon weighed as much as fifteen tons. The guns of the type shown in fig. 3 were cast in bronze, and were in two pieces, screwed together at the joint shown in the figure at A. This was a really wonderful piece of work for the period, taking into consideration the enormous mass of the guns. Although made in 1468, these guns were actually used in 1807 against a squadron commanded by Sir John Duckworth.

Of course these great weapons were very unhandy. There was no means of elevating them, or trailing them to right or left; they lay like great logs on their beds, the upper or carriage portion sliding with the recoil on the massive baulks of timber fixed to the ground. Owing to the unwieldiness of the guns, their manufacture was discontinued, and in the beginning of the next (sixteenth) century smaller pieces were made, both 'built-up' and cast solid.

Bronze guns were first cast in England in 1521, and iron ones in 1540. Cannon at this period were becoming much more useful, and a type was invented the pattern of which remained more or less constant until 1854, varying chiefly in length. As an example of extreme length, mention may be made of a gun preserved in Dover Castle, and known by the name of 'Queen Elizabeth's pocket pistol.' This has a bore of four and three-quarter inches only, yet the extreme length exceeds twenty-four feet—truly a long pistol for the pocket! This gun was cast in 1544, at Utrecht.

The chief shot used in cannon up to this date were round stones, both natural and artificially made. The gunpowder was, as I have said, weak, and frequently mixed on the spot at the time of loading. However, a change was now to take place: gunpowder improved in strength, guns were becoming more powerful and more capable of standing the stronger powder; projectiles were made of metal, lead and lead-cased shot and iron shot being used.

Increased facilities for moving guns arose as carriages were invented and improved, and trunnions were cast on the guns, until we get the type shown in fig. 4, which continued fairly constant until wooden carriages were superseded by iron and steel ones in 1870. Fig. 4 represents a field-piece of about 1780.

Fig. 5 represents a type of ship's gun and carriage in continuous use until 1854; on firing, it recoiled on its own wheels till arrested by the tackle, which was made fast to ring-bolts on the ship's side. Up to about 1450, ships' guns were mounted similarly to C (fig. 2), not having trunnions.

The range or distance a gun could throw a shot was in early times very short, about a hundred yards only; but as improvements in powder and cannon were made the range increased. This made necessary some method of sights for laying the gun; these sights for many years consisted merely of a projection on the breech and a V-shaped groove on the muzzle, the peak of the projection and the bottom of the groove being at equal distances from the axis of the gun (see B in fig. 1). An instrument, known as a 'gunner's quadrant' (A, fig. 1), was used in elevating a gun to a certain angle, the plumb-line crossing the zero (0) of the arc when the gun was dead horizontal.

About 1778 a Mr. Gascoigne invented a naval piece destined to come into prominence; this was called a 'carronade' (see fig. 6), and was so called

through being made by the Carron Company, gun-factors, of Scotland. The gun was short and easily handled; the bore, being machined, was accurate and smooth; and the shot, being turned to a sphere, friction was much reduced. The range of the little

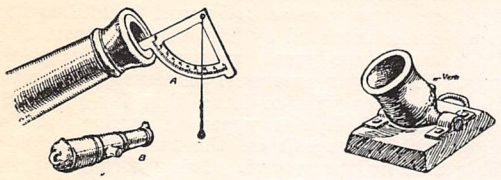


Fig. 1.
On left.) A, Gunner's Quadrant. B, Sighting gear.
(On right.) The earliest form of gun.

weapon was pretty good, being from three to five hundred yards, with a minimum of powder. The gun was mounted on a carriage, which was free to move on the slide supporting it, and the gun could be ranged to right or left by twisting the carriage on this slide, or bed; on recoiling after fire the carriage was restrained from leaving the slide by a strong gudgeon, or spindle, which slid between the

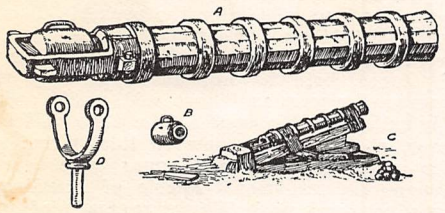


Fig. 2.—The earliest breech-loading gun.

two timbers constituting the slide; its recoil was stopped by the tackle attached to the gun and the ship's side. The elevating or depressing of the gun was performed by the rack arrangement at the rear of the slide (see fig. 6).

In fig. 7 we see a development of the early bom-

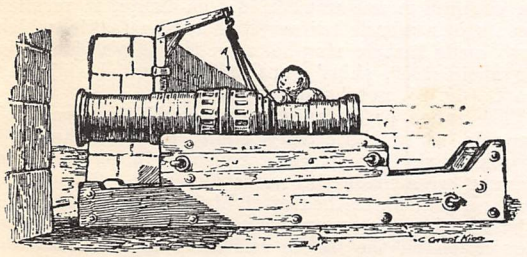


Fig. 3.—Large brass gun, of the fifteenth century.

bard, or gun, shown in fig. 1; this was known as a mortar, and was used to throw large bombs, or shells, into fortifications and trenches, and was a direct ancestor of the modern howitzer. The bombs used were sometimes as much as twenty-four inches in diameter; they were hollow, and contained powder which was exploded by a smouldering fuze. The bomb on exploding burst into many fragments, causing great injury to men and forts. Fig. 8, D, illustrates a bomb in section. A in the same figure is a chain-shot; this and B and C were used to disable an enemy's ship by 'carrying away' his rigging and masts. B and C were called 'angels' in the old days. C is a peculiarly ingenious tool: the

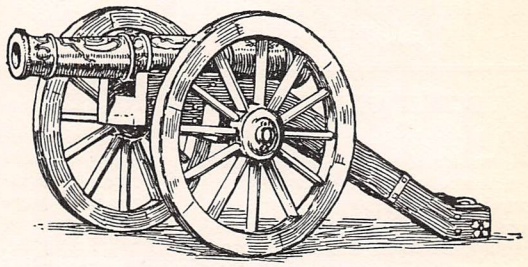


Fig. 4.—Eighteenth-century field artillery.

four arms when in the gun would lie alongside the shank of the shot; on leaving the gun, springs in the grooves would force these arms outwards, which would tear the rigging of any ship it might strike;

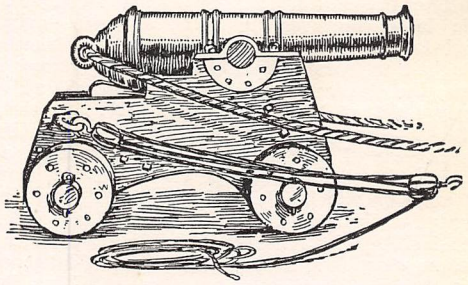


Fig. 5.—Early naval gun.

this shot was delivered in the direction of the arrow. E shows a kind of case-shot; it consists of a base, which would fit the bore of the gun, and receive the impact of the explosion, with a central

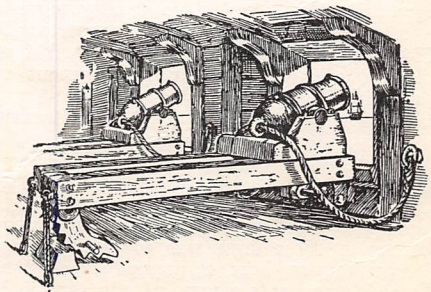


Fig. 6.—Carronades on a man-of-war.

spindle for carrying, by means of a gummy or resinous substance, balls of lead or iron, which would be stuck to this base, and so keep balls in place till fired from the gun; on firing, the balls would spread

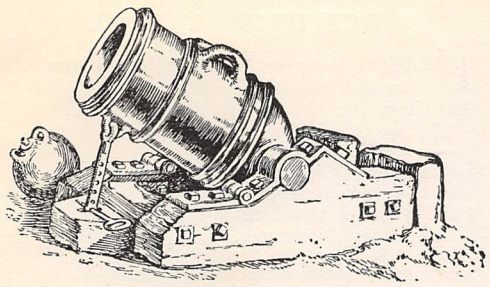


Fig. 7.—An early mortar.

and cause much execution. This shot was known as a pineapple.

All these old-time guns and shot have passed with the men who used them. In their place have arisen the rifled breech-loader, firing its shell of from three pounds to three-quarters of a ton; the quick-firer,

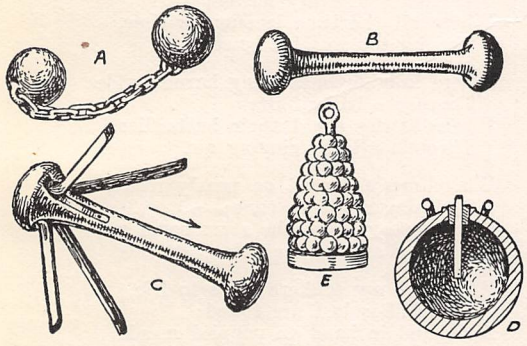


Fig. 8.—Bomb and other projectiles.

the heavy barbette and siege guns, and the howitzer, the lineal descendant of the bombard; the conical penetrating shot, with its hardened steel nose; the shrapnel, loaded with high explosive and bullets; and the case-shot—all with a capacity for destruction a thousandfold increased beyond the dreams of the old artillerist. Whereas the old gun could effect little or nothing unless within a range of three to four hundred yards of its objective, modern heavy ordnance would probably commence action at from eight to ten thousand yards, a range at which a ship is a mere speck. C. Grant King.

THE LITTLE MONKEY.

A PROFESSOR and his wife were once travelling abroad. The man was a naturalist, sent by his Government to explore some hitherto little-known parts of India. He was to report upon the plants and animals to be found there, and, so far as possible, to collect and bring back specimens. His wife had come with him to keep him company.

They were accompanied by numerous servants, who carried the baggage, and assisted in the collection and labelling of plants and insects. Every evening a tent was put up for the naturalist and his wife to sleep in; every morning it was taken down, and the party moved on.

One day, an Indian girl from a native village sold a tiny monkey to the lady. He was a pretty, greenish-grey little fellow, with a graceful tail, an expressive face, and wonderfully intelligent eyes.

At first he was very shy. When night came, and the tent was set up, the lady tied him with a cord to the foot of her bed, so that he should not run away. But the monkey, who had never been fettered before, cried so loudly that his mistress had to take him into her bed, or her weary husband could have had no sleep. Then the little creature was quite happy, snuggling up close to his mistress as a child does to his mother, flinging an arm around her neck. Though this made the lady hot and uncomfortable, she put up with the discomfort for the sake of peace and quietness.

When, next morning, the monkey awoke, he looked bewildered, as if saying to himself: 'Where is my own monkey-mother, and however did I get here?' But when he saw the lady's kind face, he again threw his arm around her neck, and thus the two became firm friends.

Though the monkey was never again tied up, he did not try to escape. He sometimes made short excursions by himself, but he always returned to the party. Whenever he had been absent longer than usual, he would go straight to his mistress, and look at her pleadingly, as if begging her not to scold him.

As the explorers tramped through the jungle, the monkey followed in the trees above, cleverly swinging himself from one branch to another. A stretch of treeless country he disliked, for crawling along on all-fours soon tired him. Often, at a sign from his indulgent mistress, he would leap nimbly to her shoulder, and, seated there, would look down triumphantly upon the toiling men, as much as to say, 'Look at me! I ride, while you poor beggars have to walk.'

The little fellow had a particular affection for the lady's comb and brush. As often as he could, he seized them and scampered off with them to a tree. There he would sit, gravely combing and brushing himself with great enjoyment. When tired of this amusement, he would put back the borrowed property—if possible, without being seen. If, however, he was caught in the act, he would lie down and take his punishment without a whimper.

One day the travellers came to a wide river. Having no boats in which to cross, they made a raft of tree-trunks. Just as it was ready, somebody said, 'Where is the monkey?' In vain the lady called to him and sent servants to look for him: he could not be found.

His mistress was very sorry, but the travellers could wait no longer for a wilful little monkey. They were obliged to go on without him. When they came to the other side of the river, the lady, looking back, saw the truant hurrying down to the river-bank which she and her companions had just quitted. He looked across at her, then plunged into the stream. The lady, not knowing what good swimmers monkeys are, was greatly distressed, fearing that he would be drowned; but in a few minutes he had safely reached the opposite shore. He sidled up to his mistress, looking so guilty and uncomfortable that she felt sure he had been up to some mischief.

She was right. The next time she looked for her

comb and brush, they had vanished! Evidently, that naughty monkey had taken them, and had left them on the other side of the river.

This time the lady was really vexed, for in the middle of a wild forest you can't go to a shop and buy things! She had to manage as well as she could with her husband's hair-brush and an old comb which she happened to have with her.

Two months passed. The naturalist, whose work was done for the present, thought it was time to return. So he and his party turned back, and by-and-by came again to the river, which they crossed in the same way as before, but at a different part of the stream. When they reached the other side, the little monkey disappeared, and was absent for some hours. At last his mistress saw him in the distance, coming quickly towards her. With one fore-arm he was swinging himself from tree to tree; with the other he held something tightly clasped to his breast.

What was it he was carrying with such care? Half-shyly, half-joyfully, he thrust into his lady's hands—the long-missing comb and brush!

Doubtless the monkey, knowing that he could not well swim while holding them, had put them in some safe hiding-place, and when he found himself again in the neighbourhood had gone to fetch them.

The lady caressed her wise little pet, and, because she knew how happy the gift would make him, she gave him her old comb as a reward. The next moment, he was sitting on the topmost branch of a tree, combing his hair to his heart's content.

E. Dyke.

THE GOOD SHIP 'IANTHINA.'

THERE is no ship so wonderful as the good ship 'Ianthina.' It is, too, the very oldest vessel in the world, and while large ships are sinking, and great steamers are unable to face the storm, it tosses about in perfect safety. It is a craft that is so fond of the sea that it very seldom comes to land, and then only after the most tremendous hurricane.

The Ianthina is a small snail of most marvellous construction. It is of a violet colour, and is called Ianthina after the Greek name for a violet. The shell is small, and from the under part of the body a long tongue like a piece of flesh sticks out. This is the raft, and it is formed on the most scientific principles, for it has compartments in it for air. It is broad, and the air-compartments are underneath, so that the Ianthina cannot capsize.

Moreover, the snail knows how to stow away its cargo, for the oldest eggs, and those which hatch the soonest, are placed by it in the middle, and the lightest and newest on the sides of the raft. The Ianthina very cleverly fills its own air-compartments by getting a globule of air beneath its head. It then curves its body downward beneath the raft, and the head being tilted to one side, the air globule rushes up and fills the spaces. Thus the good ship Ianthina rides out the most terrible storm in safety, for the seas cannot upset it.

The snail feeds on a beautiful little jelly-fish which also has a flat, raft-like shape, with a pretty wee sail on it, and they crowd together in multitudes when the weather is calm. Sometimes specimens of the Ianthina are washed ashore, and when handled they give out a deep violet dye.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

I WATCH the great white ships sail on,
Far out beyond the bay,
To where the sky stoops down to hush
The sea at close of day.

I watch them sink beneath the line,
And slowly disappear;
Fain would I tread their magic decks,
A swarthy buccaneer.

They go to fight with pirates fierce
On sun-lit seas of gold;
Or spoil the hoards of treasure-ships,
As in the days of old.

And some there are that steer their course
To wonderlands afar,
Where towers and turrets pierce the clouds
To greet the evening star.

Where there are birds on every tree,
Perfumes in every flower;
Where all the time is summer-time,
And all the world a bower.

Where knights in flashing harness ride
To rescue ladies fair;
Where fairies speed their butterflies
Through all the singing air.

Where mermaids sit on pearly rocks,
And sing a golden tune;
Where every night the stars come out
To play around the moon.

Where all my soldiers come to life,
And dollies lost are found;
And hand in hand on poppied meads
They dance a merry round.

Though Mother says they only sail
To lands just like our own,
I know she's wrong, for in my dreams
One night I went alone.

Stephen Southwold.

ROUND THE WORLD WITH THE UNION JACK

V.—BURMAH.

ON the east of the Bay of Bengal is Burmah, a great English Dominion which, although near India and under the same government, is yet very different from it in many ways, and therefore must be considered as a separate country.

Until the middle of the nineteenth century Burmah was ruled by its own kings, and had, indeed, been helped by the East India Company to keep its independence. In 1824, however, the Burmese attempted to invade the English State of Bengal, and the war which followed lasted for two years. Later in the century there were further disputes, and at last, in 1852, Lower Burmah was annexed, and became an English possession.

Upper Burmah remained independent for more than thirty years longer, but it was very badly governed by its native rulers, and terrible massacres

often took place. In 1885 war broke out again, and, the English being victorious, the Burmese king was deposed, and his country taken from him. Since that time it has been ruled by a Lieutenant-Governor, and is part of the Indian Empire.

The last native king of Burmah was a man named Theebaw, and both he and his wife were cruel, wicked, and treacherous. Many terrible deeds were committed by their orders, and the Burmese made but little resistance when their monarch was taken prisoner and sent away into lifelong exile.

Theebaw's capital was Mandalay, a city about three miles from the river Irrawaddy.

It was captured by the English under Colonel Prendergast in November, 1885, and a few days later the king, with his wife and the queen-mother, was removed to Rangoon. Theebaw had never once left the palace during his reign, and it was a strange procession that passed through the streets of Mandalay on that afternoon of November 30th, and made its way slowly along the rough road that led to the river. The English General and his staff were on ponies, and in front of them rode a man carrying the Union Jack. King Theebaw and his queens were driven in a wooden cart drawn by bullocks, and behind it walked two old courtiers, dressed in white, and carrying in their hands the white umbrellas that are the symbol of Burmese royalty. There was a strong escort of British soldiers, and as dusk fell the road on either side was thronged with natives, who watched the departure of their sovereign with curious but indifferent eyes.

The religion of the Burmese is Buddhism, and in the great cities there are many wonderful old temples and images. In Rangoon is a very famous pagoda, called the Shway Dagon, and at Mandalay is a temple containing a large bronze figure of Buddha, that is considered to be especially sacred. Thousands of pilgrims throng to this shrine yearly, and each one places a piece of gold-leaf on the image of the god, which, therefore, is now covered with a thick layer of the precious metal.

White elephants are considered holy by the Burmese, and one of these was kept by King Theebaw, and treated almost as if it were a god. It lived in a palace of its own, and was made to take a prominent part in religious processions and festivals. Strange to say, it died a few days after Mandalay had been taken by the English.

The Burmese are a gay, talkative nation. The women are pretty little creatures in their bright-coloured dresses, and they lead happy lives, for they are allowed to go about unveiled and to do very much as they please. Both men and women are very fond of smoking, and even tiny children may often be seen with large cheroots in their mouths.

There is, perhaps, no country in the world where children are so spoilt by their parents as in Burmah, for until they are seven or eight they are allowed to play all day long, and they have many games and amusements. Sometimes they wear hardly any clothes, and roll about merrily in the sun; but on other occasions they are attired in elaborate costumes and jewellery, which make them look exactly like miniature copies of their fathers and mothers.

Boys are taught to read and write when they are quite young, their teachers being the yellow-clad Buddhist priests of the villages. Work begins every day before dawn, and a Burmese school is a very noisy place, for each pupil shouts his lesson at the top of his voice. The scholars write on wooden boards painted black, and are taught to recite long passages from their sacred books. When he is about twelve years old, a boy's education is finished, and he is considered to be a man.

The education of the girls is not thought to be so important as that of their brothers, but nowadays many of them go to school, and all are carefully taught to spin and weave, to keep the houses in order, and to prepare the rice, which is the chief food of the country.

Houses in Burmah are built of wood or bamboos, the walls being made of mats, and the roofs thatched with grass or leaves. They are always raised above the ground on posts, as in the rainy season it is very damp, and the rivers often overflow their banks. The furniture of these little homes is very simple and scanty, but there is generally a comfortable cradle for the baby, hanging by cords from the ceiling.

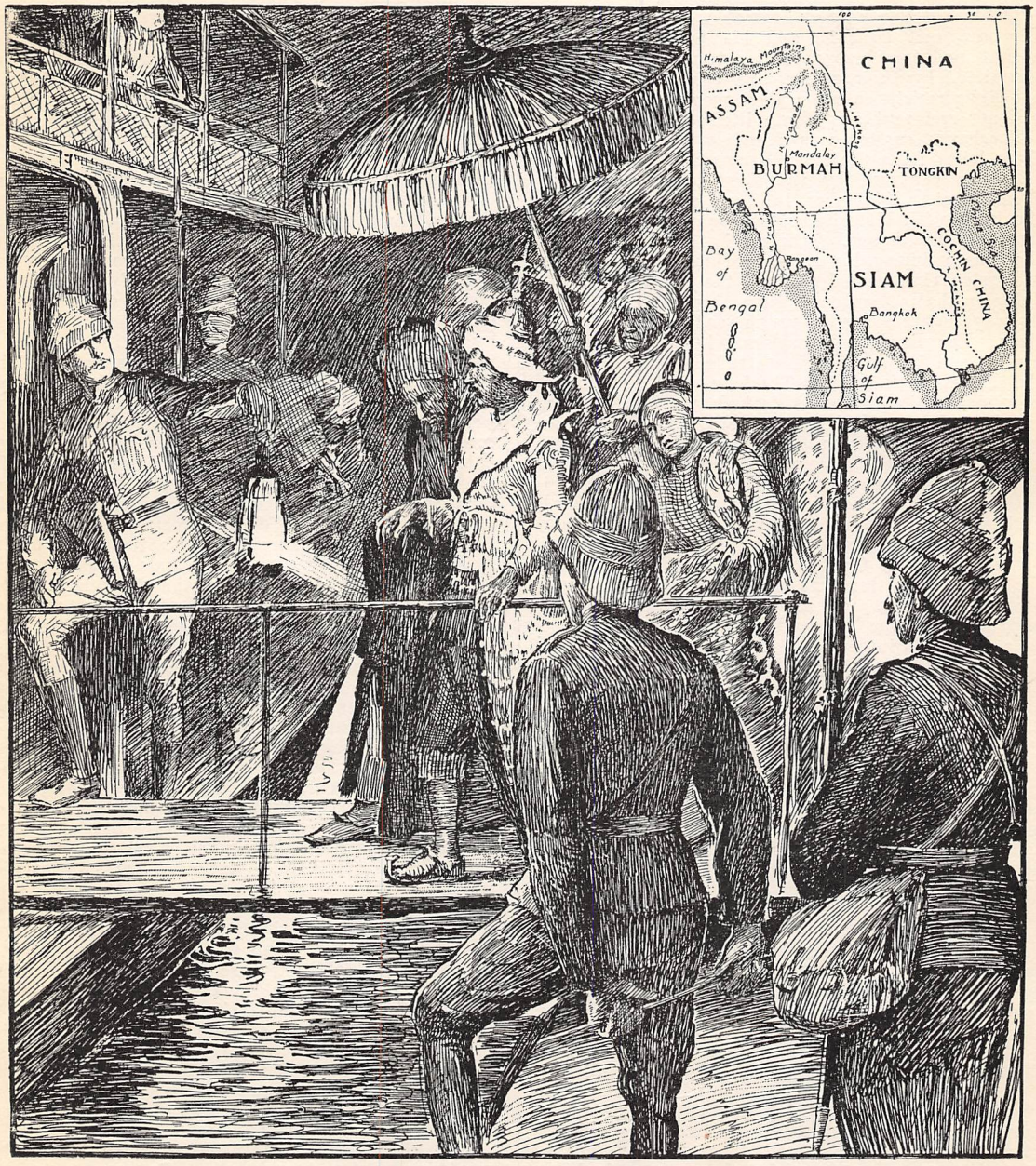
The natives are fond of amusements and festivities of all sorts, and delight in seeing dances, puppet shows, and theatrical performances. They fly kites, play football, and other games, and also have cock-fights and great boat-races. A Burmese regatta is a very brilliant sight, for huge canoes paddled by twenty-four or thirty men take part in the contests, and the river-banks are crowded with gaily-clad spectators. We can picture the scene in the bright tropical sunshine, with the great boats flying through the water amid clouds of spray; and behind the plumed palm-trees, the gleaming temple roofs, and perhaps a long line of elephants piling teak, or wending their way homeward after the day's work.

The Burmese themselves are a highly civilised race in many ways, and have various beautiful arts and crafts; but away in the jungles and mountain districts of the country there are wild tribes, who are among the strangest of all the inhabitants of the British Empire. The Kachins and Chins, for instance, of North Burmah, are quite savages, and they rarely come down from their mountain homes except to attack and rob the villages of the plains. The Chins live in roughly-made wooden huts without either windows or chimneys. Their villages are surrounded by wooden fences or stockades, and when they sally forth on their raids they murder many defenceless people, and bring others back to serve them as slaves. It is no wonder that when an attack is feared the Burmese often hide themselves in the forest, and, like the Chins themselves, build strong stockades round their homes.

Other strange people are the Khasas, who inhabit the mountains that divide Burmah from China. These natives have a language and many curious customs of their own, and among them women are considered to be more important than men, and act as priestesses and rulers.

During the last half-century Burmah has made great progress, and now, after all its centuries of oppression and bad government, is a happy and prosperous country. The chief towns are Rangoon, Mandalay, and Akyab, a port on the West coast. Great quantities of rice are grown and exported, and gold, silver, and many precious stones have been discovered.

A. A. H. Methley.



The Departure of King Theebaw from Burmah.

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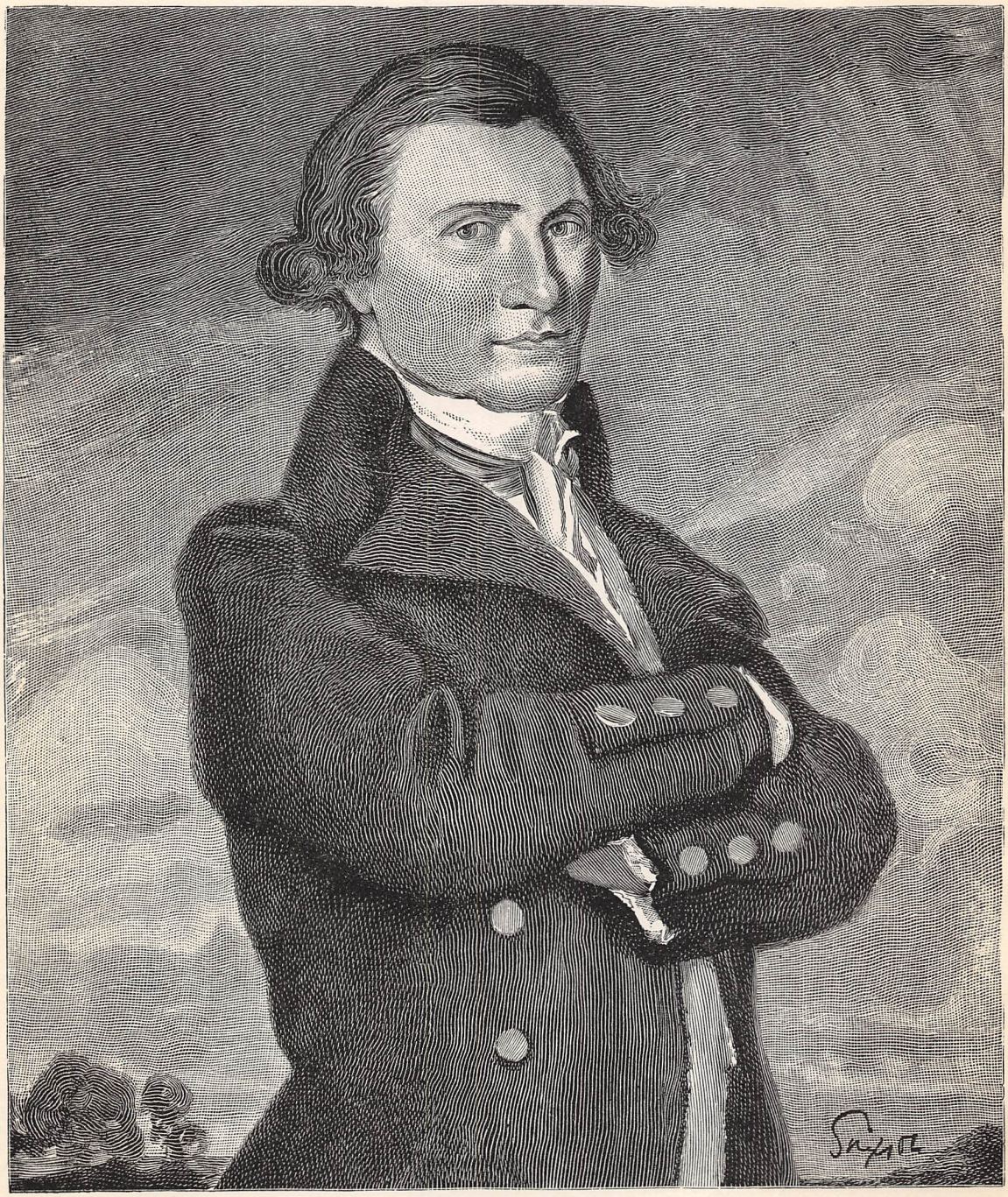


Captain Cook. From a painting by Joseph Simpson.

A GALLERY OF HEROES.

II.—CAPTAIN JAMES COOK.

THE marvellous voyages of Magellan and of Francis Drake across the Great Pacific Ocean (on the one hand from the coast of Chile, on the other from that of California, both ending, so far as Pacific adventure went, in the Malay Archipelago) were soon followed by the explorations of other Portuguese and Spanish pioneers and of the Dutch, whose war for independence against Spain at the close of the sixteenth century sent them out as bold sea-rovers resolved to punish Spain for her cruelties in her over-sea possessions. The Spaniards, more especially amongst these great seafarers, began to examine with interest the islands of the Pacific Ocean. Before the close of the sixteenth century they had discovered the greater part of the outline of New Guinea, and of the New Hebrides and Solomon Islands (thus called by some Spaniard or Portuguese because they were then thought to be the Ophir from which Solomon had derived his gold and scented woods). The Dutch, coming on the scene and displacing in part the Spaniards and the Portuguese, not only made themselves roughly acquainted with the geography of the Malay Archipelago, but were impelled by curiosity concerning what might lie due south of the wastes of the Indian and Pacific Oceans. During the seventeenth century they discovered and mapped the coasts of North and West Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, but made no attempts to colonise those distant and seemingly inhospitable regions. In fact, interest in regard to a great Southern Continent and the islands of the Pacific Ocean somewhat lapsed for a time, and the region was still bare on the maps of the day, or occupied by a huge continent which joined Northern Australia to the Antarctic region beyond South America.

A great love of science, however, had developed in England and France between the closing years of the seventeenth and the middle of the eighteenth century. It was decided, in order to determine astronomical measurements, to send out an expedition to observe the transit of Venus across the sun's disc; and as it was computed by astronomers that this could best be observed from some spot of land in the Pacific Ocean answering vaguely to a reported island (Tahiti) which had been discovered by Spanish expeditions, it was decided by the Royal Society that an expedition should be sent thither. At first they thought of placing it under the command of a geographer who had strange theories about the Antarctic continent. As the vessel would have to sail round the southern extremity of South America, it might well, they thought, in addition to these astronomical observations, seek for traces of this Southern Continent, and complete the geographical work of the Dutch explorers a hundred years previously. The choice of the Royal Society, however, finally lighted on Captain James Cook, who was accordingly given a commission in the Royal Navy and placed in command of a well-furnished ship. With him was to sail, at his own expense, a person remarkable in the history of the British Empire—Sir Joseph Banks—a man of means, who was also a man of science, and who added to the lustre and renown of Cook's first voyage by his work as a student of botany, zoology, and ethnology.

James Cook was born at Marton, in the Cleveland district of Yorkshire, in the year 1728, the son of a farm labourer of Scottish descent. Though he worked as a boy on the farm, he picked up a smattering of education. Later on he became apprenticed to a grocer, but had a great hankering to go to sea. At last he managed to get his apprenticeship cancelled and himself placed on board a vessel which sailed up and down the coast, bringing coal from the North to the coast towns in the South. James Cook took eagerly to a sea life, and neglected no opportunities for education. So much did he become master of his profession as a navigator, and so thoroughly did he understand the working of sailing ships, that he became a ship-master, or navigating lieutenant, in the Royal Navy in 1755, and was selected to proceed to North America to survey the St. Lawrence estuary and the coasts of Newfoundland. The work which he did in this direction attracted the notice of the Admiralty, and this was how he came to be recommended to the Royal Society to take command of their scientific expedition, as he was well fitted to superintend the astronomical observations they desired, and to navigate a vessel through unknown seas.

Cook in his ship, the Endeavour, reached the island of Tahiti in April, 1769. It was a wonderful experience for him and his men. This lovely little archipelago was like fragments of the earthly paradise, but had, it is true, recently been visited by Spanish and English ships, so that the sight of white men was not absolutely new to the inhabitants. But never before had they entered into such close and friendly relations with these wonderful strangers. All things considered, and largely on account of Cook's upright and merciful disposition, little harm came to them from the prolonged stay of a British ship in their midst. The observations were taken and the Endeavour sailed away, Cook desiring to cross the Pacific in rather southerly latitudes and decide, once and for all, whether there was or was not a huge southern continent of which Australia and New Zealand were mere outlying portions. He passed few islands of any great note or size until he sighted the mountains of New Zealand. New Zealand hitherto had only, so far as we know, been visited by white men when it was discovered by the great navigator, Tasman, who, on account of the unfriendly disposition of its Maori people, had sailed away without even effecting a landing. Cook was now to make a thorough survey of these two great islands and their attendant islets. After his preliminary examination, he departed to the West, and discovered the East coast of Australia, which he thought at first might be an independent island from what was called New Holland (Western Australia). It was Cook who first landed at Botany Bay, who discovered the harbour of Sydney, and who made his way along the southern coast of Queensland. Here, on the outskirts of the great Barrier Reef, his vessel ran upon a rock, and was very near foundering with all on board. By a marvellous output of energy and skill they saved their vessel from going to the bottom and patched up the leak, so that she could, staggeringly, sail to the distant mainland. Here (at Cooktown, Queensland) she was laid up on shore, and Cook and his people spent some time examining North-east Australia and its marvels in the way of beasts, birds, and

plants. When the Endeavour was fit to continue her voyage, they made their way through the Torres Straits. This passage, between New Guinea and North Australia, Cook believed he was the first European to discover, though, as a matter of fact, they had been sailed through by the Spanish pioneer, Torres, after whom they have since (very rightly) been named. But all knowledge of this strait of water between New Guinea and Australia had faded away, and when Tasman, the Dutchman, was attempting to survey the coasts of North Australia he did not risk his ship through the Torres Straits, believing that either there was no open waterway, or even that there was dry land connecting New Guinea with 'New Holland.' Cook proved the contrary, however, so far as the world's knowledge was concerned. He then made his way to Java, where he was hospitably received by the Dutch, and from Java sailed across the Indian Ocean to the Cape of Good Hope, and thence back to England.

(Continued on page 267.)

THE MAKING OF MEN.

NOW, boys, buckle to! There is plenty to do—
The grand work of training—the making of men.
No larking in school, no playing the fool,
But solid hard work for the future, and then—

Whate'er may befall, you'll be there at the call,
With eye clear and steady, with muscles like springs,
Backed up by a brain which you've studied to train
With long years of Euclid and other dry things.

No need to make haste, though there's no time to waste,
But just peg along with your whole heart and soul;
And Britain will stand if the men of the land
Make 'God, King, and Country' their watchword and goal.

C. E. Thonger.

A WET WELCOME.

'BOTHER those lads,' said old Mr. Cross as he answered his cottage door. 'They plague my life out, knocking at the door and running away. They call it playing at "black rabbit"; I'll give them "black rabbit" when the next knock comes, I will that!'

Mr. Cross 'could not abide boys,' he said; he was an eccentric, quick-tempered old man, and somehow he was not a favourite with them. This afternoon his wife was out, having a long talk with a neighbour over a cup of tea, leaving her 'old man' alone to get his afternoon nap in his cosy armchair.

Making up his mind not to answer the door to any one, he had got into the 'land of Nod' again when he heard the rat-tat of a postman, he thought. Jumping up in a hurry, he had got the door open before he remembered that the postman did not come round till later. To be sure, nobody was there, but he just saw a boy's figure disappearing round the house. This made him really very angry, and he vowed that he would pay his tormentors out.

He stood thinking for a moment; then an idea came into his mind. Going to the corner of the room for his stick, he stole silently out and down his yard, and waited at the side of the house.

Quite near him lived Mr. Patch, the cobbler, who, having had a busy morning, was just rising from his dinner. 'Jimmy, my lad,' he said to his son, 'Mr. Cross has a job for me; go round to him and say I am ready to do his shoes.'

Jimmy grumbled a good deal at first, but eventually set out on his father's message. On the way he saw a small boy playing; his first act was to take his top away, and as that didn't make him cry he twisted the poor lad's wrists till the tears came. Further up the lane, near Mr. Cross's house, were some boys he knew; a cart passing at the time gave him an opportunity of paying one of them out, by seizing his cap and throwing it on top of the load.

The door was duly reached. But as he raised his hand to give a loud knock, Mr. Cross seized him from behind and gave him a good dose of cane. Jimmy bellowed like a bull, but Mr. Cross had caught him red-handed, so he thought, and therefore took no notice of his yells. His enemies had a fine time watching his punishment, and enjoyed themselves almost as much as Mr. Cross.

When at last Jimmy ran off home, the angry old man returned to his chair for his nap. Bang! went the knocker again, but he heeded it not; again, and again, it was hammered, till another of his ideas struck him.

There was a pail of his wife's in the scullery; this he filled full of water and crept upstairs to the bedroom, opened the window, and waited. The doorway was hidden from his view there, so that he could not see who came to the steps without putting his head out; 'but he was ready,' he said to himself, 'to drown the first lad who knocked.'

Bang! went the knocker. The old man raised the pail; he knew he must be quick, and he forgot to put his head out of the window to look about before he administered the shower-bath. After it was given he looked—and groaned, for, lying on the walk, drenched to the skin, was Mr. Patch, the cobbler.

After Jimmy had taken his thrashing, he told such a pitiful tale to his father that Mr. Patch went round 'to have it out with Mr. Cross.' He arrived, however, at an inopportune moment, and received the shower-bath as his welcome.

Mr. Patch was furious. He banged at the door to force it in, until a large crowd collected. But the old man inside did not move, and even a policeman failed to make him open the door. Some one in the crowd suggested that he had a revolver, and would shoot any one who went near. Others thought the policeman ought to force his way inside to see what was the matter.

Mrs. Cross having at last said good-bye to her friends, was greatly surprised to see the assembly outside her house. Pushing her way to the door, she saw the still dripping cobbler standing in a puddle, and the water trickling off him. Even to his wife Mr. Cross refused to open the door, nor did he till Mr. Patch and the crowd had gone—Mrs. Cross having managed this by promising to pay the cobbler well for his wetting.

Mr. Patch's remarks after this were better fun for the crowd than the outside of Mr. Cross's house: so

"Lying on the walk, drenched to the skin, was Mr. Patch, the cobbler."

the old man was soon able to let his wife in and recite to her the unfortunate story.

What Mrs. Cross said to her better half about his mistakes nobody ever knew; but mischievous lads don't trouble now to knock at his door, for they know he would take no notice. F. Waddington.

"She opened the window, and the boy swung in."

PETRONELLA'S PIE.

PETRONELLA, of the Parsonage, was making a pie in the kitchen. (I am sorry that there are such a lot of P's in the sentence, but if it had been a cake and not a pie that Petronella was making, this story would never have come to be written.)

The pie was nearly made; the apples, neatly cored and sliced, had been placed in layers around the little china cup that was to keep the piecrust from sinking, and Petronella was rolling the crust with hands that were wonderfully firm for a little maiden who was only just twelve years old.

There was very little money in the Parsonage

since the Parliament men had begun to fight against the King, and much of its comfort depended on the Vicar's little daughter. Petronella liked making pies out of the green apples in the orchard, and dusting the papers in her father's study; she liked getting up his muslin bands and brushing his clothes; and she loved to see him smile at her across the table and say that no man ever had a better housekeeper.

Petronella certainly did not have at all an unhappy life, and if she had been asked if there was anything she wanted very badly she would probably have said 'No.' But all the same there was one thing for which the little girl did long, and it was a longing which all her care for her father's comfort could not do away with.

She wanted to serve the King. She knew how much he needed service, for the Roundheads were growing stronger every day, and the King's forces weaker, and Father was very grave in the evenings and said longer prayers. And the Squire had allowed his last son, who was barely sixteen, and a great friend of Petronella's, to join the King's forces, though, before, he had said he was too young and he could not spare him.

Petronella was thinking of Robin Stanley now, and wishing she were in his place. Robin was a boy, and so might serve the King; it seemed there was nothing that a little girl could do, except her duty at home.

Her thoughts were interrupted. A pistol-shot rang out so near that she quite jumped, and ran to the window to see what could be happening.

Somebody flung himself against the window; in a flash she had recognised a haggard white young face that yet was Robin's. She opened the window with fingers that were quick and nimble for all their trembling, and the boy swung in.

One arm hung limp and wounded; with the other he fumbled desperately at his breast, thrusting something in her hand. 'Thank Heaven you're here. Hide it!' he gasped, and fell in a heap at her feet. At the same instant it seemed to her she heard a fierce voice cry, 'To the window. This way!'

Somebody was coming after Robin, that was certain, and what had he said about hiding what he had thrust upon her? Petronella looked quickly, and saw it was a paper folded small. The folding was coming apart with the hasty way he had thrust it at her, and she saw it was a letter signed 'C. R.'

'C. R.'—Charles Rex; it was a letter from the King, the King whom she had always longed to serve.

The little girl glanced quickly round the room: cupboards would be the natural place to look in if one wanted to find something that was hidden. And there was not a second to spare for thinking; tramping footsteps were already almost at the window. Only a minute back she had been making a pie for her father's dinner, and now the safety of the King's letter was in her hands.

Ah! the pie—in that thought Petronella had seen the hiding-place she wanted. She flew to the table, crushed the paper down among the sliced apples, and fitted her crust above it, trimming it to the shape with desperate speed. When a minute later three soldiers of the Parliament came climbing through the window, they found a pie standing all in readiness for the oven on the table, and a little girl kneeling beside the unconscious Robin on the floor.

'Where are his dispatches?' they asked her, but she only shook her head and busied herself with the tightening of a bandage about Robin's arm.

The soldiers of the Parliament searched Robin carefully, feeling in his breast and all his pockets; they even looked into the cupboards and the oven, but there was no paper to be seen. And they did not see any one who could have hidden it, only a housewifely little girl, who went about her household tasks regardless of their presence, and put her pie into the oven so soon as they had finished looking for the paper there.

Some very disappointed Parliament soldiers went away at last, thinking that they must have been mistaken in imagining that Robin Stanley carried dispatches, and then Petronella took her pie out of the oven and lifted off the crust, and gave a rather sticky paper back to the messenger, who was just beginning to recover consciousness.

'The King shall hear of what you did for him, Petronella, sweetheart,' Robin said.

And the King did hear. Petronella had not time to make many more pies for her father before Robin came riding that way again, and, as before, with a King's letter. Only this time there was no need to hide it, for it contained no secret plans which the Parliament men must not know; it was just a letter for Petronella.

This was the letter: 'My thanks to the loyal little maid who served me well.—C. R.'

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 235.)

AS Tarm spoke, the sound of the breakfast gong came from the bungalow verandah, and he shrank into the furthest corner of the narrow tent. He supposed the gong to be the summons to the white people's temple, and he was afraid of all temples and all priests.

'That is to call thee to food,' Julfu explained. He used none of the titles of respect he would ordinarily have employed when speaking to a white man. Even yet, Julfu could scarcely realise that Tarm did, in truth, belong to his master's race. He thought of him as some strange creature, set apart.

'Tarm,' Mary called from the verandah of the bungalow. 'Come, Tarm. Breakfast is ready. Come and share it with us.'

And Tarm went, walking very carefully, because he was afraid that his new clothes, which were not held together by pins on the shoulders, might fall to the ground. Mary looked at him with pride, as she might have looked at a doll newly dressed.

'You do look beautiful,' she said. 'Now we will show you how English people eat.'

But the first lesson Tarm was forced to learn was not how to eat, but how to sit upon a chair. The table was set at one end of the verandah. He followed Mary obediently, and then, as she seated herself, crouched down on the ground by her side. She pointed to the chair next to hers. 'You must sit on that,' she said.

But Tarm shook his head. 'Always I sit on the ground,' he answered. 'The ground is best.'

And it was some time before Miss Gomez, Mary, and John together could persuade him to change his position. Even then, he placed himself on the very edge of the chair with one leg tucked under him. He watched, open-mouthed, as the dishes were set upon the table. Miss Gomez put a liberal helping of porridge on his plate, and, at once, his fingers went into it, and conveyed some most skilfully to his mouth. But, as this process was slow and he was very hungry, he raised the plate presently, and began to tilt its contents down his throat.

'Not that way, not that way!' Miss Gomez shrieked. 'See how we do it.' And she took a very small spoonful that she might impress on Tarm how superior were her table manners.

But Tarm was not at all impressed. Of what use were fingers if you did not employ them? he argued. These silly people covered up the ten fingers on their feet, and did not know what use to make of the others. He considered the spoon which Mary pushed into his hand. 'One finger instead of all of them!' he said. 'This is, indeed, a most foolish thing.'

But, after a little while, he was persuaded to try and eat in English fashion, and managed to do so surprisingly well. Perhaps he dimly remembered that in those far-off days he had sat at an English table and eaten his food as now he was taught to eat it. And, presently, a strange thing happened: a long-forgotten word came all at once to his tongue.

'Mother,' he said very clearly in English. And then, again, 'Mother.'

'Are you thinking of your mother, Tarm?' Mary asked softly. But Tarm shook his head and laughed in rather a silly way. But, later, as he sat beneath the shade of a tree with Mary and John, he tried to explain what it was he had meant.

'I saw, in my mind,' he said, 'the picture of a room. And there was some one in the room, very pretty, very gentle. It was a woman, not a man, and I think her name was "Mother."'

He looked proudly at Mary and John as though he believed he had just made a wonderful discovery. But, though he could recollect this one word, and something of the person to whom it applied, he did not really know what a mother was. There had been no mother to comfort him when he crouched, a lonely baby, amidst the shadows of the temple: no mother to wipe away his tears, and drive away cruel fear with love and laughter.

'Is there nothing else you can remember?' John asked. Since now it was too late to find the elephant valley, it occurred to him it might be interesting to discover to whom Tarm belonged.

'I can remember a great noise,' said Tarm, 'a noise of weeping. I can remember being carried in Buddha's arms through the forest, and it was dark, and I hid my face in his coat. Buddha is the name of my old priest. There is very little else that I remember. Only the temple and the lonely nights.'

John was not satisfied. He was sure that if Tarm tried sufficiently hard to remember, other memories would come back to him. But Tarm did not care to talk long on one subject. If he were matching his wits against any of the forest creatures—he had infinite patience—he would never abandon his purpose. But in all else he was like a very young child. He changed from one thing to another quickly, as Arnold changed.

But, though Tarm would not try to remember his long-past babyhood, Mary and John found him a most satisfactory playfellow. He entered very thoroughly into every game they showed him. When they played hide-and-seek, Tarm could never be found, because he could keep so still that he seemed part of the thing against which he stood. He always remembered to choose a place where the shadows would best hide him. He put on his leopard-skins again while he played

'A leopard-skin cannot easily be seen,' he said. 'Those foolish clothes would betray my every hiding-place. They are like a man who talks very loudly when it is the time for silence.'

The day passed very quickly; the night came in a time surprisingly short. And, with the coming of the night, Tarm grew a little restless. Mary called Julfu at last, to quiet him, because he kept muttering about the old priest, and peering into every shadow with a frightened face.

'Enough, enough,' said Julfu. 'We will protect thee. Thou shalt sleep in my tent, and I will lie across the doorway, and thus no harm can reach thee.'

And so it was arranged. Tarm and Julfu went to the little tent when the children's bedtime came, and Tarm's uneasiness grew less as he watched Julfu stretch himself across the doorway, his knife, unsheathed, in his hand.

'Thou wilt not let the old priest take me away?' asked Tarm.

'Be at peace, he shall not take thee,' Julfu answered. 'Moreover, I do not think that he will seek to do so. Thou dost not know how powerful are the white people. But he, the old priest, doubtless understands, and he will not question their right to do as they please in this matter. He knows that punishment will surely follow should he try to snatch thee from their protection.'

And then John came running with a small Union Jack in his hand. It belonged to Mary and himself, and he had taken it from the playbox that he might give it to Julfu.

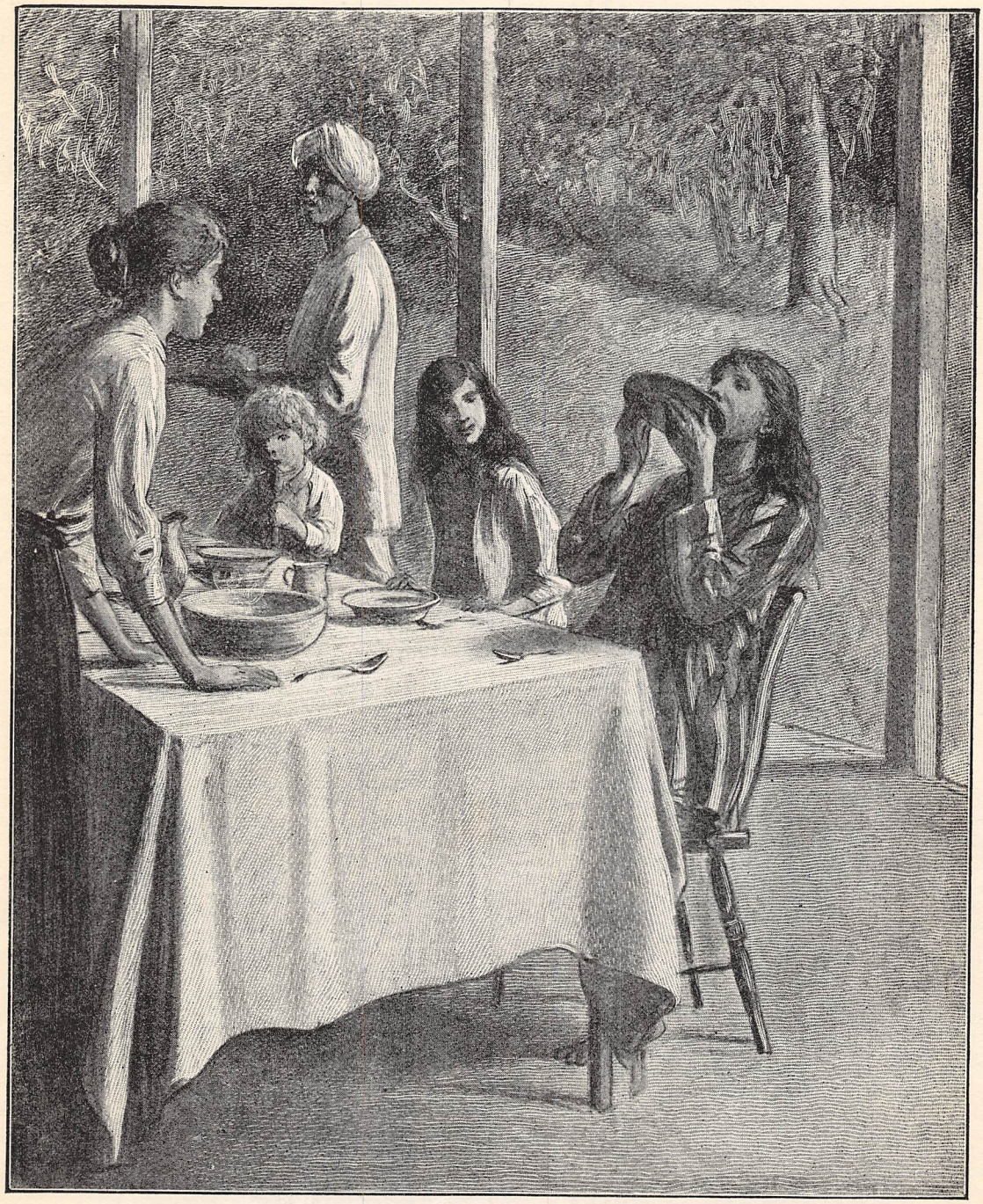
'Fasten it to the tent-pole,' John ordered, 'outside the tent. I have heard Father say that underneath the English flag every one is safe.'

'Does the flag weave a spell, then?' Tarm asked.

'It is a kind of spell,' said John. 'A protection spell.' He thought that Tarm would understand best if he explained thus. 'It belongs to all the English people, and they have promised to help every one who takes shelter beneath it.'

Tarm seemed less uneasy, more satisfied. He stretched himself on the bed and lay so still that Julfu believed him to be asleep. And then Julfu himself slept, for he did not really think that there was any danger to be feared, nor that the old priest would ever return. He did not know the old man as Tarm knew him. Tarm lay very still, but very wide awake. The English flag fluttering above him, Julfu's words of reassurance, had served to allay his fear for the time only. He grew every moment more certain that, through the mysterious night, his enemy crept closer; that the shadows would part presently, and between them would peep out at him the face of the old priest.

(Continued on page 255.)



"He raised the plate and began to tilt its contents down his throat."

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"On Guard!"

ON GUARD!

OH, dear! how I wish that the time would fly faster!
From duty I long to be free;
I'm placed here on guard, for awhile, by my master,
And faithful and true I must be.

He says he is off to the meadows this morning,
And tells me at home I must stay;
My barks and my pleadings he treated with scorning—
I'll sulk for the whole of the day!

An ugly old cap on my head I am wearing—
'Twas placed there, I know, for a 'lark.'
I'm cut to the heart, but he shan't see me caring—
I won't even trouble to bark!

Hark! what is he saying? 'Here, come along, Nappy!'
Was ever so welcome a call?
Good-bye to my sulks—now at last I am happy:
I'm off for a run after all!

Marian Isabel Hurrell.

IN THE DARK.

THE Prefect turned out the lights and left the dormitory. Scarcely had the sound of his footsteps died away when every boy sat up in bed, with the exception of two—David Archer (who was more than half asleep in his corner near the door) and Tony Willis, a small, delicate youngster, who was shivering with fright under the clothes.

'I say, Gill,' said Coates, in a hoarse whisper, what about the grub?'

'It's in the usual place in the corner behind the cycle-house,' replied Gill, in an equally hoarse whisper.

'Right O!' There was a sound of soft padding feet as the boys slipped out of their beds.

'Now then, young Willis,' said Coates, making his way across the room by the light of a flash-lamp, 'put some of your things on. Look slippy, unless you want to go down as you are!'

'Oh, please, Coates, let me off,' begged the boy, pleadingly. 'Oh, I'm so frightened. I thought the rope would have broken last time. It creaked so horribly!'

'Don't be a young idiot!' replied Coates, roughly. 'Get up at once!'

Tony broke into terrified sobs, which were promptly stifled by the nearest boy, who stuffed the bedclothes into his mouth.

But the sound had roused Archer, who sprang up. 'What are you doing to the kid?' he demanded.

Tony managed to wriggle from under his captor's hand. 'Oh, Archer, save me!' he wailed. 'They're going to let me down out of the window to bring up a basket of grub. Oh, I'm so frightened.'

'Leave him alone, you cowards!' said Archer, facing the crowd of boys who had gathered round. 'He shan't go down. If you want to make pigs of yourselves at this time of night, go down for your own stuff.'

'Pigs!' said Coates, incensed. 'You'll be only too pleased to help to eat it, I've no doubt!'—doubling his fists ominously. 'You're only a new chap. Get back to bed, and leave us to settle our own affairs. We will jolly soon see who is boss here!'

'You don't touch Willis,' replied David, obstinately. 'I shall knock the first chap down who tries it on.'

'All right, then!' snapped Coates. 'You shall go down yourself. Quick with that rope, Gill!'

Before he could raise a hand to help himself, Archer was seized by the crowd, tied securely, and hustled towards the window, struggling furiously. But it was useless. He was borne along, hoisted on to the sill, and lowered, till he could only grasp the ledge with his fingers.

'You will find the basket behind the cycle-house,' said Coates. 'We shan't pull you up till we've got it. Whistle when you come back.'

'I will stay out all night before I send it up!' replied David, fiercely.

'You will soon change your mind about that!' said Gill, hammering the fingers to make them loose their grip.

David hung on till he could bear it no longer, then let go. The boys paid out the rope at an alarming rate, and as he had nothing on but his night-suit, it cut painfully, and, as Tony had said, creaked fearfully; but in a very few seconds he touched the ground, and slipped it off with a gasp. It was immediately drawn up.

For a few moments he hesitated, wondering what to do.

Then an idea struck him. Feeling cautiously around, he came upon a stone. This he carried to the spot upon which he had alighted, and gave a faint whistle. Immediately he was answered from above.

'That you, Archer? Changed your mind after all? Thought you would! Send up the tuck first!'

The rope came down, David caught it, tied it securely round the stone, and then, without waiting to hear the result of his trick, slipped away, chuckling under his breath.

Keeping close in the shadow of the house he prowled round, hoping to come across some unlatched window. But all were securely fastened, and he was beginning to feel rather depressed when he arrived at the main entrance. Gingerly he tried the handle. Locked, of course!

At this moment there were steps on the inside, and he hurriedly shrank into the shelter of some bushes, hoping his light pyjamas would not attract attention. The door opened, and the Head and another gentleman appeared.

They stood chatting for a few moments, and then were about to part, when the stranger remarked, 'I have left my stick in your room.'

The two left the open door, and went back into the study, which was close at hand.

This was David's opportunity. With his bare feet making no sound, he slipped in and vanished under a table in the hall. Not a second too soon! The two came out again almost immediately. The stranger departed, and the Head proceeded to fasten the door, whistling softly meanwhile.

David crouched in his hiding-place, scarcely daring to breathe. If he were found, he would have the choice of two alternatives: either he must tell the truth and get his schoolfellows into terrible trouble, or he must refuse to explain his presence and get into terrible trouble himself. The first was

impossible; the second not to be thought of for a moment.

Squeezing himself as far out of sight as possible, he waited while the Head dawdled about, compared his watch with the hall clock, read the notices on the board, and finally, oh, horror! stooped down and picked something off the floor. For a moment David thought that all was over. He shut his eyes and waited for the awful voice to command him to come forth and explain his presence at such a time, in such a place, and in such a costume! But it did not come. The Head straightened himself, gave a prodigious yawn, and went back to his study.

A second later a figure was flying noiselessly up the staircase with heart thumping heavily, fearing every moment to meet one of the junior masters. But none appeared, and he reached his corridor in safety.

All was in darkness, and he groped his way to the dormitory door, and, kneeling down, applied his eye to the keyhole.

At the far end of the long room he thought he could make out a crowd of boys gathered together round the window, but in the dim light he could not be quite certain. He pushed the door open a crack, and again brought the keyhole into use. Apparently no suspicion had been aroused. Cautiously he increased the opening till he could crawl through. A second later he was inside, had shut the door noiselessly behind him, and disappeared under his bed.

With a palpitating heart he lay and listened. Conversation was being carried on in an undertone.

'What shall we do?' Coates was saying. 'Do you really think he will stay out all night? He's been gone an awful age.'

'Shouldn't be surprised!' replied another voice. 'He's pigheaded and obstinate enough for anything. I know him at home!'

David, in his hiding-place, took mental note of the speaker, and inwardly vowed vengeance for the obnoxious titles.

'We shall get into an awful row if he does, and is found out,' said Gill, anxiously. 'You were an idiot to send him down, Coates!'

''Twasn't me, any more than you!' replied the justly annoyed Coates.

'You've got us all into a pretty hole,' went on Gill, ignoring the accusation and shuffling the blame off himself. 'And, my eye! the fat's in the fire now! It's beginning to rain!'

'Perhaps it will drive him in,' said Coates, hopefully. 'I'd be thankful to see him, even without the grub.'

Ten minutes more were passed in silence except for the sound of raindrops, then footsteps were heard at the far end of the corridor. Instantly every boy rushed silently for his bed and pretended to be asleep. In the confusion, David came out from his hiding-place and slipped into his own, unobserved.

Coates alone remained where he was. 'I shall have to tell,' he said, miserably. 'I can't leave the chap to get his death of cold in the grounds. I say, Gill, won't you—won't you back me up?'

But Gill pretended not to hear.

The steps came nearer. Then a voice spoke from the bed in the corner: 'Of course, if you want a thrashing, Coates, you're welcome to it; but if I were you, I should get into bed and hold my tongue.'

'Archer!' gasped Coates in a petrified tone. Then he, too, bounded between the sheets.

The door opened, and one of the prefects put his head inside. 'Some one was talking! If I hear another sound, I shall report you all.' He disappeared, and silence reigned for some minutes.

Then, 'I say, Archer,' began Coates in a whisper, 'how did you get in?'

No reply.

'I say, Archer,' after another pause, 'I should have caught it frightfully if you hadn't saved me!'

No reply.

'I say, Archer——'

A snore—long, loud, echoing!—broke the silence of the dormitory. Coates took the hint and said no more, while Archer disappeared under the bedclothes, to stifle the fit of coughing brought on by his mighty effort.

And in the corner behind the cycle house, a basket of beautiful, beautiful chocolates and lemon cheesecakes, pork pies, and jam tarts, slowly turned into a pulpy, sodden mass under the heavy September rain.

C. E. Thonger.

EARL-FISHING IN BRITAIN.

A CURIOUS occupation, which still survives in Aberdeenshire, and perhaps in one or two other localities of Great Britain, is that of the pearl-fisher. He is not, like the pearl-fisher of Ceylon or the East Indies, a diver; nor is his occupation a dangerous one, though it is probably a much more precarious one than that of the ordinary pearl-diver. The British pearls are found in a species of fresh-water mussel which, in Scotland, chiefly occupies the bed of the river Ythan, where it is principally sought, though it is also found in the Don and the Urie. The mussel grows to the length of three to seven inches, and it flourishes best on a bottom of pebbles in a stream of moderate depth.

The pearl-fisher provides himself with a cleft stick, a floating glass, and a basket or bag. He wades into the stream, and holds his glass upon the surface of the water. The glass acts as a stiller, and he is enabled to see the bed of the river quite clearly. Having discovered a group of mussels, he plunges the forked end of his stick into the water, and brings them up one by one in the fork. A creel of a hundred and fifty is said to represent a good day's work.

Comparatively few of the mussels contain pearls, and the value of the pearls varies greatly according to their colour and size. The best are slightly tinged with pink, and an exceptional one may be worth as much as twenty pounds. Ordinary fresh-water pearls are, however, only worth a few shillings, and their value rarely rises above a pound.

Pearl-fishing is now only a casual occupation in this country. At one time, however, a certain number of people found regular employment in searching for fresh-water pearls. The pearls were found not only in the rivers of Aberdeen, but in the beds of the Irt, in Cumberland, and of the Strule, in Ireland. British pearls were known to the Romans, and a Roman writer states that the hope of securing pearls was one of the inducements which prompted Julius Caesar to invade Britain. In the thirteenth century, King John of France issued an ordinance forbidding jewellers to sell Scotch and

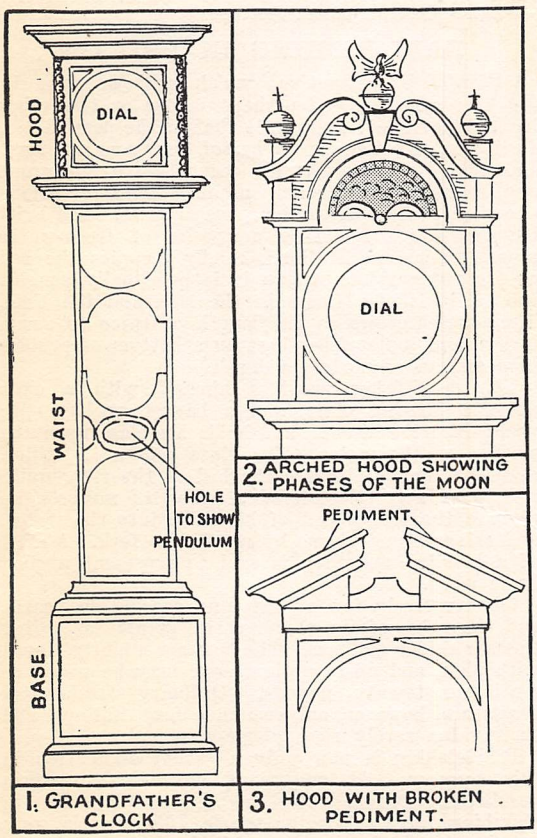
Oriental pearls together. Camden mentions the pearl-fisheries of the Irt, which were at one time granted as a monopoly to a number of persons, who, however, made little by their privilege.

W. A. Atkinson.

THE ROMANCE OF OLD FURNITURE.

VIII.—CLOCKS, BUHL, AND MAHOGANY

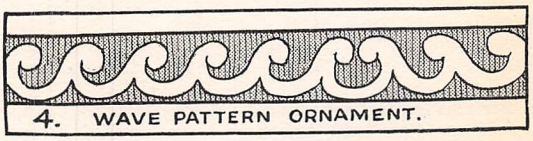
I HAVE said that I would tell you something about clocks before I went on further. Now, the present-day clock is generally just a sort of ornament which we have on our mantel-shelves; but the early clocks were the much bigger kind known as 'Grandfather Clocks.' You see plenty of them about now, because they have been hunted out from the old farmhouses and cottages into which they drifted when fashion changed and they were no longer esteemed. The clocks of those times were controlled by heavy weights on chains, which want plenty of room; they hang in the lower part of our



1. GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK
2. ARCHED HOOD SHOWING PHASES OF THE MOON
3. HOOD WITH BROKEN PEDIMENT.

'Grandfather Clock.' If you know any one who has one of these clocks, ask to be shown the inside. Fig. 1 is a diagram of an early clock, and I want you to notice that the top part is called 'the hood,' the middle long part 'the waist,' and the lower part 'the base.' The earliest clocks of this kind came from Holland, and you can easily understand that they were the work of two kinds of craftsmen—the man who made the works of the clock, and the man who made the case; but, of course, the actual clock controlled the case, to a certain extent. It is usually easy to know the date of these clocks, because the clockmaker nearly always put his name, and date, and the name of his town somewhere on the face of the clock. In Wales one sees many fine clocks, for there were some very clever clockmakers in many quite small towns of Wales.

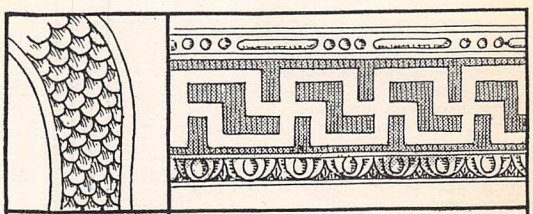
At first the hoods were square, as seen in fig. 1; then the top of the hood became arched, to make room for dials telling seconds, days of the month,



4. WAVE PATTERN ORNAMENT.

and the age of the moon (fig. 2). Later, the style of the top of the hood was influenced by the style of architecture, and a sort of broken 'pediment' came into fashion (fig. 3). In fact, all the fashions for the decoration of furniture—inlay, marqueterie, lacquer, &c.—were followed on clock-cases, and they were, of course, made of oak and walnut, though oak seems to have been the favourite. It is never safe, unless you have very sure evidence, to believe that the case of a clock is as old as the clock, because many tricks are played on these cases by dealers! But one can often come across clocks that have never left a certain family for generations, and then you may be sure they are genuine.

Before we go further with English furniture, I think we must just glance at what was happening in France, for the sumptuous reign of Louis XIV. gave great encouragement to the making of elaborate furniture. I do not intend to say much, but



5. SCALE PATTERN
6. KEY PATTERN

only to mention a few marked types. First of all, there was the work of the great cabinetmaker, Andre Charles Boule (1642-1732). So characteristic was his work that the title 'buhl' has been attached to it! Now, I have described marqueterie to you (see page 149), and Boule was remarkable for his variations of the ordinary marqueterie. He used brass and tortoiseshell for this inlay, sometimes executing the design in brass, with a background of tortoiseshell (called 'boule' or 'premiere partie'); and at other times he produced his design in tortoiseshell, with the background of brass (known as 'counter-boule' or 'contrepartie'). So if you see any work in these materials, you may be sure it is what is called 'boule' or 'buhl,' and was made by

THE POACHER.

him, or his imitators—who were numerous. There are very fine examples of Buhl at the Victoria and Albert Museum and in the Wallace Collection, many of them of enormous value. The effect of the combination of brass, tortoiseshell, and ebony (in which it is usually set) is very pleasing, and the lovely colouring of the tortoiseshell, in shades of brown and gold, shows to great advantage.

Much metal was used in the mounting of furniture, particularly ormolu (which was a sort of brass made of copper and zinc). Heavy ornamentation was made of this compound metal, and it was applied in various ways. Later, in the reign of Louis XV., the style lost its beauty, and became more or less 'loud' and overflorid, developing into what was known as 'rococo.'

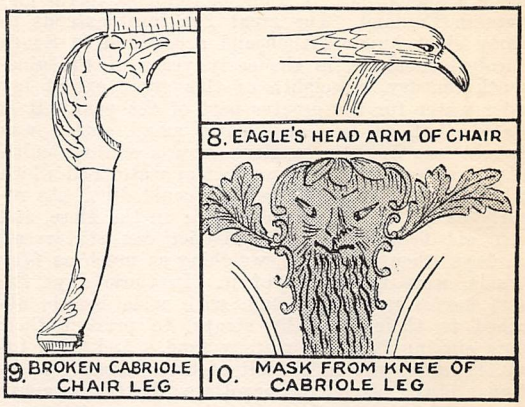
In the reign of Louis XVI. there came the influence of his Queen, Marie Antoinette, who gathered round her dainty furniture designed for her in styles known to please her. Painting was introduced into furniture, and dainty pictures by Watteau of shepherds and shepherdesses appeared on various pieces, many of which may be seen at the two museums already mentioned. It is impossible to illustrate them here, because their colour cannot be reproduced.

7. FESTOON OF OAK LEAVES GILDED

This brings us up to near the end of the eighteenth century, so we will leave France now and return to England. About 1712 mahogany became fashionable. At first it was only used as a veneer, or outer layer, because it was rare; but as more was brought into the country from America, chairs, settees, &c., were eagerly sought by those who wished to lead the fashion. The removal, in 1733, of a tax on timber brought into the country greatly increased its importance; and as mahogany had proved a very desirable wood to carve for furniture, its popularity was assured.

Much of the early mahogany furniture was very elaborate, being much gilded; it was often designed for its position by the architect who designed the residence, and, as a florid style of architecture was then in favour, the furniture naturally followed on much the same lines. Console-tables were very fashionable; these were tables which stood against the wall, and had elaborately framed mirrors over them. These tables usually had marble tops, and the rest was gilded—the decorations consisting of human (or half-human) figures, festoons of flowers and fruit, acanthus, shell, and other ornaments. A very favourite border ornament was the wave pattern (fig. 4), and surfaces between other ornaments were often covered with the scale pattern (fig. 5). Another popular decoration for borders was the rather complicated key pattern, shown in fig. 6. The festoons were wonders of construction and carving. Fig. 7 gives some idea of their type and construction.

The arm-chairs of this period had a new feature. The arms no longer rose from the front legs, but from further along the sides, and the arm curved outward very distinctly: this was to allow the



8. EAGLE'S HEAD ARM OF CHAIR

9. BROKEN CABRIOLE CHAIR LEG

10. MASK FROM KNEE OF CABRIOLE LEG

the hoops in their skirts that it would have been ladies of the time to use them; for so huge were impossible for them to be seated in an arm-chair of earlier date. Some of the arms, too, now finished with an eagle's head—a new feature (fig. 8). Another chair-variation of style was the broken cabriole (fig. 9). On cabriole knees, and on the front rails, too, what were termed 'masks' now often appeared (fig. 10); queer faces, human, but with the suggestion of a lion about them.

E. M. Barlow.

THE MISSING COAT-TAILS.

SCHOOLBOYS usually stand by one another, and refuse to betray a companion who is in trouble. A well-known instance of this occurred while Dr. Vaughan was Head Master of Harrow.

Returning one night from a dinner-party, the master caught sight of a pupil who was taking a walk when, according to the rules, he ought to have been in bed. The moment the boy saw the master, he fled as if for his life. Dr. Vaughan ran also, in hot pursuit, and just managed to seize his pupil's coat-tails. After a lively tussle the boy escaped, leaving one tail in the master's hands.

It was a dark night, and the master had not recognised the pupil, of whom he had not seen much more than the back. He made sure, however, that he would find out the culprit in the morning by means of the missing coat-tail. But when Dr. Vaughan entered the school, he saw that every boy of the Sixth Form had only one tail to his coat!

Thus the offender went unpunished. E. D.

THE HOLLAND OF ENGLAND.

THE writer recently went for a cycling tour through the Fen country, which may be said to extend from Hunstanton in Norfolk to Winthorpe in Lincolnshire; and as he trundled along the raised roads, with a wide ditch on either hand and half-a-dozen windmills always within range of vision,

he tried almost in vain to imagine the time when all this country was a wilderness of shallow waters and marshy islands, tenanted by flocks of screaming wildfowl.

Yet it is less than a century ago that a very great part of this district was brought under cultivation, although now it is one of the most fertile districts in England. The great Fen level extends to nearly eight hundred thousand acres, and in South Lincolnshire alone, in the early years of the nineteenth century, an eighth of this great extent lay under water for the greater part of the year. It is related that as late as 1805 a small cutter was brought into Whittlesea Mere—now a smiling, cultivated land—which drew two feet of water and which had a cabin where eight persons could dine. As recently as 1842 there was a regatta on the Mere, and some old fishermen of the district can still recall the days when huge pike, weighing as much as fifty pounds, were taken out of it. In those days the farm horses used to plough with wide boards attached to their shoes by straps, to prevent their hoofs sinking into the marshy land. And even to-day, Fenmen, who in pursuit of their farming operations have often to negotiate dykes, swampy places, and other watery obstacles, carry with them a leaping-pole, with which they can take prodigious bounds and are quite independent of bridges for any distance up to thirty feet or so.

The eel-farmer, though not peculiar to the Fenland, is far more numerous there than anywhere else. The Isle of Ely, now a centre of a region of wonderful fertility, used to be surrounded by impenetrable forests of willow-trees, which concealed the marshes and quagmires underneath, and on all sides were lakes and broad rivers. Every Lent, three thousand eels had to be paid to the monks of Peterborough, and an old chronicler says that ten times that number would not have been missed.

Skating has almost from time immemorial been a mode of locomotion in the Fens, as it is in Holland, to which country they bear such a remarkable resemblance. In the early days of last century it was possible to skate from Connington to Ely Cathedral and back in the course of a winter's day, and there is a story still extant of a man who put on his skates at Whittlesea and crossed both the Middle and South Levels without taking them off—a distance of nearly fifty miles. The skating championships, which now draw competitors even from Canada, as well as Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Russia, were long ago begun locally.

Yet this vast marsh was not always a marsh. It is evident that it suffered inundation. The oak and the fir will not live in water, but vast numbers of these trees have been dug up. It is said that at Whittlesea Mere, swathes of grass lying as they were first mown down, and a smith's forge, tools and all, were found at a depth of sixteen feet near Boston. It is well known, too, that the Fens have proved a perfect treasure-house to scientists, for remains of the hippopotamus, rhinoceros, ibex, elephant, and even the walrus, have been found in its bogs and morasses.

But even in comparatively modern times the Fens were the last resort of both beasts and birds which could seldom be found elsewhere. Of course, the crane, the heron, the teal, the snipe, and the raven were as plentiful as the proverbial blackberry. But there were also vultures and eagles, and the grey wolf lingered there for scores of years after he was exterminated from the rest of the land.

A. B. C.

SHENSTONE AND THE THIEF.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE, the poet, was one day walking through his grounds, accompanied by a lady, when a man ran out from behind some bushes, held a pistol to his breast, and demanded his purse. Shenstone was taken by surprise; his companion fainted.

'Money is not worth struggling for,' said the robber; 'you cannot be poorer than I am!'

These strange words, or the tone in which they were uttered, so impressed the tender-hearted Shenstone that he at once handed his purse to the man, telling him to fly as quickly as possible. Then, calling his footboy, the poet told him to follow the thief, if possible, and to observe where he went.

The boy was absent for two hours. On his return he told his master that he had followed the thief to a house at Halesowen. Peeping through the keyhole, he had seen him fling the purse on the ground, and had heard him say to his wife, 'There! take the dearly-bought price of my honesty!' Afterwards, said the boy, the man had taken his two children, one on each knee, and had said to them, weeping, 'To save you from starving, I have ruined my soul!'

Shenstone immediately made inquiries as to the man's character, and having learned that he was a miserably poor labourer, who hitherto had borne a good character for industry and honesty, he went to the house. The poor man, deeply penitent, fell at his feet, begging for mercy. The kind poet quickly set his fears at rest: he had come to offer him well-paid work.

A BEDSTEAD-BANK.

IN olden days, when there were no regular banks, people stored their money in all kinds of curious hiding-places. Bedsteads, we are told, were often put to this use.

Richard III. came to Leicester on August 21st, 1485. His servants arrived before he did, having gone on with his 'luggage in advance'—or, as it was called in those days, the 'running wardrobe.' In the best room of the 'Blue Boar' they set up for their royal master a big, four-post bedstead, elaborately carved, gilded, and decorated, and having a double bottom of boards.

Richard slept in it that night. After his death on Bosworth Field, its rich hangings were removed, but the cumbrous bedstead was left at the 'Blue Boar.'

Long afterwards, in Elizabeth's reign, while the hostess of the inn was shaking the bed, a piece of gold fell on the floor. When the woman picked it up, she saw that it was very old. A careful examination of the bedstead was then made, and the double bottom discovered. A portion of this was raised, when the interior was found to be filled with gold coins, some dating from the reign of Richard III., others from earlier times.

That was a good sort of bedstead to have in the house, was it not?

E. D.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

9.—RIDDLE.

My first is a kind of butt-er; my second is a sort of lick-er; and my whole goes into a barrel. What am I? A. J. H.

(Answer on page 283.)

ANSWER TO ACROSTIC ON PAGE 211.

Samuel Johnson.

1. S cott.
*2. A lfred.
3. M acaulay.
4. U ssher.
†5. E lliott.
6. L amb.
7. J efferies.
8. O liphant (Mrs.).
9. H erbert (George).
10. N ewton (Isaac).
11. S idney (Philip).
12. O pie (Mrs.).
13. N ewton (John).

* King Alfred.
† Ebenezer Elliott, the 'Corn Law' rhymer.

ANSWER TO FLOWER PUZZLE ON PAGE 211.

1. Gladiolus.
2. Wallflower.
3. Larkspur.
4. Rosemary.
5. Lily of the Valley.
6. Restharrow.
7. Carnation.
8. Snowdrop.

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 247.)

CHAPTER XXII.

BUT though Tarm watched and waited, he did not see that which he feared; and presently came the moon to cheer him, to show him with its clear light everything plainly. He had that terror of the dark which so many savage people possess. Now he prepared to let himself sleep.

But, as he turned on his bed, before his eyelids even closed, above the murmur of the forest, busy about the business of the night, rang out a loud, shrill scream. It was repeated a second later, and in an instant Julfu was wide awake. He reached out his hand for his turban cloth, twisted it hastily round his head, and stood poised on his toes, his unsheathed knife in his hand, waiting.

It was Miss Gomez who screamed, Julfu knew, and this fact reassured him to some extent since she screamed so easily. He told himself that, perhaps, she had seen a scorpion on the wall, or that a bat had got into the room. Miss Gomez sometimes roused the whole camp for incidents such as these. But now the voice ceased to scream only, and instead shrieked one word over and over again. 'Arnold,' it said, and then again, 'Arnold.'

And next came the quick pattering of small feet, and towards the tent ran Mary and John. 'Julfu!' Mary called, and 'Oh, Julfu, come!' cried John.

Julfu caught Mary up in his arms quickly. She was shivering with cold, her feet were bare; she had waited neither for dressing-gown nor slippers. And John was in a like plight—his teeth chattered as he talked.

'It is Arnold, Julfu,' he said. 'Some one has taken Arnold.'

'Find him, Julfu. Oh, find him!' Mary cried. 'Oh, dear, dear Arnold! What will Mother do if Arnold is lost? Oh, Julfu, he is so little! Oh, Julfu, we must find him!'

'He has fallen under the bed,' said Julfu in a soothing voice as he ran towards the bungalow, carrying Mary, leading John by the hand. Behind them slunk Tarm, but no one paid any attention to him. They had forgotten him altogether in the face of this great calamity. But Tarm listened to all that they said, and he understood, since they spoke in Hindustani.

'The child has fallen under the bed,' Julfu repeated. 'Without doubt he woke and climbed the bars of the cot. He was ever a bold climber, the little one. And the Nurse Sahib has not thought to look. We shall find him—immediately we shall find him.'

'No, we shall not find him under the bed,' said Mary. 'Some one came into the room, and leant over him. Miss Gomez woke, and saw, as she woke, that some one lifted Arnold out of the cot, and ran out of the bungalow holding him in his arms. Oh, dear Arnold! Oh, poor little Arnold!'

'It must have been the priest,' said John in a hushed voice. He remembered the spells the old man had threatened to cast over Tarm. John had laughed at them in the sunshine, but it was not so easy to laugh at them in the moonlight.

Already they had reached the bungalow, for Julfu's tent was pitched but a short distant away. Miss Gomez was running up and down the verandah, her straight black hair hanging down her back. She wept and she wailed, and she called for Julfu, for Ayah, for Arnold as she ran; but not one sensible suggestion did she make, nor could she give a clear account of what had happened. Ayah, who had hurried to the bungalow from her own little tent, caught Miss Gomez by the arm at last, and shook her till her screams ceased.

'Where is my baby?' said Ayah; and, 'What have you done with my master's child?' Julfu demanded sternly; and Miss Gomez gulped back her tears, and tried to answer with some approach to sense.

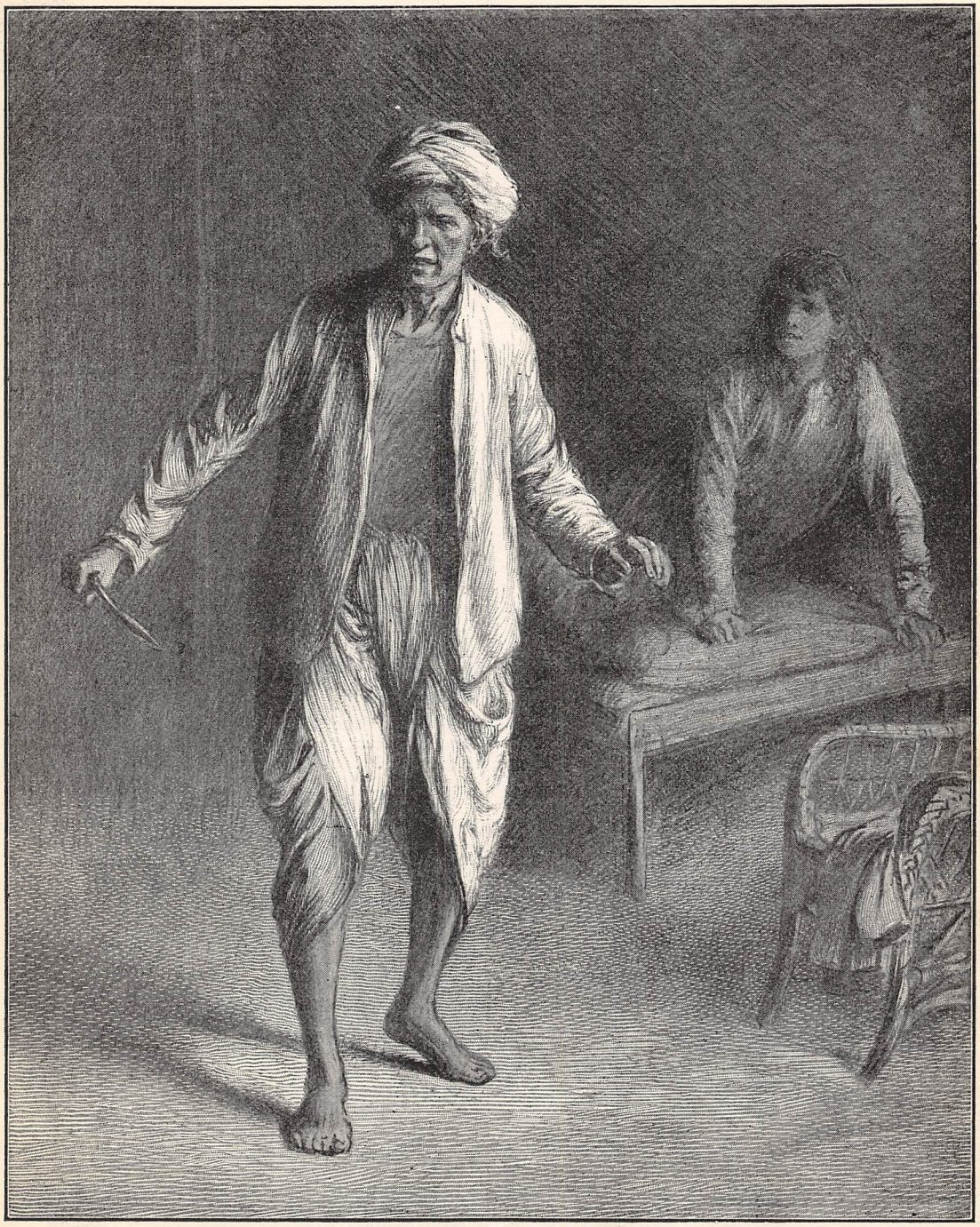
'I woke, I think, because there was a little noise, or because a cold wind blew through the open door. And there was a man leaning over Arnold's cot. I could see him because there was a night-light in the room. And at once I sat up in bed, and I screamed, "Go away, go away!" Very loudly I screamed it. And he did go away; but first he lifted little Arnold from the cot. He ran with him through the door he had left open.'

Julfu set Mary on the ground. 'Which way went the man?' he cried. 'Show me quickly. It may be there is yet time to save the child.'

'This way, that way—how should I know?' Miss Gomez wept. 'He was outside the bungalow, I was within. When I ran into the verandah there was no sign of the child, no sign of the man. It was the old priest from the temple. Did I say that before? It was the old priest from the temple. He has taken Arnold away to kill him because he is angry. He will make a sacrifice of the child to his gods.'

Julfu waited to hear no more. Instead he began to run down the road which led back to the last camping-place; and scarcely was he out of sight when there came from the moonlit, silent forest which had engulfed him a loud call for help.

(Continued on page 262.)



"Julfu stood poised, waiting."

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"The rat was quite blind, and was being guided by its companions."

THE KINDLY RATS.

IT is rare indeed to find any one who would say a good word for a rat, for few animals are so universally disliked as the brown rat—sometimes wrongly called 'the Norway' or 'Hanoverian rat,'—which has driven the old English black rat (a much less objectionable creature) out of its haunts in most parts of the British Isles. The brown rat really comes from the East, and some say that all the swarms of these animals now found in Europe are descended from a few couples imported from the East. According to some naturalists, even the black rat was originally brought to England from France. In the Welsh language, which closely resembles that spoken by the Ancient Britons, there is no special word for 'rat'; it is simply called 'the French mouse.' However this may be, black rats were plentiful here a very long time before the brown ones arrived and gradually expelled them from their old homes.

While the brown rat is fierce, greedy, and most destructive, it is a remarkably clever and cunning animal, and a cleanly creature in spite of its often dirty surroundings. These rats make nearly as careful a toilet as a cat, and where food is plentiful, they are apt to be fastidious, choosing the nicest morsels. A wise old rat, grey with age, may often be seen apparently directing the movements of the rest of the band, and they are very good parents. They seem to grow attached to their comrades, and often try to help them in distress or difficulty. The following incident illustrates this. A gamekeeper saw three rats side by side in a ditch, all holding on to one straw. He thought this curious, and watched for some time, hoping to find out the reason for this proceeding, but without success; then he took his gun and shot the middle rat. On picking it up, he found it was quite blind, and was evidently being guided by its companions by means of the long straw, when it was shot.

Strange to say, these animals, living often in the most evil-smelling quarters, are very fond of perfume, and can be captured by strewing near their runs rags perfumed with musk or aniseed.

The parent rats are very fond of the little ones, and will fight fiercely in their defence. On a certain farm in Essex a large hayrick was being taken down one day, when a family of almost full-grown rats were disturbed. One of the farm-labourers seized one of the young rats by the tail, and was about to throw it to his terrier, when the mother rat, regardless of men and dogs, flew at his hand, biting it so fiercely with her sharp teeth that the surprised labourer let his captive go, while his companions killed the old rat who had given her life for her offspring.

The old rats forage in every quarter to find titbits for their little ones, and as they are among the wariest and most cunning of animals, they contrive to bring home many a plump young chicken or duckling, or an unhappy little fledgling from some cosy nest, for a rat can run up and down trees with the greatest ease. They even may manage to take eggs home in safety—they have been seen rolling them carefully along with their snouts, guiding them with their fore-paws, and it is also said that a rat has been seen to lie down beside a hen's nest, roll out a fresh egg carefully, folding its body over it, and holding the tail between its teeth, clutching the prize with its paws firmly on either side while other rats drag their comrade's body and the egg safely to their hiding-place.

There was formerly a very curious superstition in Ireland that rats could be driven away by writing rhymes about them. The Elizabethan poet, Ben Jonson, says:

'Rhyme them to death, as they do Irish rats,
In drumming tunes.'

To this day in some parts of rural Ireland, if rats swarm in any building, people either write a couplet about them, or write a note, asking them to go away. These missives are left near the rat-holes, and the rodents are then supposed to take their departure. Another superstition is that if one can catch a rat and tie a label round his neck addressed to some other house, the animal will take his departure immediately, and induce all his companions to follow him.

M. E. Sargent.

THE AERONAUTS.

'STAND back!' I turned and shouted
As we stepped aboard the car;
And the great ball swayed above us
As we felt the fabric jar.

Then a rush of upward motion,
And a cheer from those below,
And upon the West wind's bosom
We were rocking to and fro.

On we went o'er rushing rivers,
Over valley, hill, and plain,
Over tiny towns and cities,
And a tiny crawling train.

Then we reached the silver ocean
With its little ships of dun;
Onward ever, floating onward,
While behind us dropped the sun;

Over strange and foreign countries
We had never seen before,
While the stars came out to watch us
Through the chinks in heaven's floor.

Up and up we quickly mounted,
Past the dear white lady moon,
Where the sky was all bespangled
With the star-dust God had strewn.

Then ere dawn came through the gateway
Of the pearly eastern sky,
We began our homeward journey,
And the earth drew very nigh.

You can follow in our footsteps
Any sunny afternoon—
All you need to make the journey
Is a tiny toy balloon.

Stephen Southwold.

A QUARTER TO THREE.

'UNREASONABLE old beast!' exclaimed Freddy in a stage whisper, as the handle turned decisively in the schoolroom door; then, as a rustle of stiff skirts proclaimed the departure of Mademoiselle down the passage, he raised his voice to a shrill

tone of annoyance. 'Of all the silly ideas—French on an afternoon like this!' he grumbled.

'She's only doing it to spite us,' complained Mona. 'She knows we want to go and sail our boats on the canal, and she's just going to break into the afternoon and spoil it.'

Freddy turned round in his chair, and stared despairingly at the clock that hung high on the schoolroom wall. 'She said till three o'clock, and it's only half-past two now,' he groaned.

Mona made no reply. Her attention, having been drawn to the clock, was apparently fixed there, and her eyes grew big with excitement as she stared at the familiar dial with ever-increasing interest. Then she leaned suddenly forward, and clutched her brother's arm. 'Freddy, let's move the hands!' she suggested, daringly. 'Push them forward ten minutes! Mademoiselle will never know!'

Freddy was startled for a moment, then he jumped eagerly to his feet. 'Good idea!' he exclaimed, excitedly. 'It will jolly well serve her right—and we don't deserve the extra lesson, so why should we have it?' He began scrambling on to a cupboard as he spoke, until his shoulders were on a level with the swinging pendulum; then he stood on tip-toe, and slowly pushed the big hands upwards. 'A quarter to three!' he chuckled, stopping suddenly, as a queer clicking noise proclaimed the clock's evident disapproval of the treatment.

Mona did not hear it. A distant rustling in the passage occupied all her attention, and, rushing headlong towards Freddy, she almost dragged him to the floor.

A moment later the door opened, and Mademoiselle sailed serenely into the room, noting with approval the two industrious little figures with heads bent over their books at the table.

The lesson dragged wearily by. It had never seemed so long or so dull, Mona thought, and through the open window the hot afternoon sun shone invitingly, making the children fidget in their chairs, and long to catch a glimpse of the clock which hung on the wall behind them. Surely it must be time for it to strike, Mona said to herself, twisting half-round in her chair, as she handed the French history book to Freddy.

'You need not look at the clock, Mona,' said Mademoiselle, sharply. 'It is not nearly time for you to go yet.'

There was a hopeless despair in Freddy's face as he took the book from his sister and started reading. It certainly was the longest quarter of an hour that he ever remembered spending, and his eyes kept wandering longingly to the open window.

At last the chapter was finished, and he laid down the book with a sigh. Mona glanced up, and saw Mademoiselle raise her eyes to the clock, then, with a look of bewilderment, take out her watch, and study it with anxiety. 'The clock has stopped!' she exclaimed, in an agitated voice, rising hurriedly to her feet. 'It is ten minutes past three! Children, you are to stay here till I return.' She almost ran to the door, and Mona and Freddy stared at each other in complete bewilderment as it banged behind her.

'What rot!' exclaimed Freddy, at last. 'Why have we got to stay here?'

Mona rose to her feet, and crossed rather wearily to the window. 'Now there will be a fuss about the clock, and we have had ten minutes' extra French,' she complained.

Freddy watched her lean out into the sunshine, and for some moments there was silence; then Mona's voice came excitedly: 'Freddy! Look! Mademoiselle is tearing down the drive, on a bicycle, without a hat! What is the matter?'

Freddy ran to the window. 'She's gone mad!' he said, excitedly. 'Must have. She's afraid of bicycles and sunstroke!'

Mona only continued to stare open-mouthed at the flying figure in the drive, and not until a bend in the laurel-bushes hid it from view did she turn to help Freddy in his investigation of the clock.

A quarter of an hour went by before the door burst open again, and the children looked up in surprise to see their uncle standing on the threshold.

'Hullo, you two!' he said. 'Your good Mademoiselle has nearly killed herself over you. Is that the clock that has done all the mischief?'

Mona and Freddy looked at each other in complete mystification.

'I told Mademoiselle I would take you on the river this afternoon,' Uncle George explained, 'provided she had no complaints of your behaviour today. I asked her not to tell you until it was time to start, and said that if you weren't at my house by a quarter past three I should know that she had some good reason for not letting you come.'

'And the clock stopped!—so that's why she tore off to tell you!' put in Mona, suddenly.

'Tore! She almost flew!' laughed Uncle George. 'She just caught me as I was starting, so I told her I'd come up to fetch you. Buck up and get on your hats, both of you. The motor's waiting outside.'

Freddy jumped to his feet, but Mona did not move, and her face was very red as she raised it to her uncle.

'I can't come,' she said, hurriedly, avoiding Freddy's eyes. 'Mademoiselle wouldn't have let me if she'd known that it was my fault that the clock stopped.'

'It wasn't—I did it!' blurted out Freddy; and then they both began to explain at once.

They had hardly finished before the door opened again, and Mademoiselle, still flushed and breathless, made her way into the room.

'I must tell Mademoiselle what has happened,' said Uncle George, 'and she shall decide what is to be done.'

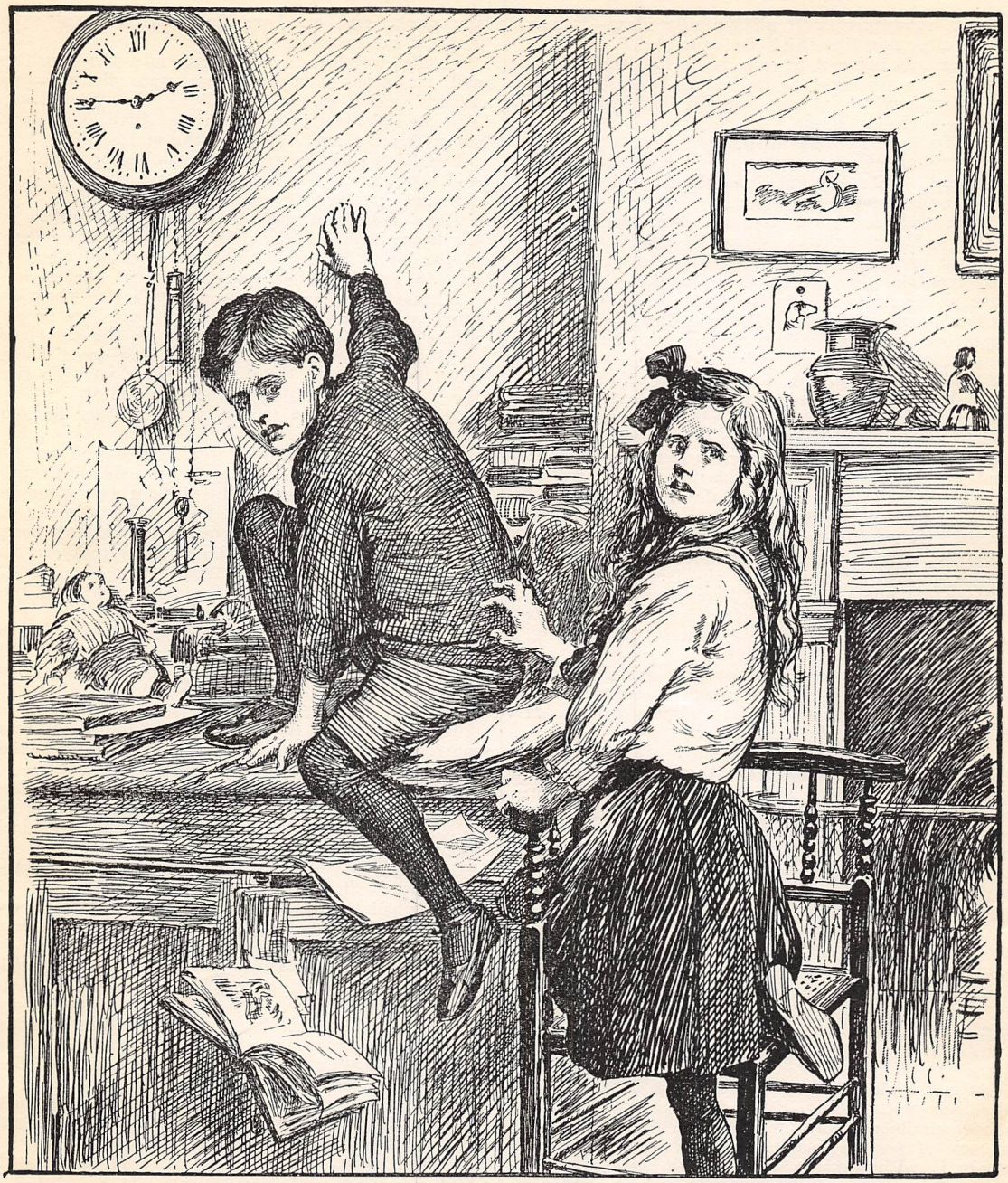
Mona and Freddy felt very small as they listened to their uncle's version of their story, and the sight of Mademoiselle's hot, anxious face added to their humiliation.

'The clock is broken,' put in Freddy, as his uncle stopped speaking. 'I've wound and wound it, and nothing happens.'

'We're most dreadfully sorry,' said Mona, suddenly.

Mademoiselle looked from one to the other in perplexity; then her face brightened, and she turned to Uncle George. 'I think there has been punishment enough,' she said. 'They had ten minutes' extra French, and I am sure this has been a lesson they will not forget. And, besides, they told you of their fault, when they might have said nothing, and taken the treat which they did not deserve.'

'That's done it!' said Uncle George, briskly.



"He began scrambling on to a cupboard."

'And now we may call it the treat that they do deserve. Now, you two, you have a lot to say to Mademoiselle—then on with your hats!'

In a moment Mona's warm, clinging arms were round the governess' neck, while Freddy executed a war-dance of delight in the background. 'She has been a brick!' said Mona, enthusiastically, as some minutes later she and Freddy tucked themselves into the back seat of the motor.

Freddy agreed, with a vigorous nod of his head. 'And I called her an unreasonable old beast,' he added, remorsefully.

SIR GEORGE ELLIOT, BART. M.P.

The Pit-Boy who became a BARONET

BOYS WHO HAVE MADE A MARK

HE began life as a 'pit-laddie;' his father was a miner, and nearly a hundred years ago—for it was in 1815 that our hero was born—a miner's life was a very hard one, the conditions being much worse and more dangerous than they are to-day, and even the children had to begin early to help earn the bread. That was how it came about that 'Geordie,' as he was called, got no schooling after he was nine, but at this early age was employed at the Penshaw Colliery as a 'trapper-boy,' working fourteen hours a day in the darkness of a mine. What would a boy of the present day think of working, even above-ground, for such a number of hours!

But the lad had rare talents and the right kind of ambition; he had no intention of always remaining a pit-boy, so after his hard day's work was over he ran off to a night school at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he worked with his brains instead of his hands.

By the time he was seventeen he was not only very good at mathematics, but had taught himself surveying, which eventually led to his obtaining a situation in a land surveyor's office at Newcastle. The news of his skill, and the rapid strides he was making, reached the ears of those in authority at the mine where he had started as trapper-boy, and they offered him the post of 'overman;' this he gladly accepted, but his love of learning was as great as ever, and he seized on every spare moment for improving himself and adding to his knowledge, among other things fitting himself to be an engineer.

He rose from one position to another, until, at the age of twenty-four, he became 'head-viewer'—that is, surveyor or examiner—of the Monkwearmouth Colliery, which meant having entire control over everything connected with the mine, then the deepest one in the kingdom. Within another year he had become part proprietor of the Washington Colliery.

Meanwhile he had married, which made this ambitious youth only the more keen and anxious to 'get on,' as we should say; and before long we find him Chief Mining Engineer to the collieries, harbour, and railway of the Marquis of Londonderry at Seaham.

During the next ten years 'progress' was the word that loomed largest on his horizon, and amongst other enterprises he bought the bankrupt business of some wire-rope makers; this he pulled through its difficulties, and being now a capable engineer he joined with Sir Richard Glass, and the important firm of Glass & Elliot was the result.

The electric telegraph had already been introduced into England; but clever men were giving time and energy in an endeavour to find out some way of connecting England, by means of electric wires, with other countries; the upshot of their labours was the Atlantic Cable, and the firm of Glass & Elliot had the honour of laying the first one connecting this country with America, enabling messages to be sent, literally as swift as lightning, from continent to continent.

But perhaps the greatest satisfaction for all his hard work came to 'Bonnie Geordie'—as the miners affectionately called him—when, in 1864, he became the owner of the very colliery in which he had be-

gun work as a pit-boy. This was but the beginning, for before long he owned several collieries in South Wales—large ones, too, for they were able to supply six thousand tons of coal a day. His work was not restricted to his own country either; he did good service abroad, visiting Egypt, among other places, and taking the greatest interest in the engineering works of that country.

To success in business were added honours of another kind; for the year 1868 saw the once pit-boy returned to Parliament for North Durham, whilst in 1874 Queen Victoria honoured him by conferring on him a baronetcy. It was to celebrate this event that the city of Durham entertained him to a great banquet, and presented him with a testimonial, consisting of a magnificent dessert service, which cost over two thousand guineas.

Perhaps you will think that such unexampled success in business, added to the honours shown him by Queen and fellow-citizens, inclined him to be proud and haughty, and forgetful of his humble beginnings. But nothing of the kind: though a keen man of business, he was simple, unaffected, cordial, and without any pretensions; indeed, he was proud of being a self-made man.

Of his numerous enterprises—many of which became matters of commercial history—it was in the mining districts and to the great mining industry that the best work of his life was devoted, and few men have done more to better the condition of mines and miners; he knew so well what they had to bear and the risks they had to run, and, as he himself said: 'I know their wants, their trials, their temptations, their sufferings; I have tasted them myself.' He was always striving to bring about that their work should be done under better and less dangerous conditions, and always spoke out boldly about the danger of using gunpowder.

Nor was it in bettering work conditions only that he took so much interest; he was a strong believer, too, in harmless recreation, such as cricket and outdoor sports generally, as well as reading-rooms and indoor games, and was always specially interested in helping forward these things, remembering that, when he was a boy, not only were such amusements unknown to the members of a pit village, being then confined to the better classes, but there was no playtime at all!

In an address he gave to the members of the North of England Institute of Mining Engineers, when, in 1868, he became their president, he particularly mentioned what a happiness it was to him to know that the leisure hours of the pit-workers were so much better provided for than they were in his young days. His warm sympathy was always with those who worked, and it was said of him that, as a large employer of labour, he earned the complete confidence of his men, and that the fleet of coal steamers owned by him ran between the Thames and the Tyne for over twenty years without ever losing a single man.

It is small wonder that the miners loved him, and used to ask, 'Did ye ever see his like?'

He taught them, too, the dignity of labour—even of a miner's work. 'No vocation,' he used to say, 'can be more useful or honorable, for the daily lessons of a pit-worker's life, if used aright, should teach him, not merely to become a skilful miner, but a useful citizen and more worthy man.'

'Bonnie Geordie,' as he was called to the last, died in 1893, and was buried near his home at Houghton Hall, not far from the Penshaw Colliery, where he began work as a boy, rising by sheer industry and force of character—for he was quite unaided—to a high and honourable position. Surely, with such an example before him, no industrious lad need despair of getting to 'the top of the tree!'

C. M. Foot.

THE IMPROMPTU NURSE.

A POOR but energetic young American, after bravely managing to graduate at a University, determined to see Europe. He had money enough to take him there, but for the means of returning he trusted to good fortune. Nothing, however, 'turned up' for him, and, his sight-seeing over, he found himself stranded at Liverpool, with no money and with no means of getting any.

One day he went on board a liner, just to see how it would feel to be going home, if he could. As he wandered about the big steamer, he came across a crying baby. The mother, travelling alone, was busy seeing to the numerous things which have to be done at the beginning of a voyage. When the baby, feeling himself neglected, began to howl, she was at her wits' end.

The American youth felt sorry for her. Out of sheer kindness he offered to hold the baby, and try and keep him quiet until his mother had finished her preparations.

The mother was naturally surprised at this offer from a man and a stranger; but, looking into the youth's face, she saw that he was to be trusted. 'I wish you would,' she said. When, half-an-hour later, she came to take her child, he was playing with the young man's bunch of keys, and cooing happily. 'Thank you so much!' said the mother to the temporary nurse. 'I wish you were coming with us!'

Promptly the American seized the opportunity. 'Madam,' he said, 'I am a poor student, quite out of funds. If you will pay my passage to America, I will take care of your baby all the way.'

The mother accepted the offer, and throughout the voyage the young man 'minded' the baby. Now that he is a well-known lawyer, he looks back with amusement to the days on board ship, when he earned his passage-money as a nurse. E. D.

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 255.)

THERE was something very terrifying about that call: something more terrifying than all the terrible things that had gone before it. For the voice that called was the voice of Julfu—Julfu, on whom all depended, who was always of so steadfast a courage in the face of danger. Those who heard it knew that he must now indeed be confronted with the most dire peril. And the other servants shivered, and clutched at each others' garments, and backed towards the bungalow. And Miss Gomez and Ayah held fast to Mary and John, lest they should be tempted to run to Julfu's help. Tarm, alone, took a step in the direction of the forest.

But the habit of fear was too strong for him. He could not quite make up his mind to defy it immediately. Julfu called once only. Then came silence—a long silence; and next the sound of something being dragged along the ground. And, gradually, Julfu himself came into sight half lying, half sitting, on the path. He pushed himself along with the aid of his hands while he dragged his legs after him, and the lookers-on, seeing this, forgot to be frightened and ran with one accord to his help.

'The old man had a knife in his hand,' Julfu gasped. 'He hid behind a tree. I did not see him until he sprang upon me suddenly and cut deep into my leg.'

He looked down at the wound. It was painful and it was dangerous, but these facts did not trouble him greatly. It was the thought of Arnold in the old man's power which was uppermost in Julfu's mind.

'Who now will save the little one?' he cried. 'The priest had him in his arms. He ran with him down the road which leads back to the temple. Who will pursue ere it be too late?' And Julfu looked round despairingly at the faces of his fellow-servants. There was a little shuffling of feet, but there was no other response to his appeal.

And then Tarm stepped forward: Tarm with a new look on his face, a new note in his voice. He was no longer a shrinking coward, but a man.

'I will go,' he said. 'I will bring the child back. He has been taken in my place. It is my part to save him. And, also, I will bind this wound lest thou perish from loss of blood.'

He knelt by Julfu's side, and, with skilful fingers, he began to bandage the leg with strips of clean linen which Miss Gomez brought him from the medicine chest. Often Tarm had hurt himself in the jungle, and experience had taught him just how to tighten a bandage that the blood might cease to flow. And, while he was thus occupied, Ayah brought a feather and waved it over the wound, and repeated a little charm which she and her fellow-servants believed to be of more worth than all Tarm's clever doctoring.

The charm consoled Julfu also, but it did nothing towards making the leg whole. When the bandaging was finished he could just manage to stand, but could not walk without assistance. He stood waiting to hear what Tarm proposed to do, and Mary and John stood waiting also in breathless anxiety.

'I will go in the morning,' said Tarm, thinking aloud. 'Doubtless Buddha has run straight back to the temple. I do not think that he means to harm the child. He wants him in my place, that the seekers of gold may bring more gold daily. To-night he will keep careful watch; but he is an old man, and grows tired easily. When dawn comes he will sleep, and then I can take the child from him. A little patience, therefore, and all will be well.'

'But Arnold will be dreadfully frightened if he is left with the priest all night,' Mary cried.

'Better a little fear than worse harm. Buddha has other hiding-places of which I do not know. If we wait until the morning, he will think that we do not guess it is he who has robbed us. He will let the child remain in the temple or the hut. He will believe that all is safe, and will sleep as I have said.'

'I'm sure he would not be so stupid,' said John. 'He must know that, even if we do not come at once, we shall come directly it's light to find out if Arnold is with him.'

'He is not stupid,' said Tarm, 'but he is very old. The old do not always fully understand. He does not remember very long, nor very clearly. I think my plan is a good one.'

And this was Julfu's opinion also; it was shared too by Miss Gomez. Even Ayah was won over, and only Mary and John were unconvinced. They went back to bed when Miss Gomez insisted that they should do so, but they did not sleep. Miss Gomez and Ayah talked without ceasing in shrill, excited voices in the next room, and Mary came into John's room, and they talked together, very softly.

'I'm sure Arnold oughtn't to be left like that, John,' Mary said. 'He's so little, and he never can bear to be long alone—and the empty temple and the creeping shadows, and the night all about him to make it worse. Oh, I think he will die of fear.'

'Or, perhaps, the old priest will kill him if he screams,' said John. 'Any one would get angry with Arnold when he screams.'

John's voice was not quite steady. He did not love Arnold as Mary loved him; but, in his own way, he was very fond of the baby. John began to think now of all Arnold's good points. Of how brave he was when he tumbled down, and grazed his fat knees. Of how he would go close up to Moti to give her a piece of bread, and show no fear of her inquisitive trunk. And, above all, of how fond Mother was of Arnold. What would Mother think if there were no Arnold to greet her on her return with tight hugs and soft kisses? And, at that, John could endure his thoughts no longer.

'Mary,' he said, 'I'm going to find Arnold. I shan't wait to dress properly, because Miss Gomez might catch me and stop my going. She doesn't seem to understand a bit how important it is to go at once. I shall just put on my dressing-gown and slippers. And—and I think you had better stop behind, Mary. Because, when there are knives, I know Father would say girls oughtn't to be there.'

It cost John much, very much, to say this. As he thought of the lonely forest without Mary, of the difficulties and dangers of the rescue which he must face unaided, he could scarcely bear it. With Mary there, it would be quite different. It is so much easier to be brave if some one is with you, even if that some one can do but little to help.

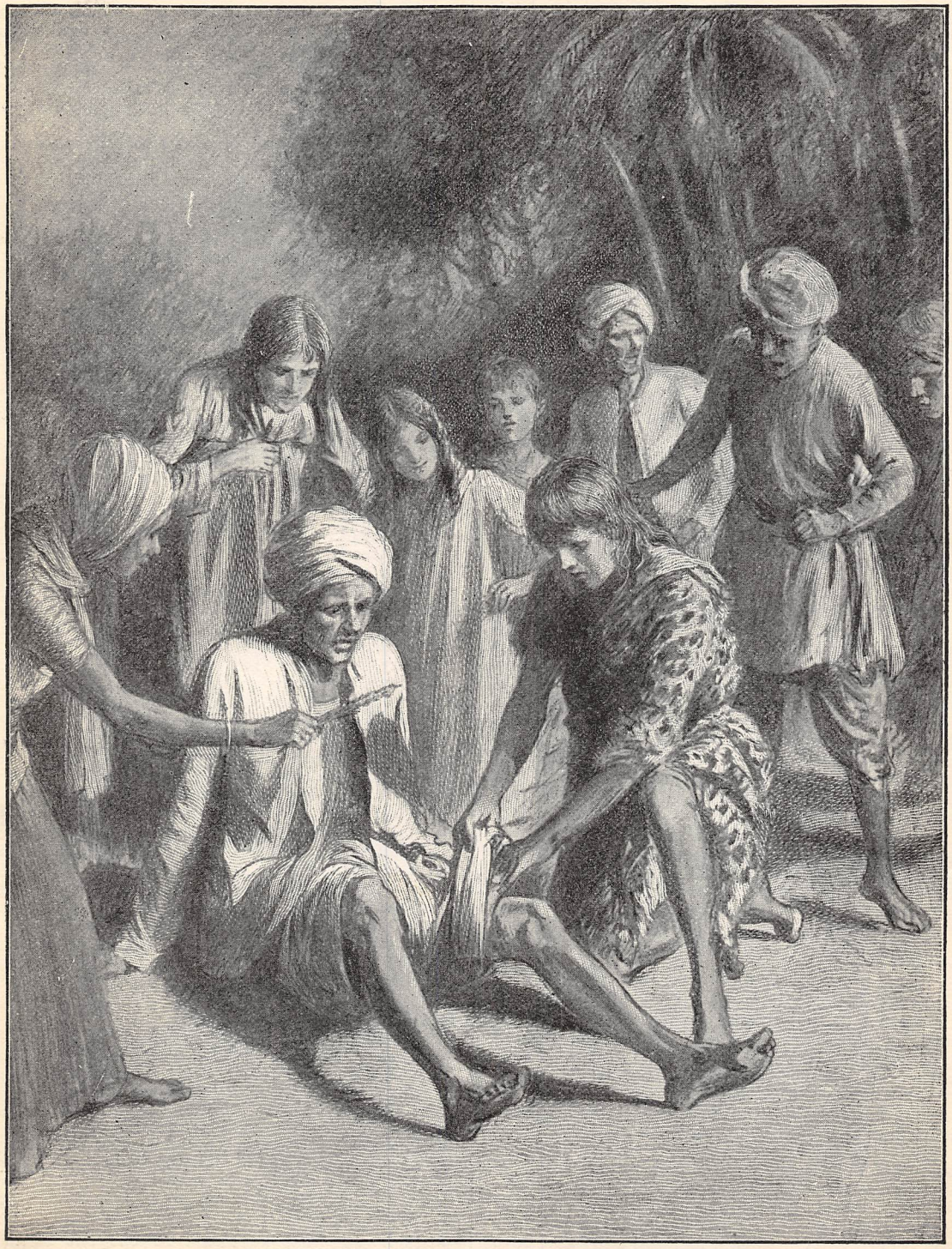
But John got the words out somehow. And then, without looking at Mary or waiting for an answer, he jumped straight out of bed, thrust his arms into the sleeves of his dressing-gown, and began to search for his shoes.

Miss Gomez and Ayah still talked shrilly. They talked so much and so loudly that they did not hear John moving about in the next room. And John was thinking so hard of what lay in front of him, and of how best he could rescue Arnold, that he did not hear a movement close beside him, and he jumped when Mary's hand touched his.

'Did you really think I should let you go alone?' she said. 'Of course, I am coming too.'

And all at once, she put her arms round his neck, hugged him close and kissed him. And John, whose boast it was that he kissed no one but Mother, kissed Mary back again.

(Continued on page 266.)



"Ayah brought a feather, and waved it over the wound."

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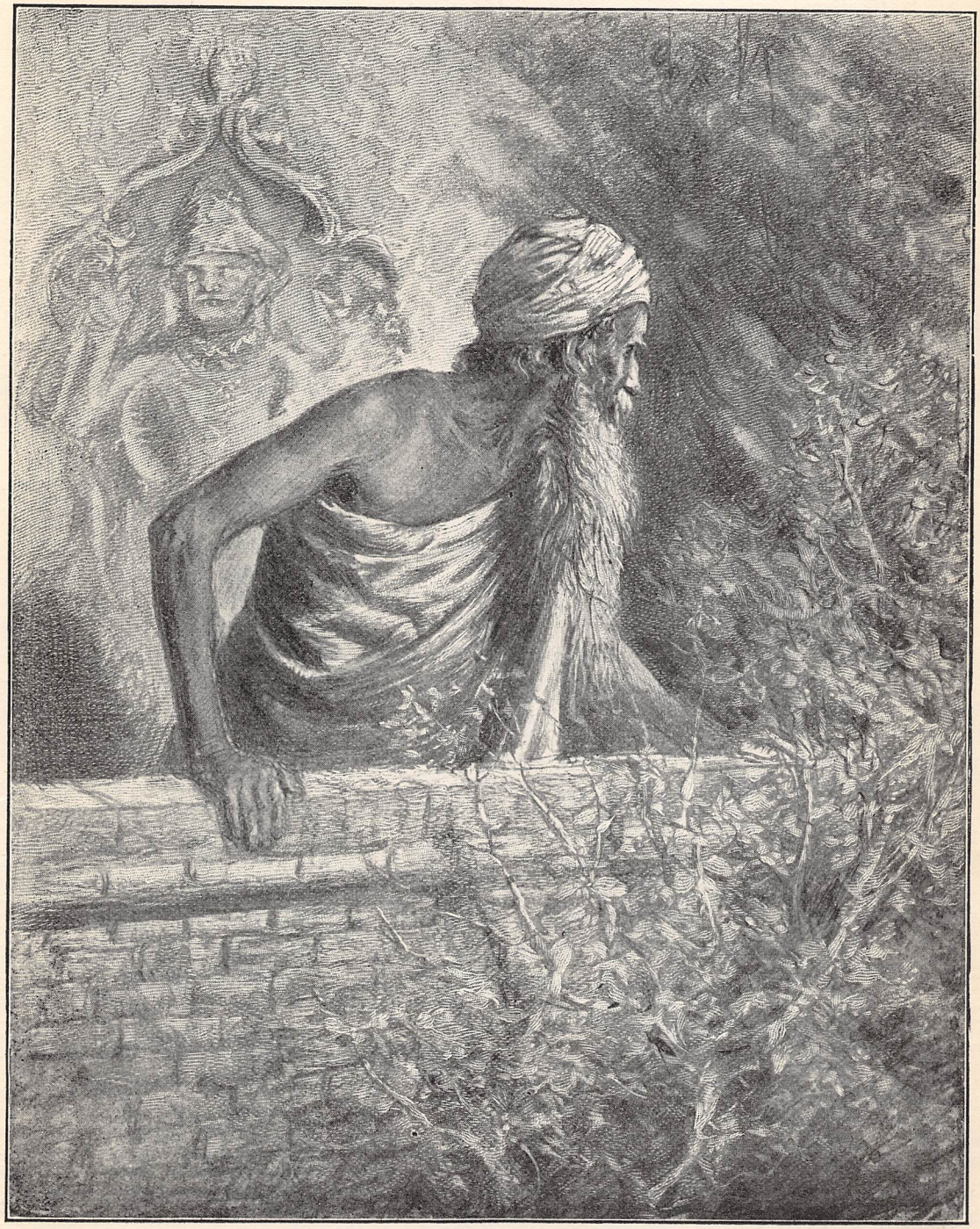


"He peered first to this side, then to that."

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 263.)

CHAPTER XXIII.

VERY reluctantly John and Mary crept forth from the bungalow and took the forest road. The life they led made them very independent, but it taught them their own limitations. They knew it was more likely they would fail than succeed in the work of rescue; yet since none other could or would undertake it immediately, it seemed to them that they must surely do so.

The expedition of the previous night stood them now in good stead. The forest by moonlight was no longer an unfamiliar thing. Their friendship with Ganesh seemed to place them on friendly terms with other of the forest creatures also. It was the priest they feared, not the wild things of the jungle. Presently John began to sing. He chose a song that Mother had taught him:

'When Fear comes knocking at the door,
Then open not to Fear;
Shoot home the bolts and turn the key,
And call your courage near.

'Fear is no friend to any man;
He takes from him his best,
He makes him blind to truth and right,
He robs him of his rest.

'Fear leaves behind him only shame
In place of what he stole;
Then bar the door on Fear, if you
Would save your manhood whole.'

And it seemed to Mary as she listened that she could hear Mother's voice saying—as one night she had said to Mary sitting on her lap, to John leaning against her shoulder—'Children, never be afraid to do right.' And Mary felt immensely comforted. Surely it was right to try to rescue Arnold—to save the baby from Tarm's fate?

'I hope that Ayah and Gummy will not find out we have gone until we are back again,' said Mary. 'They would be so frightened. They would think that the old priest had taken us too.'

It was because Mary was frightened herself and anxious about Arnold that she thought of the fear and the anxieties of Ayah and Miss Gomez. That is often the way. If you have troubles and difficulties of your own, you can understand other people's difficulties and troubles better.

'We shall have about seven miles to go altogether,' said John. 'Even if we take the short cut. Three and a half miles to the temple, three and a half miles back again, and Arnold to find as well. I expect the old priest has hidden him carefully by this time. I don't believe we shall be back before the morning.'

'Perhaps Ayah and Gummy will be so busy talking that they will not miss us for a long while,' said Mary. 'I wonder how we shall get Arnold away from the old priest, John?'

'We must watch and hide. Perhaps we can find the passage from the temple to the hut which Tarm used, and that might help us.'

'I wish Tarm were here,' Mary sighed. 'He could arrange everything so much better than we can do.'

'It's no good wishing,' said John. 'We've just got to make the best of it.'

And he began to sing again, because, when he sang, neither he nor Mary heard so plainly little rustlings in the undergrowth, nor were so likely to imagine that those rustlings were caused by something that was creeping after them.

They plodded on steadily: not very fast, but at a rate that varied little. The bedroom slippers they wore were soft and comfortable, and did not make their feet sore, as stiffer shoes might have done; and the dressing-gowns were sufficiently thick to keep out the night cold. Mary wondered if Arnold were warm also, and what the old priest would give him to eat. He could not be expected to know that Arnold was not allowed rich food, nor many sweetmeats.

'I do hope Arnold won't get ill,' she said aloud. 'From catching cold, I mean, or from eating the wrong things.'

'Oh, he will be all right,' said John hopefully. This aspect of the case did not trouble him at all. It often seemed to him that too much fuss was made over Arnold, who was now nearly three. Why, thought John, a baby camel or a kid can look after itself when it is a few days old only. It surely could not really be necessary to take such enormous care of a baby man! It would be good for Arnold, John believed, to learn how to take care of himself. But Mary, because some day she would grow into a woman, understood better how very helpless a thing is a human baby.

'I have brought Arnold's monkey with me,' she said. 'That furry monkey, you know, the one he takes to bed every night. I found it in his cot when Gummy first screamed and I ran to look for him. I thought it would help to keep Arnold quiet if he begins to scream when we find him.'

'It will be dreadful if he screams,' John agreed. 'We should never be able to hide him then, and get safely away. But, perhaps, if he has been awake for a good long time he will sleep quietly, and then we can carry him by turns.'

He sighed as he thought of carrying plump Arnold the long way home again. If only Tarm were with them, he could find Ganesh and persuade the elephant to let the whole party ride on his back. And, as John thought thus, a new plan took shape in his mind. He and Mary must first rescue Arnold, and next they must hide in some place from which they could watch the road along which Tarm would come. And when Tarm came, he should look for Ganesh, and Ganesh should take them all to the elephant valley before they returned to the camp. How splendid, not only to rescue Arnold, but to find the ivory also!

John felt so cheerful as he thought of all this that he told his plan to Mary, and she grew cheerful too. She patted Arnold's monkey, safe in the pocket of her dressing-gown. Soon she would place it in his fat little hands. How pleased he would be to see it, and his brother and sister! In this new mood Mary could not doubt that all would go well.

One by one the miles went by. The end of the first mile found Mary and John full of hope. The end of the second left them still cheerful. But, at the end of the third, the difficulties they must en-

counter loomed large again, like some huge and solid wall. The time for action was so dreadfully close; in a very little while they must reach the temple. Scarcely aware that they did so, they walked more slowly. But, even so, each step brought the end nearer. They were at the foot of the rise now on which the temple stood. The road the bullock-cart had traversed that morning kept to the low ground and skirted the base of the hill until it joined, finally, the narrow path which passed from the ford to the temple, and which Mary and John knew so well. But on this side, also, there was a path. From the hill-top the children had seen it on that morning when they bid good-bye to Chotun and Moti.

'This is the short cut—this is our way,' said John as he caught sight of the path. Reluctantly he took the first step upwards, and reluctantly Mary followed him. And then they felt as if they had passed some boundary, and as if, in consequence, it was quite impossible to go back, and at that their reluctance left them. Up they climbed, but, at first, the forest hid the temple from them, and they could not tell how soon they might reach it.

Very softly they stole forward, their felt slippers making little noise on the hard ground, the dark dressing-gowns they wore shading into the shadows. And presently the trees grew thinner and gave place to stunted bushes and bare, grey rocks. And then, perhaps twenty yards away, still and white in the moonlight above them, they saw the little temple.

And, as they looked at it, a shadow dimmed its whiteness. Round the corner of the building the old priest crept. He leant his hands on the low surrounding wall, and peered first to this side, then to that. And Mary and John, crouched in the shelter of a bush, held their breath lest he should hear them breathe.

(Continued on page 274.)

A GALLERY OF HEROES.

II.—CAPTAIN COOK.

(Continued from page 243.)

THE interest excited by Cook's discoveries was very great, but the rewards he received from his Government were a very poor return for his courage and resourcefulness and his vast additions to our knowledge. He was given very little in the way of money, and his journals—of surpassing interest—were handed over by the Admiralty to a needy playwright who wrote for the stage and who was on his beam-ends for want of money. This playwright put Cook's journals together in literary form (and not badly, it must be admitted), and disposed of them to a publisher for six thousand pounds! Of this amount neither Cook nor his wife—afterwards his widow—received one penny.

But the discovery of Australia (as the island continent was afterwards called—New South Wales was the name given to it by Cook), together with the virtual discovery of New Zealand, was so remarkable that it was decided to dispatch Cook with another expedition to search for a supposed Antarctic continent, and he was sent out in June, 1772, in command of two vessels, the Resolution and the Adventure. Owing to stupid meanness on the part of the British Admiralty, Sir Joseph Banks, who had organized a splendid scientific expedition staff, was refused the necessary accommodation on board the ships, and did not go; consequently, on Cook's second journey he was unable to contribute as much to the world's knowledge as he might have done had Sir Joseph Banks been his partner in the enterprise.

Cook's second expedition, which, among other things, was to attempt to reach the South Pole, called first of all at the Cape of Good Hope, and then sailed straight for the Antarctic region, getting amongst icebergs, over which the terrific waves of the Southern Ocean broke, even when they were sixty feet high. Yet this occurred when the Resolution and Adventure had scarcely got further south than the forty-fifth degree of south latitude. His vessels, however, dodged the icebergs, and crept on and on till they reached the southern latitude of sixty-four degrees, encountering, however, no islands such as were then thought to dot the surface of the ocean at intervals between South Africa and Antarctica. They guessed of the existence, however, of islets here and there from the abundance of seabirds of a kind which never travel far out from land. Turning their course to the eastward, Cook's ships sailed round the southern Indian Ocean till they reached the South Island of New Zealand, having been one hundred and seventeen days at sea, and sailed ten thousand nine hundred and eighty miles without once seeing land. Their joy, therefore, in landing at Dusky Bay was almost uncontrollable, especially as one of the ship's officers killed a large seal, and thus provided a small portion of fresh meat for the crews. Soon after they landed, moreover, they found that the country teemed with ducks and flightless rails, some of which were so very tame or foolish as to stand still and stare at the sailors till they were knocked down with a stick. Meanwhile, Cook's other ship, the Adventure, which had been separated from the Resolution by baffling winds in the Indian Ocean, had made her way to Tasmania; but, as already arranged, finally rejoined her sister-ship in Queen Charlotte Sound, between the two great islands of New Zealand. The two ships then made their way to Tahiti, rediscovered the Tonga archipelago, already visited by Tasman, and once more came back to New Zealand. From New Zealand, Cook made another attempt to find the Antarctic continent, and penetrated as far south as seventy-two degrees, where he was held up by the huge ice barrier, 'vast mountains of ice.'

Being now satisfied that Antarctica was more or less unattainable with the means at his command, he once more sailed north to warmer regions, and in this way rediscovered Easter Island, that had already been visited by Spaniards and Dutch (though not placed in an accurate way on any map). This small island till then was thought to be another northern projection of the Antarctic continent. Next he visited the Marquezas archipelago, and placed it accurately on the map, and from there made his way to the New Hebrides, where he performed the same services for geography. This was followed by the discovery of the large island of New Caledonia. Once more the Resolution (the Adventure having, through shortage of supplies, returned to England) made her way to New Zealand, to find, however, that the attitude of the natives in Queen Charlotte Sound had changed. They had killed and eaten a boat's crew of the Adventure, and

therefore thought Cook must have returned to punish them as they deserved. Not being sure, however, who were the culprits, he did nothing of the kind, but now made his way once more across the Pacific to the extremity of South America. He visited and surveyed the Falkland Islands, which soon afterwards became a British possession, and then he discovered the large island of South Georgia. From here he skirted this section of the Antarctic Ocean until he reached the Cape of Good Hope. He had thus examined more or less attentively the whole of the Antarctic waters of the globe, and had proved definitely that there was no such a thing as an Antarctic continent projecting beyond Polar regions, or easily attainable by the ships of his day.

(Concluded on page 274.)

CHINESE GAMES.

WHEN I first went to China, I used to think that the children had no games at all and no toys, but when the New Year holidays came round I changed my mind. New Year's Day—the Feast of the Three Beginnings—was in February that year, for the Chinese Almanack, you know, is very different from ours. During the last week or so of the Old Year there appeared in the streets little stalls, on which were sold bright-coloured masks not unlike our Guy Fawkes masks at home, but the noses were smaller and the faces much gentler in expression. On the lower shelf were mud animals covered with fur, and plaster figures and toys. On other stalls were stuffed tigers, but these were meant to be used as pillows and not toys: for in China the tiger is called 'The King of Beasts,' and there is a fancy that when turned into a pillow, he

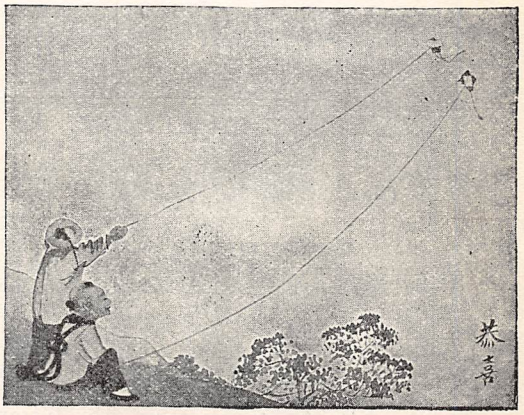
Chinese Tops (on the principle of "Diabolo").

will be able to prevent bad dreams and give good nights.

Most of the toys can be bought for very little money. A few 'cash' will go a long way. A cash is a copper coin with a big hole in the middle, and when I was in China about forty of these equalled an English penny. Not only do children play with toys in China, but old men with grey hair buy themselves kites, and even we grown-up English people bought some of the swinging tops which hum so

Playing "Horses" in China.

beautifully when they are properly worked. With us, alas! the top invariably tumbled off the string before it had begun to hum. The boys were very polite and very patient, for Chinese boys are said to be the politest in the world and the most patient, and they showed us again and again how to play with our toy; but we gave it up at last, and then the boys took to turning somersaults and standing on their heads. They seemed quite as comfortable that way up as the other. And that reminds me of all the many customs which, according to our English ideas, are upside down in China. They begin their books where ours end; they shake

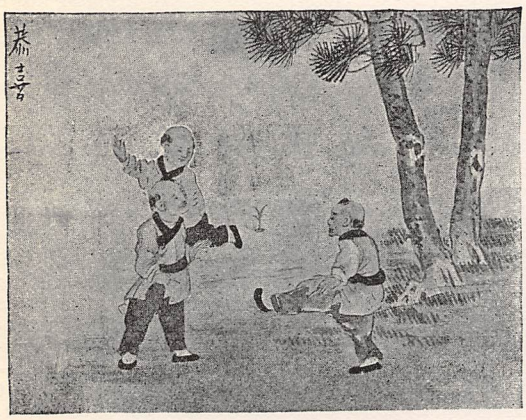


Kite-flying in China.

hands with themselves instead of with each other. In the west of China they chain up the cats and let the dogs run loose; they have dessert at the beginning of dinner instead of after it is over; they hang their tablecloths across the front of the table instead of over the top; they row with the stream instead of against it. It was hardly surprising, therefore, to see the Chinese children playing a kind of Tom Tiddler's Ground with a Tom Tiddler who spread himself on all fours and tried to trip up trespassers with his feet.

Our friends of the tops had started another game. This time they were playing at soldiers with bows

and arrows. Until a very few years ago a great many Chinese soldiers had no other weapons but these. They completed their outfit on occasions with a fan and a birdcage—the latter for luck; but as far as I know, neither the fan nor the birdcage were compulsory. The boys contented themselves with bows and arrows, being very careful to follow the old Chinese rule, 'the attitude of the bowman when discharging his shaft was of more consequence



Chinese Shuttlecock (played with the feet).

than hitting the target.' Very often in this game the arrow does not look as though it were pointed in exactly the right direction. The archers wearied of their sport after awhile, and joined the other boys for a game of horses. It takes two to make a horse in China; one does all the carrying, and the other represents the head and the forelegs. Labour is divided, and the whip is carried, not by the rider, but by a fourth boy at the back. The red

Blind Man's Buff in China.

character inscribed on his little flag stands for 'Ma,' which is the Chinese for horse.

On New Year's Day most people have big feasts. If they are wealthy, they will probably partake of such delicacies as fried silkworms, sharks' fins, and swallow-nests, in addition to all the usual dishes of fruit and fish, meat and poultry; but there are some who refuse to eat any meat at all on New Year's Day, because of a saying that 'On the Feast of the Three Beginnings, all things should live happily.'

Through the day, and most of the night, at New Year's time, the air resounds with the explosion of millions of fire-crackers. There is an old superstition which holds that a great banging and clattering will frighten away the spirits of evil. But all the boys care for is the fun of the thing—the flashing light, the deafening noise, and the wild excitement. All along the street, crackers are let off by the dozen, and those who possess guns fire them into the air. To the children the 'Feast of the Three Beginnings' means the beginning of a holiday which lasts for fifteen days, and sometimes for thirty.

'Sin Hsi! Sin Hsi! May the new joy be yours.' One hears the words over and over again on New Year's Day, and there is a feeling of something new

"Follow my Leader" in China.

and delightful in the air. There are new red lanterns hanging from the eaves of the houses, new strips of red paper with new mottoes pasted on the doors; many of the children are wearing bright red trousers and gay tunics. Red is the New Year's colour, and the shops, when they re-open, will pack all their parcels in red paper till the end of the first moon.

Our pictures were all painted by a Chinese artist.

TWO BLACKBIRDS AND A CAT.

A True Story.

WE lived in a roomy old Vicarage in the Midlands, surrounded by a large garden in which were several fine trees and evergreen bushes. A pair of blackbirds had some time back taken up their abode with us, who with their brood long carried on the family tradition, begun by the parent birds, of teasing and plaguing the Vicarage cat—a tradition so extraordinary that their game with Pussy had to be seen to be believed. True, the sounds they so often uttered on seeing Minnie—as our cat was called—were just what one is accustomed to hear from blackbirds when they spy a member of the feline tribe near them, especially during nesting-time; and at first we looked on their proceedings as meant merely to draw Puss away from their

nest of young ones in a hawthorn-tree above. But no! The young ones, when fully fledged, continued the game—alternately with their parents—throughout the summer, long after the nesting season was over, as a pure piece of fun; and the next summer it was renewed with unabated vigour.

The programme was somewhat as follows:—Minnie would lie on the drawing-room window-sill asleep in the sun until a member of the blackbird colony caught sight of her. The next moment the cry of 'Tit-tit-tit-tuk-tuk!'—accompanied by a sort of hissing sound—was heard from a tree above, and after a short time Minnie would wake up, stretch herself, arch her back, and, with a good-natured shrug, as if to say, 'Dear me, I suppose I must go out and amuse these young people!' step out on to the gravel-path below. The next moment there was a flutter of wings, two pert young blackbirds dropped on to the lawn, and the game began.

'Catch-us-if-you-can!' — 'Catch-us-if-you-can!' twittered the youngsters, dancing backwards, while Minnie stalked majestically after them, gently waving her tail upright in the air. Sometimes one of the pair, bolder than his fellow, would advance a pace or two until almost under her very nose, only to hop backwards again and continue his mischievous, chuckling cry for her to 'come on.' But Pussy never increased her dignified pace, though she could doubtless have caught one of them many a time, so near was she.

Thus they would dance round and round the small lawn under the windows until one of the parties tired of the game. Sometimes it was Minnie who would cry, 'Enough!'—notably when she caught the distant chink of teacups, when she would race anything but majestically back to the drawing-room for the saucer of milk awaiting her there. But now and then it was the blackbirds who broke up the game by suddenly and unexpectedly flying back to an adjacent chestnut-tree.

It happened one summer that an elderly relative of our family, a Miss M——, was paying us a visit along with several of our school-friends, and the day after her arrival, when Minnie came in for her milk at teatime, we told the story of the cat's strange relations with the blackbirds.

'Surely,' she said at last, 'there must be some mistake! I have heard blackbirds make a peculiar twittering sound when a cat was at hand, but of course that was solely from an impulse of fear. I can hardly believe that your birds cry out just to make the cat come out, and then drop down and persuade her to run after them.'

'Wait and see!' we cried laughingly.

She did see. The next afternoon our youthful house-party started off for an excursion, leaving Miss M—— comfortably ensconced in the drawing-room. She had decided, almost at the last moment, to remain at home owing to the great heat.

Now, it must be explained that our large, spacious entrance-hall was divided into an inner and outer compartment by a screen of glass and wood, in which was a pair of doors which could be thrown back at will. The front door leading into the garden was, of course, in the outer (and smaller) compartment, and as we trooped into the latter on our return, a merry, noisy party, the drawing-room door flew open and Miss M—— came hastily out.

'So you're back!' she cried. 'Well, it's all true—and more! I couldn't have believed it possible!'

'What is true?' we cried with one accord.

'Why, what you said about Puss and the blackbirds,' she replied. 'It was just about four o'clock, and she was lying on the window-sill, apparently asleep, when there was a peculiar, bird-like cry from the chestnut-tree at intervals. This went on for about a minute, or perhaps longer, and then the cat got up, stretched herself, and slowly dropped down on to the gravel-walk below. The next thing I saw was a pair of impudent-looking blackbirds—this year's, I should say, judging by their glossy plumage—dancing backwards down the lawn, beaks open and wings outspread, the cat stalking after them.

'They went up and down two or three times, and then one of them suddenly flew into a tree, upon which the cat disappeared. I had watched them with great interest, as you may imagine, and when the game seemed to be over I came out of the drawing-room to fetch my hat, meaning to sit under the chestnut-tree till Jane brought out my tea. What was my amazement to see through the glass screen, as I was crossing the inner hall, the game still in full swing between the cat and the remaining blackbird inside the house! The pert little creature was dancing backwards round the outer hall—they had evidently come in through the open front door—twittering a challenge to the cat to catch it, while she stalked leisurely after it, gently twitching her tail backwards and forwards.

'I watched them breathlessly, not daring to proceed for fear of disturbing the pretty tableau, and then—there was a clatter of crockery—Jane came up the path with the tea-tray—Pussy bolted suddenly through the open door to make sure of her saucer of milk, and Master Blackbird rejoined his fellow in the chestnut-tree. I thought what a pity it was that Percy was not at hand with his camera!'

Adela Hall.

TREES OF THE HOMELAND.

VI.—THE WILLOW.

WILLOWS love the running water—
Down the meadows you may see
How they follow up the river,
Hanging o'er it lovingly;

O'er its banks their slender branches
Droop, with graceful swinging leaves.
Round this friendship, idle fancy
Many a tender story weaves.

Here the warblers sing of summer,
'Neath the boughs the swallows skim;
Mayflies o'er the water hover,
Dancing till the light grows dim.

Many a fish beneath the willow
Waits to see his supper fall,
Wondering as he waits with patience,
'Will the swallows eat them all?'

When the summer sun is roasting,
Fields are parched and flowers fade,
All is fresh beside the river,
In the Weeping Willow's shade.

E. M. Haines.

LITTLE KINGS AND QUEENS.

III.—PEDRO THE CRUEL.

YOU must have noticed in history that, especially in the old days, people used to call their kings and queens by different nicknames, to describe their characters and appearance. Thus, we had a Richard Coeur de Lion and a William Rufus in England, besides many others, and in French history we find a Philip le Bel, a Robert the Pious, and a Charles the Bold. But perhaps the most terrible of all the names earned by kings is that which was borne by the young monarch of whom I am about to tell you, Pedro the Cruel, of Castile.

It is not only people who have lived since who called this Spanish king by such a dreadful nickname. Froissart, the famous writer of those days, says that he was 'so cruel, so without shame, that all his men feared, doubted, and hated him, so far as they durst.'

This was when he was grown up. When Pedro first came to the throne, he was only a wilful, unhappy boy, who had been very unkindly and unfairly treated; and so perhaps it was not altogether his fault if, later on, he deserved that terrible name of 'Cruel.'

Pedro was born in 1334, just a few years after our own Edward, the Black Prince, who afterwards fought to help him. His father, Alfonso XI. of Castile, was a far better king than parent. Although Pedro was his eldest son and heir to the throne, he neglected him from the time that he was quite tiny. The little boy saw his younger half-brothers raised above him in every way, and treated as though they were far more important. The courtiers followed their king's example, as courtiers will. When they saw how Alfonso spoilt and indulged the little twin Princes, Don Fadrique and Don Henry, and eight-year-old Don Tello, they did the same. And when they saw the Infante (or Crown Prince) Pedro scorned and neglected, they did the same again, slighting him and mocking at him in every way.

It was only natural that the boy should become bitter and jealous; but the thing which hurt him most happened when he was rather more than thirteen years old. King Alfonso was preparing to go to war with the rebellious town of Gibraltar, and Pedro longed to accompany him. He was a strong, tall boy for his age and a fine rider. Indeed, at this time, he would be on horseback for hours and hours at a time, until both himself and the animal he rode were quite tired out.

Pedro longed to go to the wars more than anything, and he begged his father for permission to accompany him. But the King would not hear of it, and commanded the boy to go to a lonely castle, attended only by a few courtiers too old or infirm to fight. What was more cruel still, he took with him the ten-year-old twin boys, Fadrique and Henry, making them, young as they were, captains in the Castilian army.

Before they started, they raced into the room where Pedro sat, lonely and miserable; they were dressed in full armour all inlaid with silver and gold and with little swords at their sides. Laughing and excited, the boys mocked at their despised half-brother, who was to stay behind with the women. Just imagine how bitterly ashamed Pedro must have been; I scarcely think it can be wondered at that his jealousy grew into a real hatred for these younger and more favoured brothers.

Then, quite suddenly and unexpectedly, Alfonso died in the camp before Gibraltar, and Pedro became King of Castile at fifteen years of age.

The boy had never been properly educated for his position; he knew nothing whatever about his duties, or how he should rule himself, far less the people whom he was to govern. In consequence, each one of the Castilian nobles resolved that he himself would become the King's adviser and ruler. One of the most powerful of these nobles was Juan de Albuquerque, and he made haste to appoint, for the young King's household, men who were his own servants and would obey him.

Then Pedro fell dangerously ill of a most terrible fever, and for a long time nobody thought that he could possibly recover. This made the rebellious nobles still more unruly, and Albuquerque collected an army to control them, thereby making himself more powerful than ever.

After all, Pedro recovered, but he did not attempt to take any part in the government of his country. He spent his time in riding, hawking, and hunting, without troubling in the least whether his ministers were doing good or bad acts in his name. And some of those acts were so wicked that it is no wonder that the people, who did not know how helpless the boy-king was, began already to call him 'the Cruel.'

It was in Pedro's name, just as though he had ordered it, that Albuquerque ordered the execution of the mother of the King's young half-brothers, although Pedro himself was only told that she had died suddenly. In fact, Albuquerque used the young King just like a ventriloquist's puppet, making him say and do exactly what he pleased.

Another story will show this. In the town of Burgos there was a very powerful noble, named Garcilasso de la Vega, who had opposed Albuquerque and stood in his way. Accordingly Albuquerque made Pedro go to Burgos and summon Garcilasso to come before him. When the old nobleman came, he found the boy-king seated on a throne, surrounded by servants who all wore armour and weapons underneath the festival gowns which concealed them.

No sooner were the doors of the hall closed than Albuquerque ordered these soldiers to seize Garcilasso.

The Captain of the Guard hesitated and whispered to Pedro, 'Sire, do you command me? I cannot act without your orders.'

Then the King repeated the words which Albuquerque had taught him, exactly as a child repeats a lesson: 'Arrest Garcilasso.'

He was obeyed, and the brave old noble was led out into a courtyard. Again Albuquerque gave orders that Garcilasso should be executed, and again the captain refused to obey and appealed to the King; and once again the boy repeated in the same parrot-like way, 'Kill Garcilasso!'

This cruel order was at once obeyed, and it was in this fashion that the wretched young King was forced to rule by his advisers, even when the acts commanded were quite against his own wishes.

It is no wonder that in after years, as a man, he behaved as he had been forced to do as a boy, and earned from his subjects that terrible title of 'the Cruel.'

V. M. M.

"The boys mocked at their despised half-brother."

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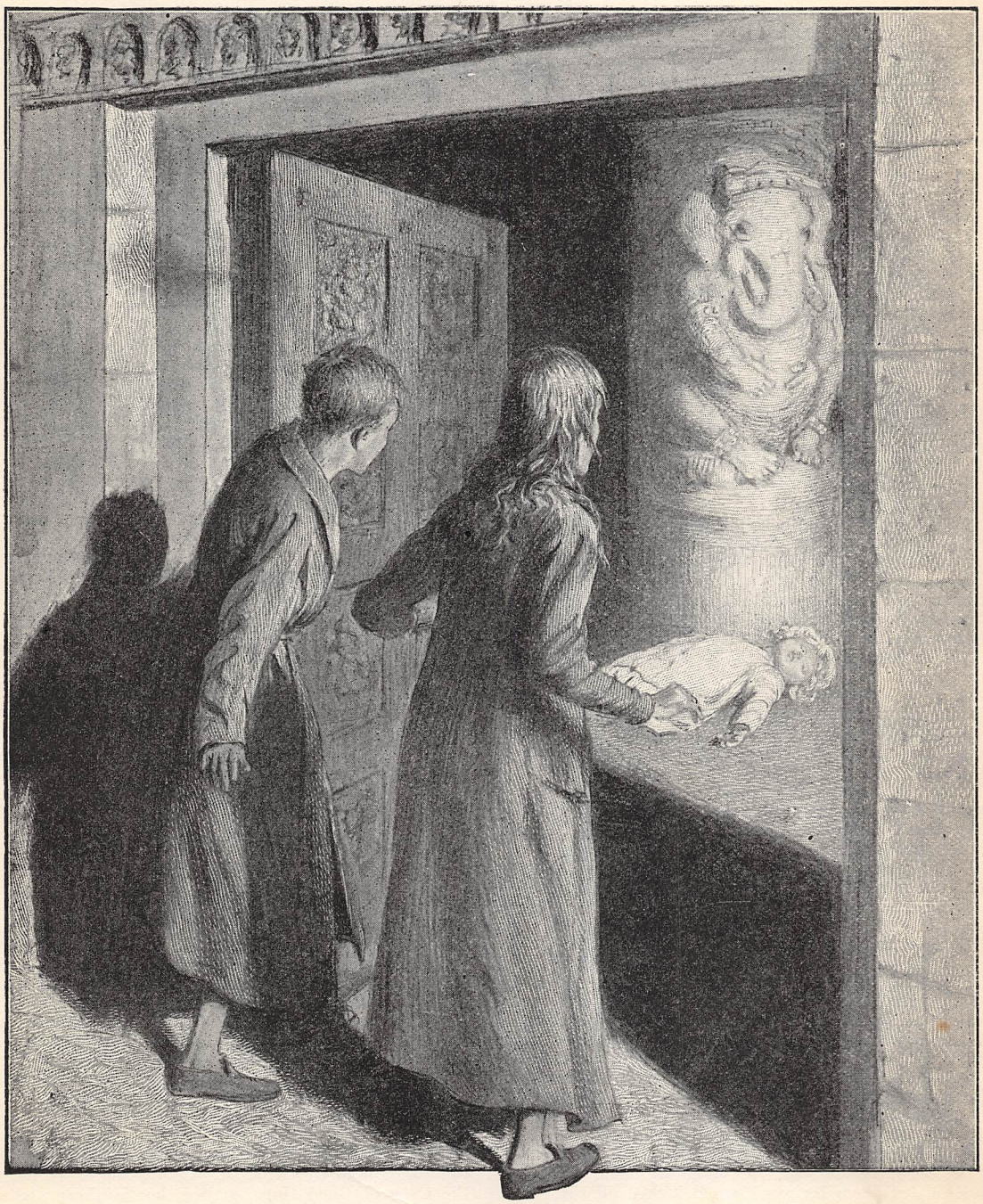


"At the foot of the image lay baby Arnold, fast asleep."

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 267.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE old priest stood listening, his hands on the wall, for a period that seemed immensely long. Mary and John could see him so plainly, they felt convinced at first that he must surely see them also. But, perhaps, they were more securely hidden than they believed. Or, perhaps, the priest's old eyes were very dim with age, for presently he straightened himself and moved away as though he were completely satisfied.

Very slowly he walked towards the temple until the curve of the wall hid him from sight. But Mary and John could still hear the sound of his footsteps as he descended the path which led towards his hut. He was wearing shoes that plainly were too large for him, for they made a clopping sound as they slipped from off his heel and on to the hard ground. Clop, clop, they went, and each clop grew fainter.

Mary and John waited until the sound had ceased completely; until the only sounds which disturbed the night silence were the hoot of a little owl in a tree close to the temple, the rustle of the leaves of that tree, and the flutter-flutter of the flag on the flagstaff. Then, and not until then, they began to creep slowly upwards again. Very carefully they moved, so that they should dislodge no stone to rattle down the hillside and give warning of their presence. They tried to remember all that Julfu had taught them about stepping softly, and all that they had learnt by watching Tarm in the forest—Tarm who could move as though he were part of the forest itself.

But such caution made progress very slow, and it was long before the temple wall was reached. This was quite low, but was built of loose stones, and it was impossible to climb it without noise. Mary and John therefore crept round the wall until they found the opening by which those who came to worship entered.

'We will look inside the temple first,' John whispered. He put his lips so close to Mary's ear that his breath tickled her cheek. 'If Arnold is not there, then we must go to the hut.'

Up the steps they crawled, crouching low, making themselves as small as possible, that their dark figures might not show too plainly against the whiteness of the temple. At the top of the steps was a little platform. This was used as a resting-place by those who must wait before they could be admitted within to pay their homage to the god. It was empty now of worshippers; but, in its very centre, midway between the temple door and the steps, lay a small object. And, at sight of this, Mary forgot caution. She pounced on it, and held it up towards John. 'It is one of Arnold's socks,' she whispered. So glad was she to see it that she kissed it, and there was a lump in her throat as she did so, and John found no fault with the kiss nor with the gulp that followed it.

He, also, remembered those socks well. Mother had knitted them because Arnold kicked off the bedclothes so often at night, and then his feet got cold. John had argued at the time that Arnold ought not to be coddled, but ought to be hardened instead. But Mother only laughed and went on knitting the socks, and Father laughed too and said, 'Never mind, John. You and I will make a man of Arnold in time. Mother would like to treat every one of us as babies.'

John thought of this as he stood on the temple platform and looked at the little sock, and to think of it helped him a great deal, so that, though every moment was precious, it was by no means wasted time.

'Would you like to stay here, Mary,' he whispered, 'and I will go inside and bring Arnold out?'

But Mary's only answer was to shake her head vigorously; and, strangely enough, she did not think at that moment of the old priest, nor feel afraid that he might be hiding just on the other side of the temple door, his sharp knife in his hand, having crept thither through the passage. She only felt in a hurry to get to Arnold, and to pull the sock again over his little cold foot.

John put his hand on the latch of the temple door. It was a heavy door made of dark wood and carved in panels, with iron nails studding the corners of each panel. It opened inwards, and John pushed at it, but at first it would not yield. Then he and Mary pushed together, and slowly, very slowly, the door opened to them.

It was dark inside the temple, save for the moonlight which found its way through one narrow window and the open door. It was a desolate place, and it was almost empty except for a figure of Ganesh, the Hindu god with his elephant head and twisted limbs, and a pedestal of stone on which Tarm was wont to sit. There was nothing else save the one all-important object for which Mary and John were seeking. In the path of the moonlight, at the foot of the image, lay baby Arnold, fast asleep.

He lay on his back, his arms outstretched, his yellow curls shining like gold against the dark earth floor. The sockless foot was crossed over the other, and thus he rested, all unaware that he had been snatched from his home, from his people, from all who loved him.

(Continued on page 287.)

A GALLERY OF HEROES.

II.—CAPTAIN COOK.

(Concluded from page 268.)

AFTER his return to England, in 1775, Cook was made a post-captain, and given an appointment which brought in the miserable salary of two hundred pounds a year. But the Admiralty very soon decided to resume the British exploration of the Pacific Ocean, and in 1776 Cook was again appointed to command the Resolution, to which was added a smaller consort, the Discovery.

The principal object of this expedition was quite the opposite of his second voyage. It was to explore the north-west Pacific coast of America, and find out if there was any sea passage free from blocking ice between Asia and America and between the Pacific and the Atlantic. Cook's route lay round the Cape of Good Hope, across the Southern Indian Ocean (where he discovered such of the island groups as had not been already revealed by French

explorers), past Tasmania to New Zealand and Tahiti. Sailing northwards from Tahiti, he discovered, in January, 1778, a new Pacific land, the archipelago of Hawaii. He then continued his journey to the coast of what is now British Columbia. He explored that and the confines of the great peninsula of Alaska, passed through Behring's Straits, and entered the Arctic Ocean, suggesting, if not proving, that North America had no land connection with any North Polar continent, if there were such. Returning south again, to relieve the sufferings of his frost-bitten crews, Cook decided to make another stay at the Sandwich Islands (as he called what we now know as Hawaii). Here, in an utterly unforeseen manner, he met his death in a miserable skirmish on the island of Hawaii on February 14th, 1779. A party of the crew of the Resolution had landed to get fresh water. They became involved in some quarrels with suspicious natives, and Cook in going to their rescue was killed.

James Cook remains the most remarkable figure in the past history of Australasia. As regards the magnitude of his discoveries, he was the greatest of British navigators, for he not only solved nearly all the mysteries of the Pacific Ocean, and definitely placed on the map all its islands and archipelagoes except Fiji, but he did so with singularly little hardship to his crews, whose health he studied with the utmost care. Though entirely self-educated, he was a man of remarkable shrewdness in his observations and accuracy in his descriptions. The books composed from his journals read like those of modern travellers. No doubt such results were largely due to the influence of the equally remarkable Sir Joseph Banks; yet Banks, of course, had nothing to do with Cook's supreme skill as a ship-navigator and an astronomical observer. Cook stands in the first rank of the world's heroes. It is, therefore, interesting to remember that he rose from being the son of a Yorkshire farm-labourer and a boy serving out groceries in a village shop to becoming the commander of ships which performed voyages far more wonderful than those of Columbus, and which revealed to the knowledge of science the coasts of the Arctic and Antarctic Oceans, the continent of Australia, the Dominion of New Zealand, and most of the islands and archipelagoes of the Pacific Ocean.

Sir Harry Johnstone.

BRAVE LITTLE SHEILA.

THERE was a settlement of Swedes in the wilds of Labrador. A passing trapper left a message that a woman and child were lying very ill at a camp about fifty miles away, and went on his journey. In the settlement there was a medical missionary, who was giving the best he had to these poor folk. When he heard the message, he said to the natives, who were standing about, 'I must go—a woman's life is at stake, and a little child's.'

The men answered, 'None here know the way. The trapper only left a few directions. The cold is terrible. No man could take such a trip at this season, and get through, unless he had a guide who knew the way. You will die in the wilds.'

'I must go,' said the doctor, who had heard in the depths of his soul Christ's call to service. 'Men, it is a woman and her child—I must try to save them.'

So, while the men looked at him helplessly, the doctor packed his medicines, his instruments, his simple supply of food, and put his dogs to the sled. Then one of the natives said, 'My dog, Sheila, once made that trip three years ago. I will let her go to lead your team. If you trust her and she lives, I believe she will get you there.'

So the little shaggy Sheila was brought out and hitched at the front, with the other stout, shaggy fellows behind her; and putting his trust in God, and in the little dog that He had sent for his guide, the missionary started; and straight across the wild wastes of snow the plucky little dog led the team. For mile after mile she kept on her way, going on and on, even when she staggered from weariness, and her feet were so cut with the ice that her steps left tracks of blood on the snow.

And after many hours the little dog guided the doctor to the trading station—worn out, almost frozen, but ready to help—and two lives were saved that night, a mother's and her child's. And when a big, rough Swede broke down next morning as he told the doctor how grateful he was, the doctor brushed his hand across his eyes as he answered, 'I only came. A dog did the work. Sheila found the way. Sheila with her cut feet and aching body brought me. Man, you owe your wife's life, your child's life, to God first, and then to the dog He sent to guide me.'

J. E. C.

A PASTIME OF THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY.

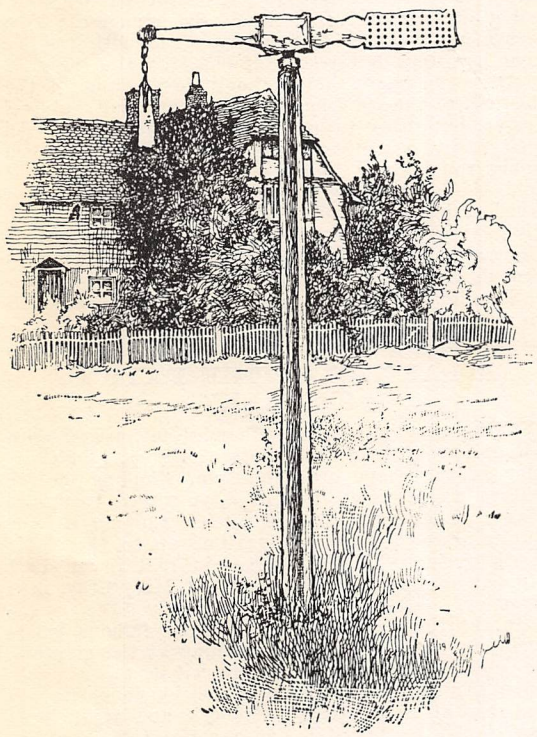
THE pretty village of Offham, Kent, possesses a curious relic of the sports of the days of Chivalry in the shape of a quintain, standing on the village green, where, no doubt, it served to amuse many generations of youths, for running at the quintain was a favourite pastime up to the eighteenth century. It was revived in 1891 for a short time at another Kentish village, St. Mary Cray, near Bromley.

In the times of Chivalry, with its famous jousts and tournaments, riding or running at the quintain, or 'quintel,' as some old writers call it, was a highly popular military exercise, practised by young men in order to attain swiftness, strength, and accuracy of eye, for it needed skill and practice to be able to direct the lance, sword, or stick so as to strike the shield, or effigy, placed at one side of the cross-bar, and get out of the way before the quintain had time to swing round and deal the player a severe blow on the back—if it did not throw him violently to the ground, an accident which was considered disgraceful, and attracted the ridicule of the spectators.

Tilting at a quintain was not only a good training for soldiers, but was one of the many forms of mock-battles in which knights indulged at the jousts and tournaments of the Middle Ages.

Some say it was named after a Roman named 'Quintas,' or 'Quinctus,' who invented the pastime, but this is quite uncertain, although the game was well known in Rome, for in a code of laws established by the Emperor Justinian, it is mentioned as a popular sport, which was allowed to be continued on condition that it should be played with pointless spears. A Roman writer, named Vegetius, says that this kind of mock fight was a great favourite with young soldiers, who practised it twice a day, in the morning and at noon, using clubs and javelins of a

specially heavy kind, and fighting at the quintain as if they were opposing a real enemy. The Roman form of quintain was often known as 'the pel,' or 'post-quintain,' the post, or pel, being six feet in height above the ground, fixed so firmly that it could not be dislodged by the violent blows aimed at it. The players attacked the 'pel,' armed with swords and shields, as if it were a living foe, aiming blows as if at the head, face, arms, and so on, taking care all the time to keep themselves covered by their own shields, so as not to give any advantage if their antagonist were alive. The post-quintain does not



The Quintain at Offham.

seem to have swung round, as the later kinds did; the earliest forms of quintain were nothing more than a post, or tree-trunk, set up for beginners in the arts of war or chivalry to practise upon.

Later on, a staff, or spear, was stuck in the ground, and a shield hung upon it, the object being to strike the shield so as to break the fastenings and bring it down.

Then the game was further improved, and, instead of a staff and shield, a human figure carved in wood was introduced; in the days of the Crusades this often represented a Turk, or Saracen, fully armed, a shield on his left arm; a club, sword, or long Turkish scimitar in his right hand. This quintain was fixed on a pivot, which moved round easily. The horseman rode full tilt at it, directing his lance so as to strike the Turk's face, for if the blow fell wide of this, hitting the shield, the quintain swung round, and he got a severe blow from the wooden sabre, or club, which usually unhorsed him. When several knights were engaged at 'running at the Saracen,' the winner was declared from the number of strokes he made and their position—if he struck between the eyes, it counted three; a blow on the nose was two, and a stroke on the chin counted one; no other strokes scored, and the competitor who struck the shield, spinning the quintain round, was not allowed to run again that day.

Youths also ran at the quintain on foot; this was the form of the pastime indulged in by country lads. The village quintain was often provided with a shield at one end, and a bag of sand at the other; unless the shield were struck in the proper place, the bar swung round, and the player was knocked down by the bag, amid the laughter of his companions.

Fitzstephen, describing the sports of Londoners in the thirteenth century, says youths were fond of playing at water-quintain in the Easter holidays. A shield was placed on a mast, fixed firmly in the bed of the Thames, and a boat was rowed swiftly towards it, while a young fellow, standing in the prow, tried to strike the shield with a lance, the object being to break the weapon without being thrown down. If the lance did not break, he was sure to be thrown into the water, while the boat shot ahead; men stationed in other boats near the quintain rescued him from the river. Old London Bridge, the wharves, and houses near the Thames were crowded with eager spectators.

Matthew Paris tells us how youthful Londoners in the reign of Henry III. rode at a land-quintain, a peacock being the prize. In 1254 some of the King's servants went from the Court at Westminster to the City to see them, and treated the citizens so rudely that a brawl followed, in which the royal domestics were well beaten. The King, most unjustly, considering the provocation his servants had given, fined the City a thousand marks.

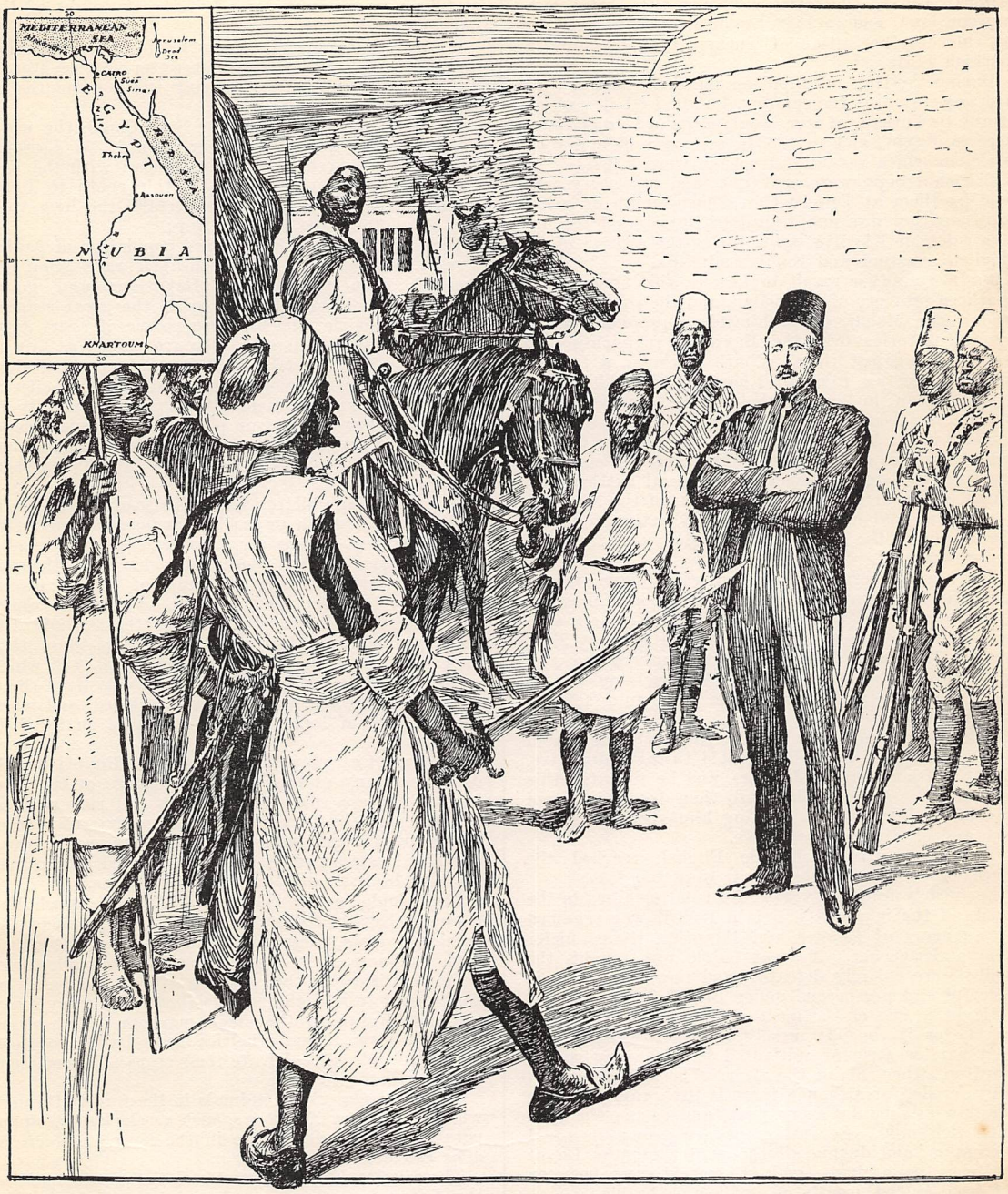
The quintain was a favourite pastime both in summer and winter; it was an old Christmas sport, and was quite a feature of country weddings. In 1575, when Queen Elizabeth visited Kenilworth Castle, she saw 'a solemn country bridal, when in the Castle was set up a comely quintain for feats of arms.' The bridegroom rode first, and 'broke his spear very boldly,' though he was almost unhorsed owing to his steed's stumbling. Then the rest of the band joined in—'tag and rag, cut and long tail,' as we are told, and a very rough and boisterous contest followed.

M. E. Sargent.

ROUND THE WORLD WITH THE UNION JACK.

VI—EGYPT AND THE SUDAN.

SOUTH of the Mediterranean Sea stretches the coast of Africa, and this great district is divided into Morocco, which is still an independent native state; the French colony of Algeria; Tunis, under French protection; Tripoli, where Italy has lately established herself; and Egypt. This last country was till recently, in name, a province of Turkey, but for many years it had been occupied by an English army and ruled by an English governor; and during the Great War of 1914-15 England declared it a British Protectorate. Below Egypt is the huge land of desert and tropical forests, which is called the Sudan,



"Gordon refused to go."

and this also may now be considered as part of the British Empire.

As every one knows, Egypt was civilised in very early times, and in the pages of the Old Testament we find its kings and its armies mentioned again and again.

The nation was one of the most powerful in the world, and the marvellous temples, pyramids, pictures, and statues, which still remain, show us how far her people had advanced in art, science, and wisdom.

More than a thousand years ago, however, the might of Egypt began to decline, and the country was invaded in turn by Persian, Greek, and Roman

armies. During the seventh century the Arabs overran the land, and in 1538 Egypt was bequeathed by its ruler to the Sultan of Turkey, thus becoming a Turkish State.

During the time of Napoleon the French for a time had possession of the country, but in 1801 it was restored to Turkey. Later, England gained great influence in Egypt, and in 1882 a serious rebellion took place, in which several Europeans were killed.

British troops were sent out, and a victory was won by them at Tel-el-Kebir. Thenceforth an army of occupation was maintained in Egypt, and the native ruler, or Khedive, acted under the control of an English governor and English advisers.

In 1883 another revolt broke out, this time in the southern province of the Sudan, and the rebels, whose leader, the Mahdi, called himself a prophet, gained several victories over the Egyptian regiments who were sent against them. Charles Gordon, a famous English General, went to Khartum, the chief town of the Sudan, in hopes of being able to make peace, but he was besieged in the city by the fierce Arab soldiers under the Mahdi. For many months Gordon held Khartum, and a relief expedition was sent out from England to his assistance. Several battles were fought in the desert and on the banks of the Nile, but before the goal could be reached Khartum fell into the hands of the enemy, and Gordon was treacherously murdered.

The brave general could himself easily have escaped from the town, but he refused to desert his followers. The tragedy has been described by native eye-witnesses, who tell how, before sunrise on January 27th, Gordon, hearing that the rebels had entered the city, came out of his house and seated himself quietly on a chair at the gate. With him were four soldiers carrying rifles.

A Sheikh galloped up with a party of Arabs, and told Gordon that he had been told to take him alive. The Englishman refused to go, and he repeated this refusal three times. The Arab then drew his sword and killed him, Gordon looking him straight in the face and offering no resistance.

Two days afterwards the English reached the place, only to learn that they were too late.

For nearly fourteen years Khartum remained in the hands of the insurgents, but in 1898 it was regained by an army of English and Egyptian troops under General Kitchener. A great battle was fought, the Arabs were entirely defeated, and now the Sudan is peaceful and prosperous under British rule.

Egypt is one of the most curious countries in the world, for it consists merely of the Nile delta and of a narrow strip of cultivated land running southward on either side of the river. The soil is wonderfully fertile, for although there is little rain, the Nile overflows its banks every year, and covers the land with rich mud. Several crops are grown in rapid succession, and during all the winter months Egypt stretches like a vivid streak of emerald green between the bare golden deserts of Lydia and Arabia.

There are many towns on the banks of the river. From the capital Cairo, which is situated at the south of the delta country, to Aswan far away on the border of the Sudan. Among the most interesting of these towns are Assiut and Luxor, the latter being built on the site of the ancient city, Thebes. Here may be seen the ruins of some of the great temples for which Egypt was famous thousands of years ago, and here, too, are the wonderful rock tombs of the old Pharaohs.

At Aswan a huge dam was built across the Nile, and a reservoir formed, so that water may be stored, and the country irrigated during the dry months of the year.

To the east of Egypt is the Suez Canal, the work of a famous French engineer named De Lesseps. This canal connects the Mediterranean with the Red Sea, and vessels can travel by this route to India instead of being obliged to undertake the long voyage round the Cape of Good Hope.

Egypt is inhabited by a mixed population of Arabs, Turks, Negroes, and Copts—the last race being descended from the ancient Egyptians—and going through the streets of Cairo or of the great seaport town, Alexandria, one may see people of every type and colour, from Bedouins, who are almost as fair as Europeans, to the jet-black Nubians from the Sudan.

Children swarm everywhere in an Egyptian city or village, and we see them either playing happily in the sand, quarrelling over pieces of ripe sugar-cane, or crowding round strangers with outstretched hands, and the constant cry, 'Baksheesh!' (a gift) on their smiling lips.

The Egyptian children have plenty of amusements, and, at a native fair or market, swings and quaintly-made merry-go-rounds are always to be seen, besides the sweetmeat-seller, who pushes his way through the noisy crowds with his tray of sticky wares. There are toys too, and, strange to say, the rough clay animals and other playthings that delight the little people of to-day are exactly like those that have been found among the ancient ruins, and which were treasured by the boys and girls who lived thousands of years ago, when Pharaoh reigned, and when the Children of Israel worked as slaves on the Nile banks.

Life is not all play, however, for the Egyptian children, for many of the boys have charge of the donkeys which are ridden by tourists and rich natives, and the girls begin very early to carry water from the river in great jars, which they balance skilfully on their heads, or carry about black-eyed babies that seem to be little smaller than themselves.

The people in the Northern Sudan are much like those in Egypt, but away in the south, among the tropical forests, there are savage tribes about whom little is known. In former days the terrible slave trade flourished in this part of Africa, and bands of Arabs used to raid the negro villages and carry away the inhabitants to the slave markets of Khartum. Now, however, these cruelties have been abolished, and the people can cultivate their crops and tend their cattle without fear.

There are many wild animals in the forests through which the Upper Nile flows, such as elephants, hippopotami, and giraffes, while in the river itself crocodiles can often be seen.

The religion both of Egypt and the greater part of the Sudan is Mohammedan, and in every town are mosques with their tall minarets. The Copts, however, are Christians, and although they dress like the other natives, these people can be generally known by the little cross which is tattooed on their wrists or foreheads.

The Copts have been Christians ever since St. Mark preached in Alexandria, and traces of their old churches and monasteries can be seen all over Egypt.

TREASURE HUNTING AT SEA.

IT would be impossible to form even the vaguest estimate of the amount of gold which has sunk at sea from time to time. Certain it is, however, that millions of pounds' worth of gold and other treasure lie scattered beneath the blue waters of the ocean where they sank with the good ships that carried them. Indeed, in some of those spots which have been justly termed the ocean 'graveyards' of the world, we know for a fact that huge sums of treasure lie; but owing to the great depth of the water in some cases, or the treacherous currents which exist in the neighbourhood in others, no diver can ever hope to raise them.

Probably the largest sum ever sunk at sea lies in Vigo Bay. It was there that thirty Spanish galleons were sunk by the order of their commander, in order to escape being captured by the British Fleet in the seventeenth century. Gold and silver to the value of no less than £30,000,000 is said to have been on board these galleons at the time, and in spite of the fact that efforts have been at various intervals made to recover the treasure, the divers have only succeeded in raising about £600,000. It is owing to the depth of the water in the Bay that the operations have not been more successful, the men only being able to remain at the bottom for a few minutes.

Another vast amount of treasure lies at the mouth of the Zuyder Zee, where, on October 10th, 1799, the French frigate Lutine sank, her entire crew being lost, with the exception of two. In her holds at the time of the disaster were Spanish coins to the value of £1,200,000, of which about £198,000 has since been recovered. Of late years, however, vast quantities of sand have accumulated on the decks of the ill-fated vessel, and it is now estimated that she lies at least twenty feet below the bed of the ocean. But this treasure will not be allowed to remain many years longer in its present position. Some little while ago a salvage steamer left London, fitted with the latest machinery, for the scene of the disaster. Already some six hundred thousand tons of sand have been removed from the vessel's decks, and there is little doubt that in a short time the sea will be made to disgorge the treasure which it has kept for the last one hundred and sixteen years.

But there is treasure at the bottom of the sea which no one can ever hope to recover. It was at the time of the Indian Mutiny that the transport Grosvenor, laden with gold and precious stones, sank off the Pondoland coast with all hands. Not only is the water too deep at this point to admit of successful salvage operations, but the vessel is now known to have sunk deep into the sand, and the spot is also completely overgrown with kelp—the term given to the great forests which flourish at the bottom of the ocean. Many fortunes have been lost in the waters that wash the shores of the African continent at various times. It was off the coast of Zululand, for instance, that the barque Dorothea, on which President Kruger fled, foundered. Treasure to the value of £500,000 was said to be on board at the time, but owing to the depth of the water it is extremely unlikely that any attempts will ever be made to recover this sum.

Of late years, however, the sea has been made to surrender much of the treasure it has claimed for itself. Perhaps the most interesting case on record where treasure has been recovered from a sunken vessel is that of the Alphonse XII., which sank with £70,000 on board. At the spot where the vessel foundered the water was about one hundred and seventy feet deep, and in consequence the salvage operations were rendered very difficult. Owing to the terrific pressure the divers were only able to work on the wreck for a few minutes at a time, and were obliged to ascend so slowly that it was a very long time before they reached the surface. Much of the wreck had to be removed with dynamite before the treasure could be reached.

Not many years ago, too, treasure to the value of £50,000 was recovered from the wreck of the Hamilla Mitchell, which foundered near Shanghai. Not only is the water of considerable depth at this point, but during the salvage operations the divers were constantly surprised by the visits of native pirate vessels, which on more than one occasion threatened to attack them.

One of the largest sums ever recovered from the sea was the £750,000 which was raised some little while ago from the wreck of the ill-fated Oceana, which foundered off Eastbourne. Some years ago, however, £300,000 was recovered from the wreck of the Malabar, and the £120,000 which was on board the Queen Elizabeth at the time she foundered has also been recovered.

A. E. D.

TRUST.

THE ducklings on a sunny noon
Went waddling round the farm;
Cried Mother Hen, as they went forth,
In accents of alarm:—

'Don't risk your precious little lives,
By roaming far, my dears!'
The downy ducklings bade good-bye,
All heedless of her fears.

They waddled round about the fields,
They swam the meadow pond,
And tempting morsels there they found —
Of dainties they were fond!

And then, before they toddled home
('Twas nearly time for tea),
They paid a call on Mr. Trust—
The farmer's dog was he.

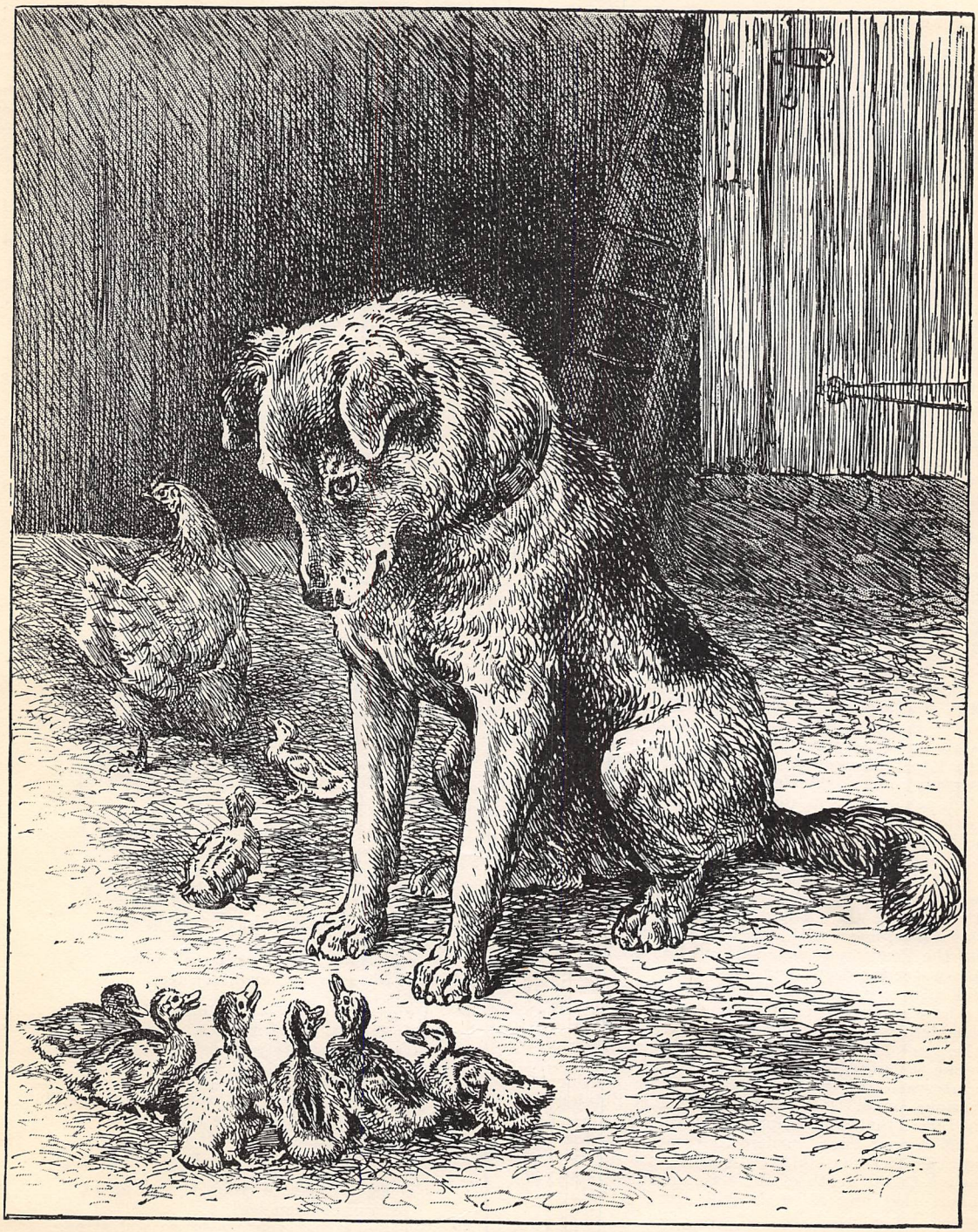
No burglar in the darkest night
Might ever venture near;
He guarded well his master's farm,
With ne'er a thought of fear.

He gazed upon the ducklings all;
In kindly tones said he,
'I wonder now, my little dears,
You're not afraid of me!'

'Why should we fear?' quacked Downy Fluff;
'You wouldn't eat us up,
Nor chase us round about the fields,
Like Snap, that horrid pup!'

'You're worthy of your honest name,
As any one can see;
We know that you are brave and strong,
Yet gentle as can be!'

Marian Isabel Hurrell.



"'I wonder, now, my little dears,
You're not afraid of me.'"

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"The dog broke into a gallop."

THREE MISCREANTS.

'IT is disgraceful—quite disgraceful, and you will all spend the afternoon writing copies up here, instead of playing in the garden.'

As Miss Sharp concluded her rebuke she glanced severely at the three crestfallen faces round the schoolroom table, then walking slowly out of the door, shut it securely behind her.

There was silence until the sound of her footsteps had died away; then Toby pushed back his chair, and jumped up angrily.

'Old beast!' he exclaimed.

'It's a shame,' said Ben, 'just because we had a lark, instead of doing our prep.'

'I call it mean,' asserted Elsie, hotly, 'but let's get the copy-books and do them off quickly; then we can play games.'

The idea met with approval, and for the next few minutes, as the three heads were bent over the table, the silence was only broken by the scratching of pens, and occasional exclamations of annoyance.

Then Toby suddenly sprang to his feet, and threw down his pen beside the unfinished copy.

'I have it! A splendid idea!' he exclaimed, excitedly. 'We will have a ripping afternoon after all!'

Elsie and Ben looked up expectantly, and Toby seated himself on the edge of the table, as he proceeded to disclose his plan.

'I read about it in a book,' he began. 'Some children did it, and they had a balcony overhanging the road, just like this one.'

'Did what?' asked Elsie, eagerly.

'Tied a purse to the end of a string, and let it go right down on to the pavement. Don't you see what fun it would be? Every one would try to pick it up, and then just as they were stooping to get it, you'd pull it right away!'

'What a sell!' laughed Ben. 'Come on, let's do it now, and finish off the copies later.'

'We haven't a purse,' put in Elsie, suddenly; 'and we daren't go and get one.'

'We have though—that's what put the idea into my head,' rejoined Toby. 'Look!' He held up a familiar velvet bag. 'Miss Sharp left this on the chair, and I know her purse is inside, because she put it back after lunch, when she gave us the stamp paper.'

Before Elsie and Ben could recover from their astonishment, he had plunged his hand into the bag, and brought a substantial leather purse to light.

'Now for a string!' cried Ben, excitedly. 'Here, on my kite! Give us a knife to cut it.'

'Aren't you going to take the money out?' asked Elsie, in an awe-struck voice.

'Of course not, silly,' replied Toby. 'The fatter and heavier it is, the better. Who wants to pick up an empty purse?'

The string proved too thick, so a length of black thread from Elsie's work-basket was used instead, and before many minutes had passed the purse was lying temptingly on the pavement of the street below, while the three laughing, excited children crouched together on the balcony.

At first the game was a great success. Several people came along the pavement, and all in turn stooped to pick up the purse, and then saw it suddenly hoisted out of their reach.

Some of them looked up smilingly at the balcony, as they heard smothered giggles, and others frowned with annoyance and hurried along their way.

A quarter of an hour had passed when Elsie clutched Ben's arm in sudden terror.

'Pull it up, quick! Here's the Emersons' dog!' she cried.

Ben gave the string a hasty jerk.

'Toby, it's stuck!' he exclaimed in an anxious voice.

The big greyhound was sniffing gratefully at the new plaything, and Toby seized the thread from his brother's hand in some alarm. He gave it a hard pull, and as it suddenly snapped, Elsie echoed Ben's cry of horror. Gyp had taken the purse between his teeth, and was already making his way down the pavement.

In an instant Toby darted back into the schoolroom, and with Elsie and Ben at his heels, scampered madly through the house and into the road. The dog had not gone far, and was trotting along in a leisurely way, but when he heard the racing feet behind him he broke into a gallop, and was soon round the corner and out of sight.

'Perhaps he will stop at the drinking-trough,' panted Toby, taking a fresh spurt, and urging the others onward.

Elsie's legs were aching, and her breath came in short gasps, as she struggled manfully to keep up with her brothers. The road seemed endless, and she was beginning to wonder how much longer she could go on, when a distant sound made all three children pause with horror. It came from the direction of the turning Gyp had taken, and was the unmistakable noise of a dog-fight.

Toby's feet seemed winged, so quickly did he cover the distance to the fatal corner—then he came to a sudden standstill, and stared with wide horrified eyes at the scene before him.

Gyp and two other dogs were entangled in a fierce conflict, and between them were tearing at something which he guessed in a minute must be Miss Sharp's purse. Coins rolled in every direction, and several boys who had joined the fray were picking them up with exclamations of delight.

'Stop! stop!' gasped Toby, frantically. 'Drop it, Gyp! Drop it!' His words fell unheeded, and in desperation he ran towards the confused mass of dogs, and struggled to take the purse from them.

'Look out!' called a boy, 'keep off!' But his warning came too late, and when Elsie and Ben appeared round the corner, they found Toby triumphantly clasping the remains of Miss Sharp's purse in one hand; but his other hand was bleeding from a bad bite. Ben opened his mouth to speak, but the words died on his lips as he suddenly caught sight of a tall figure striding rapidly along the road towards them.

A minute later Miss Sharp had joined the little group.

Elsie never forgot the surprise of what happened after that. Instead of being angry at the story of the escapade, the governess hardly listened to it, and only seemed anxious to hear about the dog-fight. There was no scolding for any of them, and she did not seem to notice that the children were hatless and coatless, and had disobeyed all her orders. She would not even let Toby pick up the money that had fallen from her purse, but hailed a passing cab, and, as the

astonished children climbed inside, Ben heard her say, 'Dr. Benson's.'

It was not till after tea that evening that Mother explained everything to them, and the three faces were very grave as they listened.

'If it had not been for Miss Sharp,' she said, 'Toby might have been very ill. A dog-bite is a serious thing, but her taking him at once to Dr. Benson's has saved him from further trouble. I am sure this will make you feel very sorry and ashamed of your naughtiness and disobedience to her.' Mrs. Wentworth paused as she looked at the red, downcast faces. 'She never told me that the purse contained money,' she went on, 'till I questioned her about it. Then I found that there was three and sixpence in it, and only a shilling has been recovered. There must be no pocket-money till that has been paid up—and there will be a new purse to buy as well.'

'I will give her the purse out of my birthday money,' put in Toby, 'because it was mostly my fault.'

Elsie's eyes were full of tears, and Ben coughed uncomfortably a good many times. It was a terrible disappointment to know that their plans for fireworks on Guy Fawkes' Day would have to be given up, but all three children knew that the punishment was well deserved.

'I'm going down to Miss Sharp's room,' said Toby, suddenly, 'to—to say I'm sorry.'

Elsie and Ben followed him, and as they ran back to the schoolroom some minutes later, Toby said aloud what was in all their minds:

'She's been jolly sporting about it—and I'm never going to be disobedient again.' V. V.

AN EXPERIMENT WITH A BICYCLE PUMP.

WHEN air in a confined space is suddenly subjected to pressure, a considerable amount of heat is developed. This can easily be proved by means of an ordinary brass cycle pump. Grasp the end of the barrel with the left hand, closing the hole at the end with a finger, and work the pump vigorously. At each stroke of the piston, the air being unable to escape is compressed, and soon the barrel becomes uncomfortably hot. The heat developed in this way would be sufficient to set fire to phosphorus or kindle tinder if these materials were placed within the barrel. It is not suggested that phosphorus should actually be used, as it is a substance that requires very careful handling.

COOKERY IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

A TRAVELLER who has recently been lecturing on Central Africa mentioned some articles of food which we should be very much astonished to see on our tables. Included in the list are the stewed trunk of an elephant, roast rhinoceros' foot, roast wild donkey, and stewed monkey. Roast water-rat is eaten with head, tail, and all. Boiled hippo tongue is stewed for forty-eight hours, in order to make it sufficiently tender. Perhaps the most curious dish of all was that provided by a chief as a state delicacy. This may be described as a sort of Central African whitebait. It consisted of thousands of white ants, frizzled in their own fat.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

10.—CHARADE.

I.

I trace thee o'er the woody glade,
Or through the sylvan grove;
I mark a poet's life of shade
Made brighter by thy love;
I dine where thou art in the bill,
With graces all thine own,
For those who prize thee, do so still
For something all thine own.

II.

I touch thee, thou art smooth and cold,
Or thou art warm and kind;
To tell a tale, to sing, to scold
I needs thy help must find.
O'er thee is pour'd the flowing bowl—
Be it of milk or wine—
Thou art allowed to every soul,
And therefore thou art mine.

The whole no one can e'er desire—
It is disfigurement:
But, having it, we shall require
To try to be content. C. J.

(Answer on page 323.)

ANSWER TO RIDDLE ON PAGE 255.

A Ramrod.

THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY.

WE had played in the meadows the long day through,
And pic-nicked under the whispering tree;
O wide green meadow where daisies grew,
Half-hidden by grass that reached the knee!

Round by the side the white road crept,
Leading, we said, to Fairyland;
Along it the knights of Arthur swept,
Or wearily crawled a pilgrim band.

But the sun was turning towards the West,
And we drowsily lazed in the great tree's shade;
Knights and fairies had passed to rest,
And the dragon slept in his ambuscade.

Then somewhere out of the world beyond,
Where Avalon's turrets touched the sky,
The fifes and drums with their magic wand
Swept up and the tramp of feet drew nigh.

So we stood at the edge of the dusty road,
Four of us, eager and flushed of face;
Watching the red-clad knights who strode
To the rattle of drums with their swinging pace

They were going, we knew, to right some wrong;
To fight with the Picts and Scots, maybe;
And they carried our hearts as they swept along,
And we watched them vanishing dismally.

I followed them in my dreams that night,
Long they had waited for me to come;
And all night long as I led the fight,
I heard the magic of fife and drum.

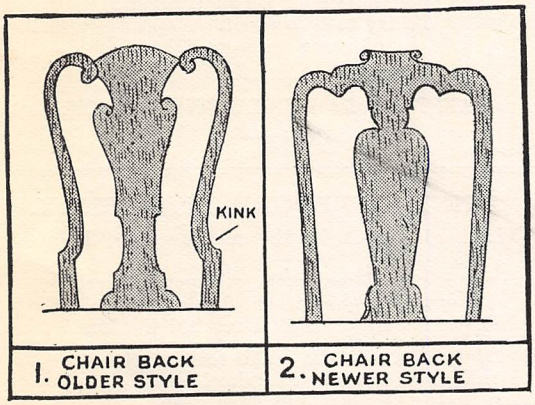
Stephen Southwold.

THE ROMANCE OF OLD FURNITURE.

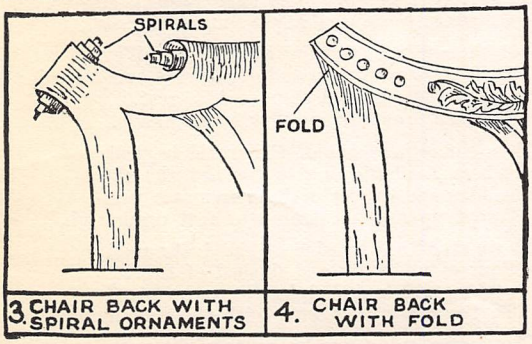
IX.—CHIPPENDALE AND HIS WORK.

UP to now I have followed the fashions of furniture as influenced by the wood chiefly in use, and having reviewed oak and walnut, we have now reached the mahogany period. But I propose henceforth to deal largely with the styles of furniture as influenced by certain celebrated cabinet-makers, for by this time (the eighteenth century) the art of designing and producing furniture had taken a very prominent place, and there were cabinet-makers who held high positions in the land.

For many years after the reign of Queen Anne there was no really definite style of furniture; all kinds of foreign influences came to the land, and things got very mixed up. George I. was a German and his tastes were German, so that English trades did not get much help from him! We have seen how many varieties of Queen Anne furniture there were, until the main idea was hardly to be recognised at all, so decorated did it become. Well, this kind of thing went on until about 1735, when a great cabinet-maker began to exert his influence on London society—I refer to Thomas Chippendale. He was



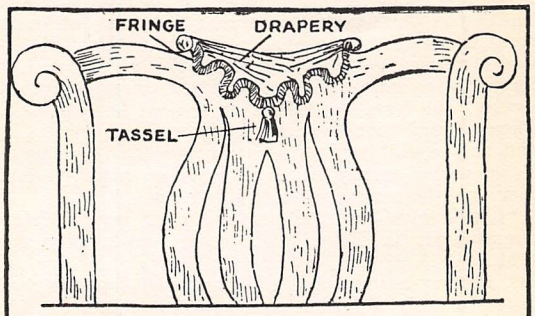
1. CHAIR BACK OLDER STYLE
2. CHAIR BACK NEWER STYLE



3. CHAIR BACK WITH SPIRAL ORNAMENTS
4. CHAIR BACK WITH FOLD

born in the old-world city of Worcester, where he worked with his father, who was a joiner and frame-maker. The exact date of their coming to London is not known for a certainty, but it was somewhere between 1720-1727. About 1735, Thomas Chippendale the younger took a workshop in a street off Long Acre. Here he and his workmen did much good work, he working with his men as well as producing the designs. Then, in 1753, he removed to more important premises in St. Martin's Lane—not far from Charing Cross.

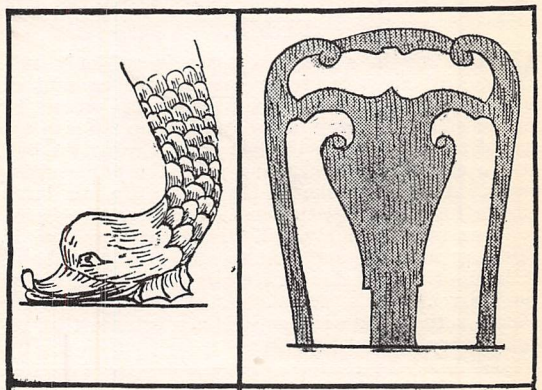
In 1756 he published a book of designs for furniture, called The Gentleman's and Cabinet Maker's Director. Now this appears to have been the first book of its kind, and copies were quickly bought up by people interested in the subject: particularly, of course, by cabinet-makers, so that they could make



5. CHAIR BACK CARVED TO IMITATE DRAPERY

from the designs of this celebrated man. Of course in these days there would have been 'copyright' to protect Chippendale from imitators, but the law in this respect was at that time very faulty.

Now, this wonderful book (you see rare copies sometimes now—collectors are always trying to get hold of them) contained hundreds of working drawings of all kinds of furniture, pieces that Chippendale wanted to make and did make in many instances, for pieces now exist which are exactly like the illustra-



6. DOLPHIN CHAIR FOOT
7. DOUBLE RAILED HOOP CHAIR BACK

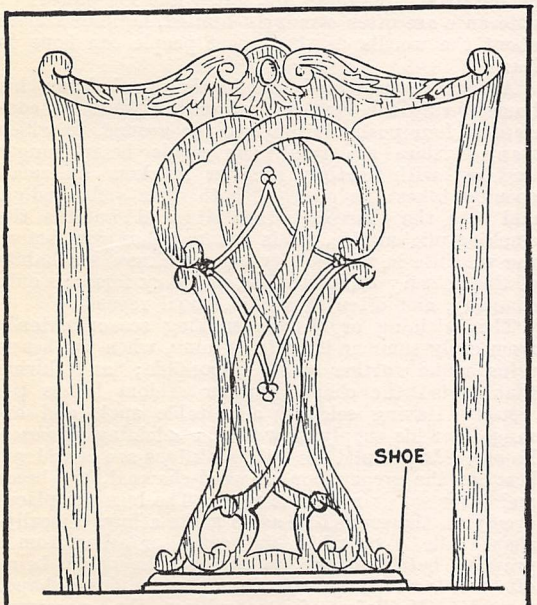
tions in this book; but it was really a sort of trade catalogue of possible pieces from which clients could select their designs. You know all our great furnishing firms have wonderful illustrated catalogues, and if you want them to make you a piece of furniture specially, they would show you their catalogue, and you would choose what you would like: perhaps legs like this, the back like that, and so on—not necessarily copying any one piece in its entirety. Naturally, Chippendale would try to influence his clients to his own way of thinking as far as he could, and as his opinion became highly esteemed, gradually he

was able to establish his style so completely that it took his name, and is known to-day as 'Chippendale.'

But what I want you to realise is this, that, if a person says to you, 'That chair is Chippendale,' you must not think that Thomas Chippendale made that chair himself, or even that it was made in his workshop under his eye, for quite possibly he never saw it, or was even dead when it was made! That chair is most likely 'in the style of Chippendale.' As a matter of fact, however, there are plenty of specimens of his own work, or made in his workshops, because the bills for them now exist, and family records speak of his visits to houses concerning the orders. Most books on antique furniture have copies of some of these bills, and they are very quaint reading, giving a good idea of the cost of things in those days.

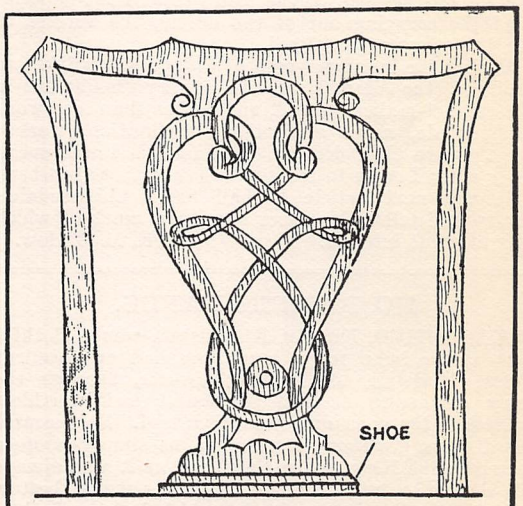
Chippendale died in 1779; his affairs were in a fearful muddle, for he was no business man. The business was carried on for a time by his book-keeper and his son, but it was a failure, because the inventive genius had gone.

In telling you something of his style, I will begin, as usual, with chairs. I will first of all give some small details which altered about this time. The hoop-back remained, but the little 'kink' in the side uprights disappeared. Figs. 1 and 2 give the old and the new style. The tops of many chairs became flat-



8. STRAP WORK CHAIR BACK (CHIPPENDALE STYLE)

ter, and a new feature was introduced into the back rail, known as the 'spiral back' (fig. 3). This did not last long, for the excellent reason that the spirals were so brittle that they broke off! Then came a sort of folded effect, as shown in fig. 4, and this in one form or another lasted for many years. Then about the middle of the century a curious fashion came in: in the middle of the back where the cresting used to be was a piece of carving in imitation of a small drapery with fringe and tassels (fig. 5). It is not known how this idea came about, but it seems to suggest to me the careful housewife grasping the chair with a duster! A dolphin head was a new form of foot at this time (fig. 6), the scales often extending some way up the leg. Chair-legs remained cabriole, with the various decorations of masks, ca-



9. STRAP WORK CHAIR BACK (CHIPPENDALE STYLE)

bochon, acanthus, as already described (see pages 109, 253). A curious feature of the gilded period which existed in the higher circles of society for many years was, that however much they gilded all parts of furniture, they rarely, if ever, gilded the lion or paw and ball feet. If gilding was intended they used other decorations, so that it seemed as though the monarch of the forests in his grandeur and strength stopped the hand of the gilder. Fig. 7 shows a form of chair-back somewhat common about this period—it is called a double-railed hoop-back. It was mainly popular among the middle class.

Chippendale introduced a perforation of the splats of chairs, which was very pleasing. The general vase-like outline of the central splat remained the same, but he carved it into graceful intertwining strap-work. The curves were so graceful, and the spaces left so beautifully proportioned, that I never tire of sketching their various intricacies.

Mahogany was absolutely suitable to this sort of work, and Chippendale used it almost exclusively. Figs. 8 and 9 are two examples of characteristic backs of this period. I do not say 'they were made by Chippendale,' but 'they are in his style.' Fig. 8 shows the whole back of a chair, and I want to call your attention to a new feature: the splat, instead of fitting directly into the back rail of the seat, is on a little moulded ledge, this is known as a 'shoe.' Chippendale made for all classes, but it has been noticed by those who make a study of these things that his earlier work was his best. This seems strange in a way, but it is accounted for by the fact that, as his fame spread, he was sought out by all

the great people of the time to furnish their houses or to advise them in the matter. Consequently he had not the time even to be in the workshops to superintend the making, therefore much of the delicate touch of his style was lost. This is often the case in a business where one man or woman is the presiding genius; as the business extends workmen and women must be engaged to carry out the orders, but unless the head of the firm can at least superintend the carrying out of the orders, the success of the business is short-lived.

During the last few years of Chippendale's life two brothers (the Adams) came to be very fashionable in the cabinet-makers' world, and rather than lose work Chippendale, much against his inclination, worked for them to their designs. But of this I will speak later when I come to tell somewhat of these brothers.

In my next article I shall finish Chippendale's chairs, and tell of his other furniture, much of which was of great interest. E. M. Barlow.

NO BARREN LANDS.

MAHOMMED, King of Khouristan, was a slothful prince, who for a long time had an excellent Prime Minister. At length, however, through the envy and spite of some dishonest and worthless courtiers, the good man was dismissed. He accepted his dismissal without complaint; he simply wrote a letter to the King, requesting that, as it was always his desire to be useful, his Highness would bestow upon him some barren lands, which he promised to cultivate.

Mahommed, forced to esteem a man who, he knew, had served him with rare fidelity, granted this request, and ordered that search should be made throughout his realm for some uncultivated estates. But none were to be found. In the whole happy land of Khouristan there existed not one destitute person, not one uncultivated field! So the King sent a message to his former Vizier, stating that he had no barren lands to give him, and asking him to accept instead a portion of cultivated land.

'I desire nothing more,' was the ex-Minister's reply, 'than the great pleasure which this message gives me. I confess that I wished my master to know in what condition I had left his kingdom. May my successors follow my example!'

Upon receiving this answer, the King, who, though lazy, had some sense, saw how foolish he had been to get rid of such a jewel of a Vizier. At once he reinstated the man, whose splendid testimonial it was that in the country committed to his charge he had left no waste land! E. D.

THE CHARCOAL-BURNER.

IT sometimes happens that, when walking through a wood or crossing some more remote heath, towards the close of the year, one comes across a long, oval-shaped patch thickly covered with white flaky ashes, where both turf and bramble have been destroyed. At first the spot appears to have been the scene of some camp-fire months before, but on closer inspection the shape of the burnt portion dismisses this suggestion. It is undoubtedly the site where one of the few remaining charcoal-burners pitched his camp the previous season, and carried on his ancient trade. Not so many years ago the charcoal-burner was a familiar figure in our woodlands, but the modern methods of producing this form of carbon have served to drive him from our midst. Much of the burnt-wood charcoal used in this country to-day is produced during the distillation of acetic acid, and that prepared in this way is considered preferable for use in the manufacture of gunpowder. But in countries where wood is plentiful and coal scarce, the charcoal-burning industry is still an important one. Indeed, during the summer months it is almost impossible to go through the French or Austrian woodlands without meeting numbers of those who pursue this strange calling, guarding their earthen kilns.

Yet even in these islands the charcoal-burning industry is not completely extinct. Here and there a solitary burner manages to eke out a living. It is usually in the south, amidst the oak woods, that he is found. He pitches his camp in the densest part of the forest, far away from the beaten track, and were it not for the sweet smell of the slowly-smouldering wood it would be impossible to locate his haunts. But the odour penetrates the forest, and this, together with the white wreathing smoke that proceeds from the stack and mingles with the branches, betrays his presence. He is generally an old man whose hair has whitened with age, while his face is gnarled from exposure to many seasons; but he has lived a natural life, and while his powers of utterance are often strangely limited, he knows more about the woodlands than most people can hope to learn.

A rudely-constructed hut in the wood forms his home during the greater part of the year. It consists of four posts, driven into the ground, to which many withies are fixed, the whole being snugly thatched with heather, ling, or bracken. A small opening takes the place of both door and window, and here the charcoal-burner sits and watches the smoking pile outside. It is not long, however, before the wild life in the vicinity come to know the habits of this solitary forest-dweller, and they form his only company, and often share his frugal repasts.

The calcining or charcoal-making season extends from early summer till late autumn, when the heavy rains make further work impossible; and during that period the charcoal-burner seldom leaves the woods. Having selected a suitable spot, and arranged for his supply of wood for calcining purposes, he proceeds to build his hut. Oak logs are considered best for the preparation of wood-charcoal, but beech and other woods are often used. The logs are placed evenly on the ground so as to make a low, conically-shaped pile, upon which fine earth, or ashes from a previous batch of logs, is thrown, the whole being afterwards turfed so as to form a green, dome-shaped mound. Methods of controlling the necessary draught vary considerably among different burners, and it is only after years of experience that they are able to regulate the supply of air to such a nicety that the wood is burnt evenly throughout the entire stack. Most burners, however, after having turfed the pile, proceed to make a number of holes at the base, and a large central one at the top, which, in addition to acting as a chimney, also enables the stack to be lit with ease.

Dried bracken and underwood are now thrust into the opening, and this, when lit, produces sufficient heat to set the uppermost logs aglow. A curling

trail of smoke at once issues from the central opening, and for the next few days the charcoal-burner keeps constant guard over the stack. While the smoke is thick and white, the calcining process is proceeding satisfactorily, but the moment it becomes thin, or if blue, sulphurous-looking flames rise from the chimney, he knows that combustion is going on too rapidly, and that if it is not checked, this particular batch of wood will be ruined. But where the work is successful, the gentle glow slowly extends in every direction, till the heat thus generated is so great that the turf withers on the outside of the stack. With this change the charcoal-burner knows that the process is finished; he promptly closes up the holes with turf, so as to prevent further combustion, and leaves the stack to cool. A week or so elapses before the turf is removed and the stack taken to pieces. A few of the logs, perhaps, still remain hot, but sand or water is speedily thrown over them and the glowing extinguished.

With the approach of winter the charcoal-burner leaves the woods in favour of the town, but while he spends most of his time visiting his own particular markets, the life proves sadly irksome to him. Even in these days there is still a slight demand for this primitively-produced burnt-wood charcoal, but it lies chiefly with the great chemical houses, and it is here that the few remaining members of this picturesque but fast-dying industry dispose of their products.

A. E. D.

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 274.)

MARY and John looked first at Arnold, and then around the temple. They could scarcely believe that they had attained their object so easily, that it but remained to take the baby and to find some safe hiding-place until Tarm should come. Surely the old priest must be crouching now to spring on them. But only bare walls met their eyes: bare walls and empty shadows.

And then Mary was on her knees beside Arnold, drawing the sock over his foot very gently, so that she might not wake him. But John was not entirely content, and he crept round the temple, searching for the passage which he knew existed, and by which the old priest might yet come, or of which they themselves might have need.

Very gently Mary did her work, but her fingers were cold, and clumsy in consequence. They slipped as she straightened the sock into place. They touched Arnold's leg, and at the chilly touch he woke. And, as he did so, he realised that he was lying not on his own soft bed, but on something desperately hard and desperately uncomfortable; that he was in a strange room, a room he did not like; and that everything was very wrong indeed with his world.

And, as he realised all this, he opened his mouth, and from it came a most tremendous scream—a scream which Arnold did his best to make worthy of so dreadful an occasion. He followed it with another scream, with a succession of screams to which there seemed no probable, possible end.

'Oh, Arnold, don't cry,' Mary implored, as she put her arms round him. She pressed his little head against her shoulder so that she might thus, perhaps, deaden the noise. 'John, shut the door quickly. Arnold, stop crying, or the priest will come.'

But, since it seemed to Arnold that nothing could be more dreadful than his present sufferings, he only screamed the louder.

'Make him stop—make him stop!' John urged as he ran across the temple and shut the door. 'If he does not stop, the noise will certainly wake the old priest and we shall all be killed.'

'Stop, Arnold, stop!' Mary repeated. She pressed the furry monkey into his hands; but he flung it away and continued to scream, and, in despair, Mary shook him at last. But this did more harm than good, and merely added fresh fuel to his indignation. His screams grew yet more piercing, yet more frequent, until at last, exhausted, he paused for breath. And, in the silence of that pause, Mary and John heard distinctly the sound of footsteps ascending the hill-path.

CHAPTER XXV.

'Now the priest will kill us,' said John. He spoke in so solemn a voice that Arnold, his mouth rounded for a new succession of screams, cuddled up against Mary and did not scream at all.

Mary did not answer. She just sat waiting. She was not even frightened, because fear seemed now so entirely useless a thing. They must just wait and then the old priest would come in, and then, as John said, he would kill them. Not Arnold, perhaps, because he wanted Arnold, but John and herself.

Up the path came the footsteps, and now there was a hand on the door. John ceased to hunt for the passage and came and stood beside Mary and Arnold.

'Would you like to be killed before me or after me, Mary?' he said. 'I can ask the priest to do it whichever way you like best.'

'First, please,' said Mary, and then the door opened. Not slowly, as it had opened for the children, but quickly, impelled by a strong hand. And, in the doorway, clear in the moonlight, stood—not the old priest, but Tarm. Tarm clad in his leopard skins, his bow in his hand.

'Tarm!' Mary cried and ran towards him, and John ran too. They each caught hold of one of his hands and talked very fast because they were so happy. It was so good to feel that they were not to die directly. And Arnold sat on the floor at the foot of the image of Ganesh and sucked his thumb while he tried very hard to understand.

'And now we will go home again,' Mary finished. 'Let us start immediately before the old priest wakes and finds us.'

'I think he is already awake,' said Tarm. 'I saw that there was a light in the hut as I passed. I heard the sound of some one moving.'

He was standing in the centre of the temple, and Mary and John still held his hands. But, all at once, Tarm wheeled round in the direction of the door, and, as he did so, that door was drawn to. There came the sound of a bolt shot into place; and, in another moment, at the narrow window appeared the face of the old priest. He was smiling and chuckling a little as though he considered he had done something rather clever.

(Continued on page 290.)

"There came the sound of a bolt shot into place."

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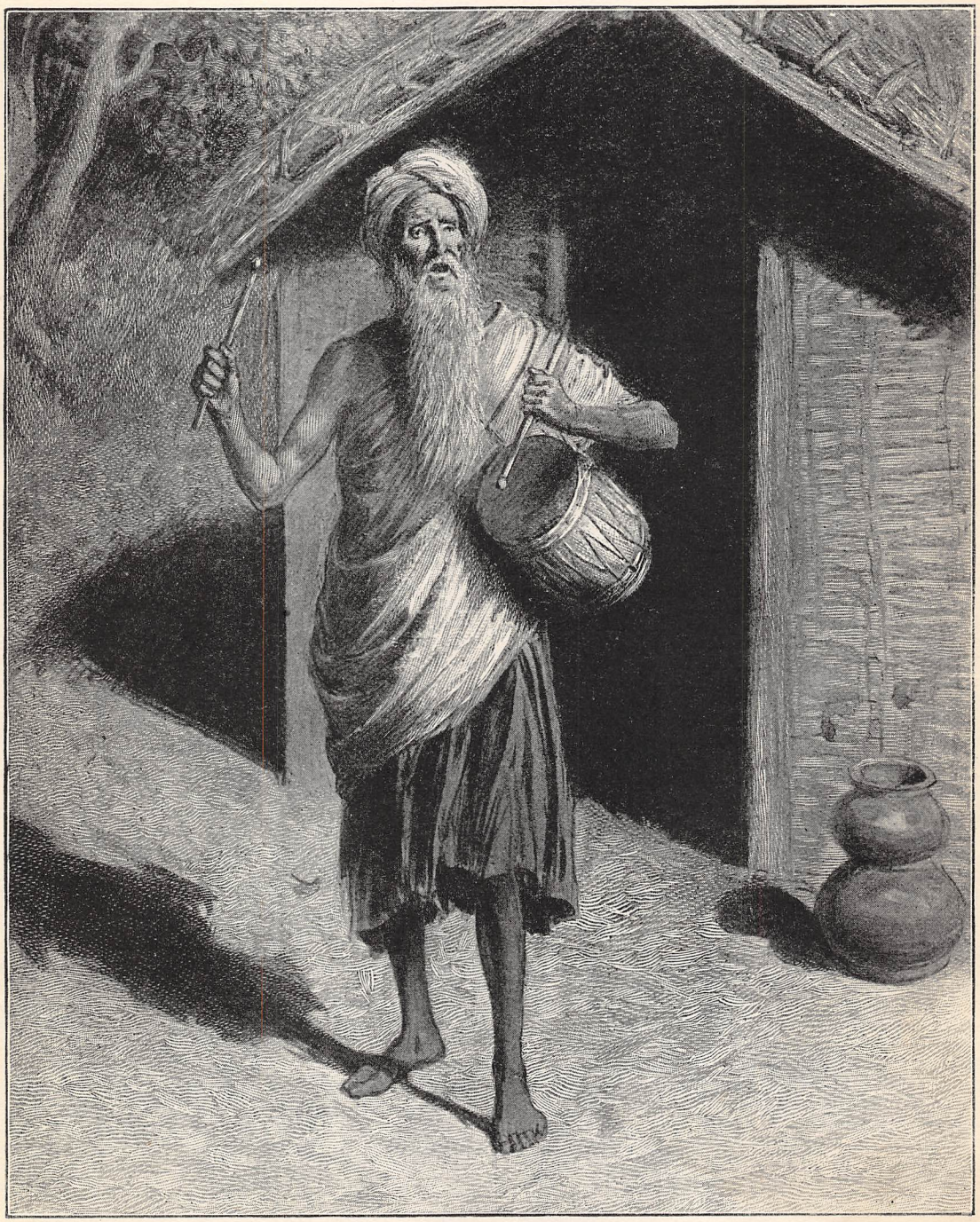


"He came from the hut, beating the drum as he came."

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 287.)

'YE are my prisoners,' said the old priest, and he pointed at Mary and John. 'I saw when ye hid beneath the shade of the bushes. I made a noise with my shoes that ye might think I had gone away, and so come to the temple. I heard the little one cry, and I was glad, because I knew that thus ye could not depart without my knowledge.'

And next he pointed at Tarm.

'And I thought—now are the children come, and soon will my son come to look for them. And thou hast come, my treasure, and here shalt thou remain.'

And, as he said this, his voice grew stern, and his expression changed to that cruel and cunning look which Mary feared.

'There must be a white image in the temple,' he said, 'or who will bring me gold? When ye took Tarm from me, I took the baby in his place. Now that Tarm has returned, I have no need of the child. Yet I dare not let you go lest ye bring others to work me harm—to snatch Tarm from me once more. This thing must not be.'

'What do you mean?' said Mary. She tried not to show that she was afraid. 'What are you going to do to us? You cannot keep us prisoners here for long.'

The old priest nodded his head. And now he looked very solemn. 'That is true,' he said. 'Therefore, without doubt, it will be better to kill you to-night, and then ye can trouble me no more. The dead have no tongues with which to speak, to bear witness against me.'

'But our people will come to look for us,' John cried. 'And then there will be plenty of trouble if they find that you have murdered us. You will be taken away to prison and you will be hanged.'

'They will not know who killed you,' said the old priest. 'To hide your bodies, that is easy. And Tarm will not dare to speak if I bid him be silent. I shall say to those who come to seek that the wild beasts devoured you. I shall bid them look in the forest for your bones.'

There was a little gasp from Mary, and John, too, caught his breath quickly. But still he answered bravely, 'You cannot kill us. We three together, we are stronger than you. We will not let you kill us.'

'I cannot kill you with my own hands,' said the old priest, 'that I well know. But I have you here safe trapped. The temple door is barred. I have broken down the walls and roof of the passage which leads to the hut. And now I go to rouse the seekers of gold against you: to bring them hither to slay you.'

'Why should the seekers of gold be angry with us?' John laughed. 'Why should you think they will help you? We have done them no harm, and since we are white they would be afraid to touch us. They know they would be punished afterwards if they killed us.'

'They will not be afraid, because I shall make them very angry first,' said the old priest. 'I shall tell them that ye have come by night to steal the white image from the temple. I shall tell them that by your magic spells ye have gifted it with power to walk, that it may go with you. And then, indeed, they will be angry, for do they not believe that it is the image which helps them to find gold? And without that gold they must die of hunger. Do they not believe it is the image only that saves them from the wrath of the elephant—that solitary one who could trample down their huts in a night, and tread their women and children underfoot?'

The old priest's voice rose in a sort of chant as he spoke—a chant which held in it a wild and exciting thrill. Those who listened could picture the seekers of gold stirring beneath a like chant: roused to a pitch of excitement that only an Eastern people can reach. Mary and John had seen many a great religious festival in India. They had watched crowds swayed by emotion; blind to aught else but the joy or anger of the moment.

It was such a crowd the old priest proposed to bring against them now.

For a moment he watched the children, a little sadly, as though greed and pity fought together in his heart. Then he moved from the window, and they could plainly hear his footsteps moving in the direction of the hut. And, next, through the stillness of the night, came to their ears the throb-throb of a little drum—the little drum which all India uses as a summons to mourn, to rejoice, or to slay. It does not make a noise like an English drum, but one more insistent, more exciting—a noise which gathers up the joy of the people, the sorrow of the people, the anger of the people into a swelling wave which rises and ever rises until it is all-powerful.

On such a drum the priest beat now. He came from the hut, beating as he came. Down the hill he strode towards the houses of the seekers of gold. And, high above the drum-beats, shrilled his voice—'To my aid, O ye people. To the aid of the temple. To the aid of your god.'

(Continued on page 299.)

THE TACTFUL FISHWOMAN.

IN the reign of Louis XIV. of France, the Dauphin had a serious illness. On his recovery, the fishwomen of Paris, who then formed a sort of guild or company, deputed four or five of their number to express their congratulations. The women were admitted to the Dauphin's room. One of them made a speech, in which she said, 'What would have become of us if our dear Dauphin had died? We should have lost our all!'

The King, who had entered the room during the speech, frowned when he heard these words, for he was of a very jealous disposition. But another woman, observing the frown, with ready wit hastened to say: 'Yes! we should indeed have lost our all, for our good King would doubtless have died of grief for the loss of his dear son.'

GOLDFISH.

MERRICK pulled his line out of the water, fastened the bait more securely, and, with a sigh, let it drop once more into the sluggish depths of the pond. A rustle in the undergrowth made him look round suddenly, and then his face brightened as Pixie's alert figure emerged from the pine-trees.

'Oh, I'm so glad you've come!' he exclaimed. 'I

have been here all the morning, and not had one bite, and I simply can't go home and tell mother there will be nothing for supper again to-night.'

'You won't have to,' said Pixie promptly, perching herself on a tree-stump, and spreading out her ragged skirt carefully. 'I know where we can find a fairy. I have just seen her myself!'

'Not really!'

Merrick clambered up the bank, and seating himself at his sister's feet, looked excitedly up into her face.

'Do you remember,' began Pixie dreamily, 'the story in our fairy-book about the princess who was changed into a golden fish?'

Merrick nodded eagerly. 'And some children found her in a pond,' he continued, 'and because they were kind to her, and kept her in a bowl, instead of trying to eat her, she was able to turn back into a princess.'

'That's it,' said Pixie, 'and then she gave each one of them a wish, and they were able to have whatever they wanted.'

She paused for a moment, then the excitement returned to her face, and she looked at Merrick with wide, shining eyes. 'I was playing games with little Goodie this morning,' she said, 'and she threw a ball right over into the garden of the Great House. I knew no one would see me, so I climbed over the wall, and crept along the grass by the fountain where the ball had fallen. Just as I was picking it up I caught sight of her in the water—the princess in disguise, I mean—swimming about in the sunshine, and quite gold all over!'

Merrick jumped excitedly to his feet. 'Let's go and catch her now!' he cried.

Pixie shook her head wisely. 'Not till the ladies are having their dinner,' she said. 'Then there will be no fear of our being discovered.'

So it was arranged, and an hour went by before the two children stole guiltily over the smooth grass towards the sparkling fountain, Merrick carrying a butterfly-net in his hand, and Pixie hugging a fat jam-jar to her wiry little body. The children could not restrain a cry of delight as the tiny golden fish darted to the surface of the water; then Pixie clutched Merrick's arm excitedly.

'There are two!' she cried. 'Look! don't you see them? Oh, do let's catch them both!'

In breathless suspense the two heads were bent over the water, and it seemed to the children that hours went by before first one little fish, and then the other, was safely transferred from the sunlit fountain to the very cramped prison of the jam-jar.

It was decided to keep the capture of the golden fish a secret, so that the surprise would be all the greater when the fairy wishes were granted, and the children arranged to hide the precious jam-jar in the thick bracken that skirted the clearing round their cottage home. It did not take long to find a sheltered corner, where the fern-fronds spread their cool shade protectingly over the little fish, and then, quite satisfied as to their safety, the children retraced their steps to the cottage, to start their work for the afternoon.

The sun was low in the west when Pixie at last laid down her knitting-needles, and Merrick watched her enviously as she put her work aside, and began making her way across the clearing to the secret hiding-place. With a sigh of weariness he turned again to his wood-chopping, and was starting to work with renewed vigour, when an excited cry from Pixie made him look round suddenly.

'Merrick, they have both changed already! Look!'

She held the empty jam-jar in her outstretched arms.

'I found it lying on its side—quite empty!' Pixie continued excitedly.

'But the golden fish?' faltered Merrick.

'Why, they're fairy princesses again, don't you see?' replied Pixie, impatiently. 'They will be waiting for us by the fountain! Come quickly!'

Hand-in-hand the two sped through the shadow of the pine-trees, never pausing for an instant till the Great House wall was reached, and they had slipped over on to the grass beyond it. Then suddenly both children looked up with a start, for a tall, gaunt figure had emerged from the shadows, and was moving slowly towards them.

'What are you doing here?' the lady asked, in a chilling voice; then, before the children could reply, she held a familiar object towards them in her outstretched hand. It was the butterfly-net in which Merrick had caught the fish. 'Does this belong to you?' she continued.

Merrick stepped forward eagerly. 'Yes, it is mine. Thank you very——'

'Then you are the little boy who stole the goldfish from the fountain,' interrupted the severe lady in the same icy voice.

For a moment the children looked at each other in astonished bewilderment, then Pixie advanced shyly. 'We didn't think about their being your fairies,' she said. 'We thought you didn't know, so we took them away, and they have changed into princesses already—at least I think they have,' she added pathetically; 'we came here to find them.'

Something in the hard face seemed to soften, as the little girl's earnestness looked out of her anxious brown eyes, and the next minute the withered hand had closed over Pixie's little fingers.

'I don't understand,' the lady said, in rather a bewildered way. 'Come and sit on this bench, and explain it all to me.'

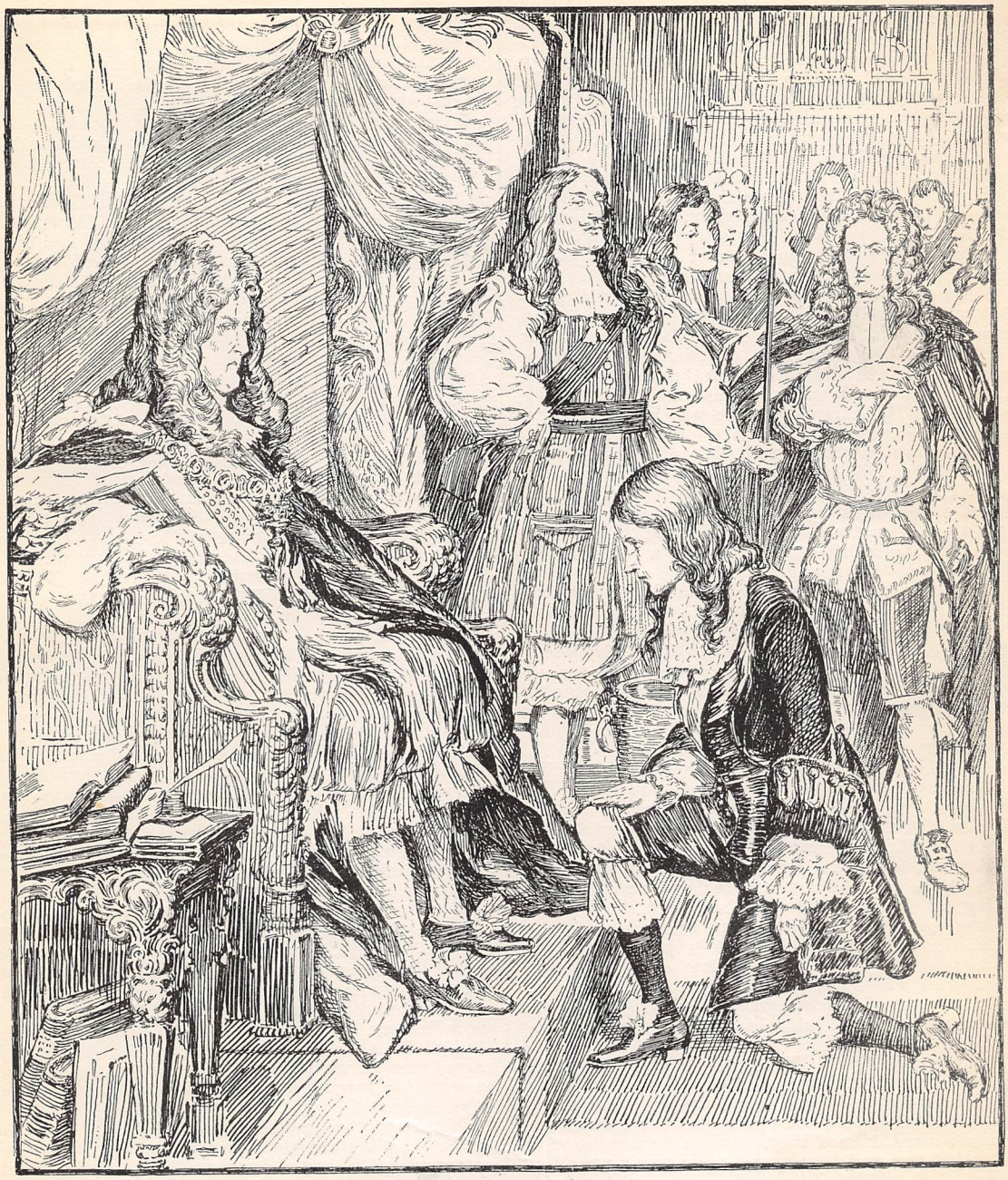
The explanations took some time, as their new friend wanted to know all about the fairy story, and the wishes they had hoped to have fulfilled; and then she asked many questions about their home, and the children found themselves telling her all about the hard winter when Father had been ill, and how the money was gone now, and he could get no work.

The disagreeable lady seemed to have quite disappeared, and in her place a very kind and sympathetic listener sat between the two children on the old stone bench. Then she, too, began to talk, and she first explained that fairies only lived in story-books, and the children must not believe that they were real. The little fish that they had taken from the fountain were goldfish, and now they were lost, she would have to buy more to swim about in the water, and shine prettily in the sun. Then she told Pixie that she would call to see their mother the very next day, and would find some work for Father to do, so that they need no longer dread the long, cold winter months.

The children's hearts were brimming with happiness as they wended their way homewards that eve-

"'What are you doing here?' the lady asked in a chilling voice."

ning, Merrick holding carefully to the basket of eggs that the old lady had given them, and Pixie skipping along in gleeful eagerness to reach home, and tell Mother the good news. She paused as they reached the wooden tub that was Carlo's kennel, outside the cottage door. The dog was curled up on his sack bedding, fast asleep, but something on the flags outside caught Pixie's attention—something that gleamed strangely against the cold grey of the stone. It was only a pair of tiny fish-heads cast aside and forgotten; but the brown eyes looking down on them filled suddenly with tears. V. Vivian.



"'Sir, the King of Spain has made you a king.'"

LITTLE KINGS AND QUEENS.

IV.—KING PHILIP V. OF SPAIN.

IN the year 1685 there was born near Paris a little boy who was christened by a tremendously long string of names beginning with Philip. His father was known as 'Monseigneur,' or the 'Grand Dauphin,' and his grandfather was Louis XIV., King of France, who loved to be called by such high-sounding names as the 'Sun-King' or the 'Great Monarch.' Philip's brother, one year older than himself, was the Duke of Burgundy; the little boy himself was Duke of Anjou, and a still smaller brother was Duke of Berri.

Now, Louis XIV., being himself very strong-willed, did not like anybody around him to have any will at all, and his small grandsons were thoroughly afraid of him. As for their father, they scarcely ever saw him, except on State occasions, and it is said that he never addressed them by their Christian names, but called them instead by their titles, Duke of Burgundy or Duke of Anjou.

As their mother died when Philip was barely seven, they would have been three very lonely little boys without each other's company. They were very different in disposition. Burgundy, as a boy, was terribly passionate, although, later in life, he gained wonderful control over his temper.

Berri was a good-natured, sunny-tempered little fellow, not easily disturbed; but poor Philip was a very different kind of boy, and his character was almost spoilt by his fear of offending his stern grandparent and his heedless father. Naturally a timid child, he became so shy that he scarcely opened his lips except when he was alone with his brothers.

Yet it was only the result of being so suppressed and terrified. A foreigner who visited Paris, and made friends with the little boy, tells us that 'the Duke of Anjou must know people before he will speak to them at all. If you desire to talk to him, you must tease him and rally him a little, or he will not open his mouth.'

The same writer also describes Philip's appearance: 'He is bigger than his brothers. He has the best mien, good features and fair hair. What is somewhat singular, although his hair is very light, his eyes are quite black. His complexion is clear red and white; his voice is deep, and he is singularly slow in speaking. He is a good and peaceable sort of boy, but a little obstinate when he takes it into his head.'

His tutors tell us that Philip was sedate, docile, and submissive, and also very deeply religious. His manners were stiff, just because he was so terribly shy, but he was always polite and courteous.

Both Philip and the Duke of Burgundy were slightly deformed, having one shoulder rather higher than the other. This seems to have been entirely owing to the King's desire that they should hold themselves well. In order to make them walk upright, the poor little fellows, when quite tiny, were made to carry, for hours at a time, a heavy bar of iron. This was much too weighty for them, and in order to rest themselves, they would lean over to one side, until the habit became a permanent deformity.

Certainly Philip would have been far happier if he could have been born an ordinary little boy instead of a Royal Prince. How the shy child must have dreaded those State occasions when he and his brothers were dressed in gorgeous velvet coats, stiff with gold lace and jewels, and made to sit upon the steps of the King's throne for hours at a time! They were afraid to move, afraid to yawn, afraid even to blink, for fear of incurring their terrible grandfather's displeasure.

Then one day, when Philip was nearly fifteen years old, came the greatest event of his life. He was in the gardens of the palace at Versailles when a messenger came to summon him into the King's presence. Very unwillingly the boy put on his State suit and went to the great throne-room.

There he found all the Court assembled, and amongst them an Ambassador from Spain, where the King had lately died, leaving no heir. It is difficult to imagine what must have been Philip's amazement when Louis XIV. said to him: 'Sir, the King of Spain, by his will, has made you a king. You are going to reign over the greatest nation in the world.' Then, turning to the Spanish Ambassador, he added, 'Sir, salute your King!'

The French king then descended from his throne, and presented the new monarch to the Court, who came one by one to salute him. We are told that, all this time, Philip said not a word, and one can scarcely wonder. The knowledge that he was King of Spain must have overwhelmed the shy boy. But when at last he was alone with his brothers, he was excited and gay.

'So I am King of Spain!' he cried. 'And Burgundy will one day be King of France. Only poor Berri must live and die a subject.'

'That won't trouble me at all,' answered good-tempered little Berri. 'I shall have much less bother and more pleasure than either!'

Philip now found himself treated as a person of great importance. He was given a most magnificent new bedroom, with red velvet hangings, and a silver balustrade round the bed, which held eight tall candles, whilst almost all the furniture was made of silver. But it cannot have been a very restful bedroom, for the card-table of the King and Queen were placed there, and they often played for the greater part of the night.

But if in public Philip was King of Spain, in private for a little while he remained Duke of Anjou, and spent his evenings with his brothers, running about the corridors and playing at childish games.

In the following spring the young monarch left France for his new kingdom. Before he departed, Louis XIV. gave him a long list of rules, written by his own hand, some of which are very wise and sensible. He also told Philip to throw plenty of money to the people on entering Madrid, and gave him large sums for this purpose, besides twenty-one purses, holding one thousand pounds each, for his own pocket-money!

Philip made his State entry into Madrid on February 18th, 1701, and his new subjects were charmed by his good looks and grave, courteous ways, so much like the manners of the Spaniards themselves. But the young King's shyness was a great trouble to his councillors, and he was all the more timid now because he spoke the Spanish language very badly. He was afraid to open his lips in public, and sometimes he would sit for hours without saying a word, only nodding or shaking his head when he was addressed.

Moreover, the weight of responsibility was too much for the poor boy, and after a year he became apparently idle and indolent, although really, most likely, he was thoroughly worn out. He left letters unopened for weeks, and instead of rising to attend his councils he would lie in bed late, much to the disgust of his courtiers, who persuaded his grandfather to write him some severe letters.

Perhaps these letters had their effect, or perhaps Philip grew stronger and more confident. Later on he became a good ruler, although always extremely silent and shy. But then he was no longer a boy-king.

STRANGE THINGS FROM COAL.

A PIECE of dirty, black coal from the cellar contains an astonishing number of valuable substances. There are, for instance, over two thousand shades of aniline dye used for dyeing; drugs like antipyrin and phenacetin for curing headache; and flavouring extracts that taste almost exactly like vanilla, raspberry, currant, &c. Then there are disinfectants for purifying the air, naphthalene and carbolic acid; beautiful perfumes, oils for lubricating or preventing wear in machinery, benzene and other spirits used in cleaning clothes. The very sweet substance known as saccharine, several hundred times as sweet as sugar, is also derived from coal. So is most of the ammonia that is used for various trade purposes. All these things are obtained from coal-tar, a black and very dirty-looking liquid that is formed at the gasworks when coal is heated to form gas. H. G.

HOPE.

WHAT shall you do when the Summer's gone,
And the dreary Autumn days come on?—
I shall think of the Spring that comes again,
And the violet blooming in the lane.

What shall you do when the roses fade,
And the lily lifts no more its head?—
I shall think of the hedgerows green and sweet,
And the snowdrop blowing beneath my feet.

What shall you do when the forest lay
Is mute, and the birds have all flown away?—
I shall take to my heart their music clear,
And wait for the song of another year.

Frank Ellis.

ATHERTON'S ADVERTISEMENT.

ATHERTON was in good running form, and as he 'came down the grassy slope of Mead Hill, with the distant towers of Longford rising from a clump of trees some two miles away in the valley, he told himself that he had never covered the cross-country run from Thornbury in such style before.

But ere the bottom of Mead Hill was reached he came to a sudden stop: not because he was tired, not because his breath was gone; but because a shocking discovery was made. He stood patting his waistcoat, and looking about him in great perplexity. He searched the grass for yards around with eager eyes. Then he began to retrace his steps, growing more and more anxious every moment.

'Here's a go!' he said; 'I wouldn't have lost it for worlds. It must have jigged out as I ran, and the rotten button-hole has worn too large to hold the chain-bar.'

From which it will be gathered that Atherton referred to some trinket lately adorning his person. Truth to tell, it was a small gold medal of exceptional character, sent to him by his mother the day before. Up the hill he went, trying to persuade himself at every melancholy step that he could not be to blame, yet feeling all the while that he was. He reached the top, he passed down the other side, glancing hopelessly right and left; he came to the little bridge spanning Thornbury Brook; crossed over it; followed the path, inch by inch, through a small, dark wood, and broke out of its shadows again on to a stretch of sunlit meadow. Then he came to a halt, and stepped behind the trunk of the last tree in the wood. A boy, half-way across the meadow, was in the act of rising from the grass, to which he had evidently stooped to pick something up.

'Hang it!' exclaimed Atherton, under his breath. 'To think that, of all the boys in Longford, that cad of a Hudson should be the one to find my medal!'

Confident that he was acting discreetly, he withdrew deeper into the wood to escape Hudson's notice, and when the latter had sauntered leisurely by on the path to Longford, Atherton struck a divergent track, making off for the school at double-quick time.

Immediately upon arrival there he sought his particular chum, Watson, and poured into his sympathetic ear the story of his loss.

'Why not stand up to him?' said Watson. 'The medal is yours, and he has no right to keep it.'

'A lot of good that would be,' retorted Atherton. 'The fellow's a bully, and since he was whacked for being caught playing his little games on us, what chance is there of squaring up to him? Besides, how could I prove that the medal is mine? Even you didn't know that I had it. No. While I was running home I thought out a better plan than that. I'm going to advertise in the Thornbury Argus.

'And give this address?' asked Watson.

'Not so green!' whispered the other. 'Old Pipkin, the confectioner, knows me ever so well, and I shall drop him a line to say what I—I——'

But Atherton's thoughts were running too fast for words. He searched about for a scrap of paper and writing material, and having obtained them, continued: 'See here! this is the trick.'

Watson leaned over his shoulder as he wrote: 'If the boy who found a gold medal marked with a triangle and a head, and initialled L. L., near Thornbury Brook on Wednesday afternoon, will take it to C. Pipkin, confectioner, High Street, he will hear of something to his advantage.'

'That'll come to half-a-crown,' said the author, after carefully counting the words.

Atherton prided himself on the wording of his advertisement. 'It's not a bad idea to let the beggar see,' said he, 'that it is jolly well known who found the trinket, eh?'

Watson agreed, and as all seemed in order, the important document was neatly copied out.

'I don't reckon he will dare stick to it,' said Atherton as he slipped the paper into an envelope addressed to the editor of the Argus, 'after he sees the advertisement; but if he guessed that I was the advertiser the cat would be out of the bag.'

'And how are you going to be sure he will see it?' asked Watson.

'Ah! we must manage that on Saturday,' replied Atherton. 'What's easier than to mark the paragraph with blue pencil and then lay a copy of the paper where he is bound to twig it?'

There was just time to run into town and buy a postal order, which must necessarily accompany the advertisement; and Atherton's pocket seemed sadly lighter when he returned to the school-house.

(Concluded on page 298.)

"He had evidently stooped to pick something up."

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"'Master Atherton, come here, please,'"

ATHERTON'S ADVERTISEMENT.

(Concluded from page 295.)

IN due course, good-natured Mr. C. Pipkin received an explanatory letter from his customer, and sent back word that any caller concerning the lost property should have his best attention.

On the following Saturday, to the two Longford schoolboys the most prominent feature in the Thornbury Argus was their four-line advertisement. Atherton felt almost as if the interest of the whole countryside must be aroused. Nevertheless, he and Watson drew a thick frame of blue crayon round it, and took an early occasion of laying the paper in Hudson's way. They were even so fortunate as to see him actually read it, but were disappointed to find that he showed no interest.

'Cunning beggar!" said Atherton, in an effort at self-comfort. 'Mark my words, he will turn up at old Pipkin's on Wednesday next, if not this afternoon.'

In the hope that this would prove correct, Atherton spent his Saturday half-holiday in the little parlour behind Mr. Pipkin's shop, eagerly peeping through a lace curtain every time the bell twanged to announce a fresh customer. But Hudson did not come. Atherton's heart sank. He trudged back to Longford thoroughly dejected. Watson had no comfort to offer. The experiment had proved a failure. Hudson had either not found the medal, or was too old a bird to be trapped.

'But I saw him find it,' cried Atherton, 'and I'll make him give it up.'

His chum could only lift his eyebrows and 'hope so.'

As the following Wednesday approached, Atherton plucked up heart, and when it came he was almost cheerful. Perhaps something had stopped Hudson from going to Thornbury, and he would turn up today. Atherton set out for Mr. Pipkin's at the earliest possible hour. Mr. Pipkin had no news when he arrived.

Once more behind the lace curtain, the poor advertiser spied each arrival. Hudson was not among them. Boys and girls, nursemaids and babies: these all came, interspersed with a lady now and then, to order some dainty or to pay some bill. But never Hudson. It was drawing near the time when he would have to depart. It was dreary waiting. Even the customers had ceased to come in—no, here was another: a woman again. Atherton turned away, and was even looking for his cap, when he pricked up his ears. What was that the new-caller said? He hurried back to the curtain. The lady was searching for something in her hand-bag, and while doing so repeated the remark:

'Could I see the person who inserted this advertisement in the Argus?'

Atherton's jaw dropped. He had not expected this. Mr. Pipkin took the scrap of paper from the lady's gloved fingers, with the manner of a man who knew nothing at all about the matter, and leisurely putting on his glasses, read it carefully through.

'May I ask, madam,' said he with more caution than was necessary, 'if you know anything of the property it refers to?'

The visitor smiled. 'By a curious chance,' said she, 'I know a great deal more about it than a casual finder would have known, and regret that I did not notice the advertisement till this morning. Can I see the person who inserted it?'

Mr. Pipkin glanced at the curtain, through which the face of the gentleman in question was far more visible than he thought.

'I think you can, madam,' said the shopkeeper, with a twinkle in his eye. 'Master Atherton, come here, please.'

On hearing the name, a little cry escaped the lady's lips, and as the boy appeared in the open doorway, she broke out in a manner that was positively alarming. 'It is—it is!' she cried; 'I thought it must be!'

And before Atherton could retreat, both her hands were on his shoulders. 'My boy,' said she, 'when you lost your medal, you little thought that it would be the means of bringing two old friends together again. Have you ever heard your dear mother speak of Lucy Lawrence?'

'Yes, I certainly have,' was Atherton's friendly reply.

'Many years have passed since we lost sight of each other,' went on the lady, 'but when, by this most curious chance, I found your medal in the meadow by Thornbury Brook, I knew that she herself could not be very far away.'

During this little speech, Atherton's scattered thoughts began to collect, and he wondered if it were wise to believe all he heard. Was it possible that Hudson had not found the medal after all? Was it possible that he (Atherton) had jumped to a hasty conclusion? So far as he could see, there was no connection between this strange lady and the medal his mother had given him. She evidently saw the puzzled look on his face, for she continued, with a smile:

'I am afraid my talk seems random, but will it be clear when I tell you that there can be no medal in the world marked just like this'—taking it and its chain from her purse and handing them to their rightful owner. 'The L. L. are my initials, and when your mother and I parted for the last time, twenty years ago, I gave it her as a keepsake.'

Really it was no use closing one's ears against these overwhelming details. Atherton felt it impossible to have any doubts, so he dropped his guarded manner and entered into friendly conversation. He answered the eager questions regarding his mother; he told a thousand pieces of news; and when at last he was obliged to set out for Longford, he had accepted an invitation to spend his next half-day at the house of his newly-found friend.

Atherton promised himself a long letter home with full details of this remarkable adventure, but, not being partial to pen and ink, he had not carried out his intention when he received a letter from his mother, which made it quite clear that the famous advertisement in the Thornbury Argus had led to a very pleasant sequel.

A WONDERFUL TABLE.

NOT long ago there died, near Paris, a notable old man. He died in poverty, although, had he so chosen, he might have become (it is thought) one of the most famous sculptors in Europe. In his boyhood he was apprenticed to a marble-cutter, and for fifty years he continued to produce exquisite works of art, chiefly in mosaics.

His masterpiece, on which he spent twenty-four years, is a table of black marble, ingeniously inlaid. In the centre is the representation of a chess-board, and on either side of that are playing-cards, arranged as fans. There are also on the table—all, of course, in inlaid work—dominoes, dice, cigars, and cigarettes, and some gold and silver coins. Ninety different kinds of marble were used in the making of this table, besides onyz, porphyry, agate, malachite, and lapis lazuli of various colours. E. D.

THE TREES OF THE HOMELAND.

VII.—THE BEECH.

AS we wander in the forest
We will rest beneath this beech;
Hark! how soft the breeze that rustles
Through its leaves—it gives them speech!

In the shade we linger, dreaming—
We can almost catch the sound
Of the swine which once came hunting
For the beech-mast all around.

Here the Barons came to hunt them
Through the green gloom merrily;
Now we catch the yaffle's* laughter,
Hear him tap the hollow tree.

Yet again the summer's whisper
Bids the beech-leaves tell us more—
How they hide the squirrel's larder,
Where he keeps his winter store.

Free from cares, all peace and calmness,
Such a life the forests teach;
Dappled moss of sun and shadow
Is our seat beneath the beech.

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 290.)

CHAPTER XXVI.

FAINTER and fainter grew the cry; fainter and fainter the beat of the little drum. But the prisoners in the temple knew well that, very shortly, the seekers of gold would awake from sleep to listen to the voice that bid them slay.

'We will not be killed,' John cried. 'There must be some way of escape. Tarm, help us to find it.'

John pushed and pulled at the heavy door as he spoke, but it would not yield. He tried to squeeze himself through the narrow window, but failed utterly to do so. And Tarm only watched and did not help. He stood in the middle of the temple, thinking. And Mary, as she watched him, took comfort, for this was the Tarm who was a man, not a frightened child merely. So Mary picked up the monkey and gave it to Arnold, and then she sat down on the floor and gathered Arnold and the monkey on to her lap.

'Where is the passage?' John demanded next. 'Perhaps the old priest has not spoilt it altogether. Perhaps we can still escape that way.'

Tarm did not answer directly, but he pushed with his foot at the pedestal on which he had so often sat. John had supposed that this was made of stone; but now, as it moved when Tarm's foot touched it, he saw that it was but a hollow shell of wood painted white. Beneath it there was a large dark hole which was the beginning of the passage.

'There is the way by which I came and went,' said Tarm in an indifferent voice. 'But Buddha said he had spoilt it, and, doubtless, he has spoilt it. It were an easy matter to do so, for the earth is soft. Of what use, then, to look?'

But John disappeared down the hole before Tarm finished speaking. He came back again after a very short interval.

'It is true,' he said. 'There is only a passage for a very little way. I could not see, but I could feel with my hands. It is blocked completely with earth and stones and rocks.'

'Perhaps we can dig our way out,' Mary suggested, but Tarm shook his head.

'If there were time, perchance we might do so,' he said, 'and if we had wherewith to dig. But we have our hands only, and there is no time to spare. Listen!'

And Mary and John listened carefully at Tarm's bidding. They could still hear, very faintly, the voice of the old priest, the beat of the little drum. But, so distant did these sound, that now they knew he must be very close indeed to the huts of the seekers of gold.

But John was not yet ready to accept defeat. He looked at the image of Ganesh. Surely it would be possible to move this against the door, to hold the temple until a rescue party arrived from the camp? Those who knew they were in danger could not leave them to perish unaided. It must be that Tarm represented the advance guard; that the servants of the camp would follow in his footsteps.

'Were none of the servants with you?' John asked Tarm. 'I am sure they cannot be far behind. Perhaps you ran very fast, and they are coming more slowly?'

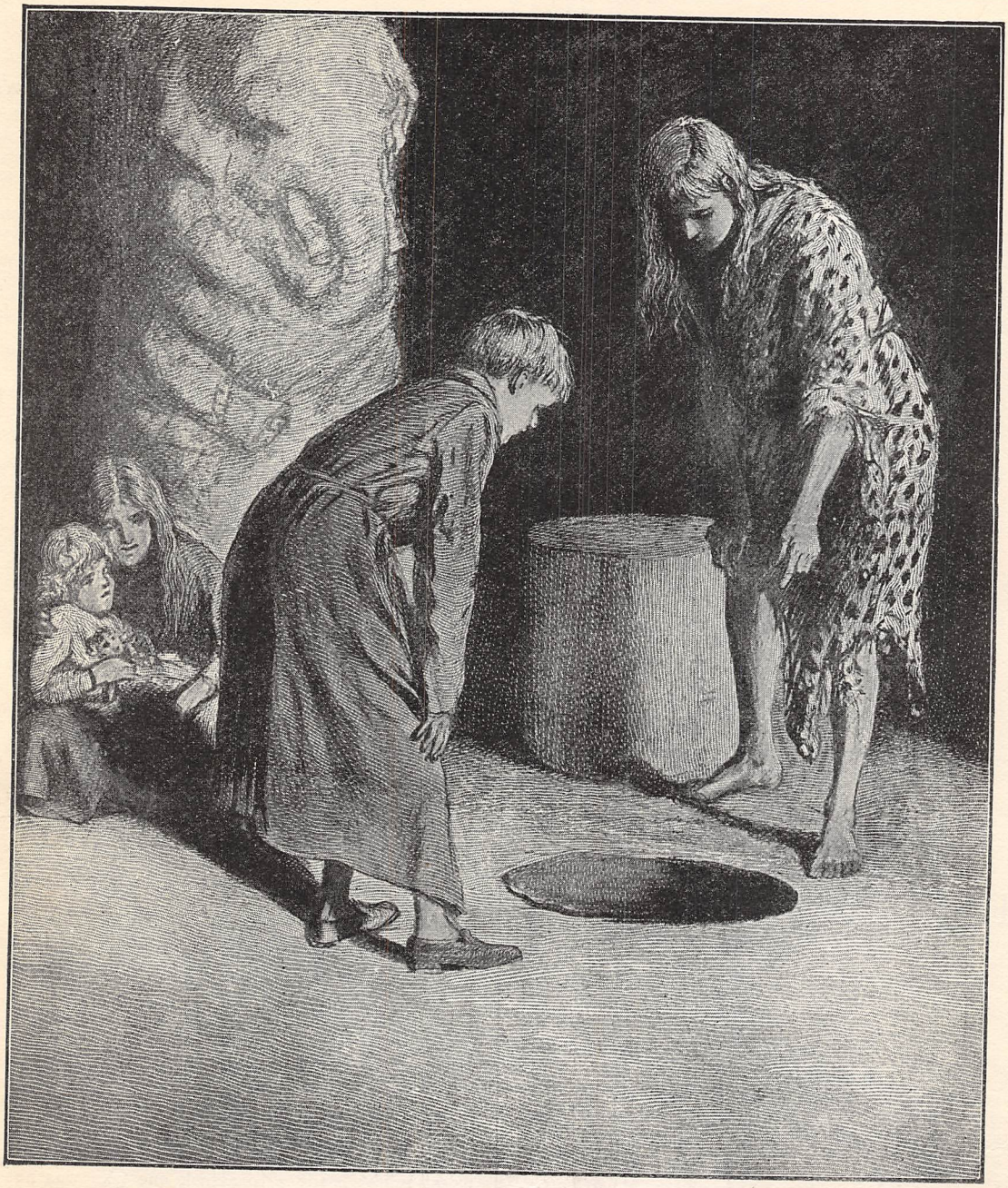
But again Tarm shook his head; and, as John remembered that the servants could not conquer their fear sufficiently to rescue Arnold, he knew it was very probable they would not conquer it to help Mary and himself.

'The servants are coming,' said Tarm. 'But not now; not until the rising of the sun. They are too much afraid of the dark, and the evil things that they believe walk abroad in the night hours. Only the old woman wished to come immediately, and her I would not bring; because, since she is old and cannot walk fast, she would but have proved a burden to us. She cried very much when she found that the beds were empty. I left her crying.'

'And Miss Gomez?' Mary asked. It was not likely that Miss Gomez would prove of much assistance; yet she might be useful since her position carried a certain amount of authority. The old priest might hesitate to attack one who was not a child.

'The person who is neither white nor brown?' Tarm questioned. He was not quite certain whom Mary meant. 'She did not come with me, neither did she stay in the camp with those who were afraid. She ran in the opposite direction, and she wailed as she ran, and made much talk about some one whom she would bring. I thought her mad, so I did not listen to her.'

* Green woodpecker.



"'There is the way by which I came and went,' said Tarm."

And now it was plain that no help from the camp would arrive before the morning. Also that it was impossible to get out of the temple, or to escape by the passage. But John still tugged at the figure of Ganesh in a last forlorn hope that the way of the attackers might be made so difficult that sufficient delay might result for the coming of the dawn.

'Help me, Mary! Help me, Tarm!' he cried. And Mary set down Arnold and went to John's aid. But Tarm still stood in the centre of the temple, thinking and listening. And, since they could not move the figure of Ganesh without him, Mary and John soon stopped their work to listen also.

(Continued on page 311.)

"I'm a British bulldog, and my name is Captain Joe."

A BRITISH BULLDOG.

THE sailors call me Captain Joe, and say I guard the quay—
Of course I know, as well as you, they're making fun of me!

My master is a bold Jack Tar, his heart is brave and true;
He serves his own dear native land upon the ocean blue.

'Tis pleasant here, when shines the sun, to watch the waves at play;
I never grumble at my lot—I'm happy all the day.
A loyal bulldog too am I, and clever tricks I do:
I give three cheers for England's King, and for our country too!

I have my faults, I know full well—my virtues, too, they shine;
I would not fight a smaller dog, whose strength was less than mine,
(To hurt the weak—ah, that would be a coward's part, you know!)
For I'm a British bulldog, and my name is Captain Joe.

Marian Isabel Hurrell.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MANOR.

By Edna Lake.

CHAPTER I.

'YOU see, children, Mother and I must go to Italy first to see Aunt Fanny; but we shall be home again in a fortnight, and then we can have a good time together before you have to go back to school.'

'At the Manor?' asked Muriel Compton, as her father paused for a moment.

'Yes, at the Manor. It is already furnished, and very charming the house looks. If nothing is heard of the real owner, I may take it over altogether, for we think it will be a home that we shall all love, and the situation is all that one can wish for.'

'Is it haunted, Father?' asked Nora, with eager interest in her tone.

'No! At least, the agents said nothing to me about there being a ghost in possession, or any such absurd ideas,' said Mr. Compton; and then he went on to describe the house, Seaford Manor, which he and Mrs. Compton had been to view that day, and which they had decided to take, furnished, for eight weeks of the summer.

'It sounds simply ripping,' said Reggie Compton, the eldest of the family, when at last their father's account of the house and its surroundings was at an end.

'It would be lots nicer if Mother and Father were to be there with us,' sighed Nora. Mr. and Mrs. Compton had only that week returned from India, and it did seem hard to the children that their parents should have to go off again at once, even though it was only for a fortnight, or a little longer. Still, as they knew, Aunt Fanny, far away in Rome, was longing for a sight of the sister she had not seen for so many years, and they would just have to make the best of it, and wait patiently for the time when they would all be together at the Manor.

The three Compton children had been at schools in England for the last three years, and the long absence from their parents had been a trial to them all. Now Mr. and Mrs. Compton had come home for good, and the children expected to have a very good time indeed. If the Manor proved suitable, that was to be their future home.

Before they had finished talking about the house, their mother entered the room. The two girls made a rush at her, and one on either side guided her to the most comfortable chair in the room, and forced her into it. As soon as they would let her speak, she said, 'I have a piece of news for you, dears, and I hope that you will like it.'

There was a second's silence, and then Reggie said stoutly, 'Of course we shall, Mater. What is it?'

'You have heard us speak of your cousin, Dick Ransome,' began Mrs. Compton, and, as the children nodded in assent, she went on: 'He is, as you know, an orphan; and now we have had a letter to say that the guardian with whom he has been living is seriously ill.'

"Is that Mr. Cunnington, Mother?' asked Muriel, as their mother paused for a moment.

'Yes, dear. It is not thought possible that he can recover. And so Dick is coming to stay with us at the Manor, and I hope that you will do your best to make his visit a happy one. You have not known him, partly owing to our having been in India for so long, but I am sure that he is a very nice boy, and though you are only second cousins, that ought not to prevent your being good friends.'

For a moment, a look of disappointment had overspread the faces of the three Compton children. They had really thought that their holiday was going to be perfect, with Father and Mother all to themselves, and now here was this Cousin Dick, whom they did not know in the least, coming to stay with them, and get in the way!

But this feeling did not last long, for none of the children was selfish, and of course it was not Dick's fault that his guardian was so ill.

'How old is he, Mother?' asked Reggie, trying to speak cheerfully and not to seem disappointed.

'Thirteen, dear—just about a year younger than you are. I think that you will fit in together nicely, for he will be a companion for you, and the girls will like another boy to play with. Four is a much better number than three for games—don't you think so?'

'Of course. It will be very nice, having Dick. I hope he's not a tease, though,' said Muriel. She was twelve, and still fond of playing with her dolls, but she knew that some boys would laugh at her for this, and there was nothing that she hated more than being made fun of.

'No, I am sure that he is not a tease, and even if he were, Reggie would not allow him to tease you,' said Mrs. Compton. 'Now, dears, it is bedtime. We all have to make an early start in the morning, so we must get to bed in good time. Reggie, I want you downstairs for a moment to help me with a little packing, but Muriel and Nora must be off to bed at once. Martha is waiting for you.'

When Reggie Compton followed his mother downstairs, he knew in his heart that there was something more than a little packing that awaited him. He understood that there was something that his parents wished to say to him, as the eldest, that they did not care for the two girls to hear, and very greatly he wondered what it could be.

'Come into the dining-room, Reggie. Father and I have something to tell you,' said Mrs. Compton, when at last they reached the entrance hall. Since the arrival of their parents in England, the Comptons had been living in furnished rooms that were fairly close to the schools which they attended.

Now they had broken-up for the summer holidays, and the next day the children, in the charge of their old nurse were to set out for Seaford Manor.

In the dining-room Mr. Compton sat, with a letter in his hand. As Reggie and his mother entered the room, he looked up, and the boy noticed that his father's face was rather grave.

'There is something that we have to tell you, and that you will have to keep to yourself, Reggie,' said Mr. Compton, as soon as the door of the room was closed. 'Do you think that you can do this?'

'Of course, Father.' Reggie's tone was full of conviction, and his gaze met his father's without wavering.

Mr. Compton seemed satisfied, for he said, 'That is right. I know that I can trust you. Well, here in my hand I have a letter which has only reached me this evening. I cannot say who has sent it, for I do not know. It is type-written, too, and the post-mark is blurred, so it is impossible to see where it was sent from.'

'Oh, how ripping!' The words broke from Reggie unexpectedly, and they made his father glance at him in surprise.

'What do you mean?' he asked.

'Why, a mystery is so jolly; and this is a mystery, isn't it, Father?'

The boy's face was flushed, and he looked so delighted that his father could not help laughing. 'Well, I hadn't thought of it in that light before,' he said. 'I really had expected that you would be rather upset—but, there, that reminds me, you have not heard all that I have to tell. This letter, sent by some unknown person, warns me that I must not take the Manor House. He does not give any reason, and, as I have signed an agreement with the house agents, I shall, of course, not alter our plans simply on account of this letter. It may mean nothing, but still, as we shall be away, I think that it is best you should know about it. The writer says that there are strange things about that house, though he does not say what these things are. It may all be lies, of course, and I shall treat it as such. There is not the least cause for you to be afraid.'

'I'm not afraid, Father,' said Reggie, proudly, as Mr. Compton hesitated for a second.

'No, my boy, I see that you are not. All I was about to add was that I shall expect you to take care of your sisters, and to see they are not alarmed in any way. That is all that you have to do. I would not tell them of this letter, and, indeed, I would not send you there alone, only that there is nowhere else for you to stay just now—and old Martha is going with you, so that you ought to be all right. I do not know anything of Martin Allardyce, the late owner of the house; but I have seen the housekeeper who lived there in his lifetime, and she will be there all the while that the house is let to us. She is a dear old body; and there is a gardener, too, who will, I believe, sleep in the house.'

'We shall be all right, Father; don't worry about us. But I won't tell the girls anything about that letter,' promised Reggie, as a little while later he said 'Good-night' to his parents and went upstairs to bed.

The next morning was as fine as a morning in mid-July ought to be. The Comptons were downstairs, too, early for breakfast, and after that meal they all set out for the station. First they saw their father and mother off on their long journey, and then a little later they themselves entered the train which was to take them to the village of Breakwater, near to which the Manor was situated.

The journey was a long and rather tedious one, and it was afternoon before the party arrived at the Manor. Here they found their cousin, Dick Ransome, had already arrived, for he had not had to travel so far, and had, indeed, arrived early in the afternoon. He was a tall boy, with red hair and a good-humoured, freckled face. He greeted the three Comptons heartily, and assured them that it was a 'top hole' sort of a house, and the grounds were A1.

'It's awfully good of your people to have me,' said the new cousin, as the four became better acquainted over the tea-table. 'I thought I was in luck's way when they asked me. It looked as if I was going to spend the holidays at school, and that's no fun.'

The new cousin chatted away to Muriel and Nora, as well as to Reggie; and they decided at once that he was not a bit of a tease, and that they liked him very much. After tea he showed them round the grounds of the Manor, for he had had time to get a fair knowledge of these before their arrival.

Seaford Manor was situated on high ground, close to the sea. Indeed, the grounds stretched away to the edge of the rocky cliffs, although a strong and high fence, several yards from the edge, prevented the curious from getting near enough to look over to the sands down below.

'There is a little bay down there, and it is a drop of almost forty feet, the gardener says,' said Dick Ransome, as the four stood close to the high iron railings, looking out to sea. 'It would be a nasty fall, if you stepped over the edge some dark night—that's why these railings were put up. Clegg, that's the gardener, told me that some one did once——'

Reggie, mindful of the promise that he had made to his father, nudged the other boy, and at that moment Martha came to find them.

'It's after eight, and you will all have to come in. Supper's waiting, and then it's bed,' she said, and there was nothing for the children to do but to follow her indoors.

The two girls slept in a room that looked out over the meadows at the rear of the Manor; but the windows of the room that had been given to the two boys looked away towards the sea.

'I say, don't tell tales like that one about some one falling over the cliffs when the girls can hear you,' said Reggie, as he put out their candle that night, and Dick promised that he would remember.

'I didn't think of it frightening them,' he said, and then he went to the window and drew up the blind. A moment later he called Reggie to come and look out. 'See that light?' he asked, quickly.

'Yes, there in the garden, towards the edge of the cliff?' said Reggie.

'Well, look, there is another, out at sea, and it is signalling. I'm sure of that!' said Dick, excitedly.

The two boys stood with their noses pressed against the glass of the window, whilst their eyes were fixed on the distant light. Now and again one of the lights was seen to move, and it certainly looked as though some one in the grounds of the Manor was signalling to some one else out on the sea. What could it mean?

(Continued on page 306.)

"This letter warns me that I must not take the Manor House.'"

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"Nora was tugging at a shelf of large books."

THE MYSTERY OF THE MANOR.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 303.)

CHAPTER II.

FOR some time the two boys stood at the window of their bedroom, looking out at the lights that constantly moved about in the darkness.

At last Reggie spoke. 'I suppose they are signalling, but I can't read what they say, can you?'

'No,' replied Dick Ransome. 'I can't. I do know a little Morse, but only a little, and not nearly enough to make out their message. I have got a book that tells you all about it, though, and to-morrow I shall read it up, and then if this business happens again I shall be able to understand what it is all about—if they use the Morse code. It is rather queer, don't you think so?'

'Well, yes, I do,' admitted Reggie, slowly. He was in truth thinking of what his father had told him the night before, and of the strange letter, warning Mr. Compton against taking the Manor House. Had this signalling anything to do with that warning?

'What is the time?' asked Dick, a moment or two later.

Reggie struck a match, and looked at his watch. 'Half-past nine,' he answered. 'I had no idea that it was so late. There seems to be no one about. What do you say to creeping out by that side-door, and taking a look round the grounds?'

'No, I don't think we will to-night,' said Dick, after thinking over Reggie's proposal. 'You see, we don't know the place very well yet, and we might not find it easy to hide, if need should arise. But if this light comes again we might explore—I mean after we have had a chance to learn the geography of the place a little.'

A little longer the two boys stood at the window, and then the lights suddenly disappeared.

'All over,' announced Reggie.

'Wait a bit,' suggested Dick. 'They may come again in a moment or two. Perhaps they are having a rest.'

But although the boys stood patiently waiting for a full five minutes, the light did not show again, and they decided that it would be as well if they got into bed.

'It may not be anything, after all,' said Reggie, as they left the window. 'You see, this coast is rather rocky, and it may be merely a warning to some ship or other to keep out to sea. I should like to see into the little bay at the foot of the cliffs, but one cannot get close enough to the edge to do that.'

'No, and a good thing too,' said Dick. 'It would not be safe if it were not fenced off. I know that you cannot get into that little cove either, for at high tide the water comes right up to the rocks. It is just the shape of a horse-shoe. Clegg told me about it. The only way to see the cove is to sail round there in a boat.'

'And that we haven't got,' said Reggie, sleepily; and then, turning over on his side, he was soon fast asleep, his example being quickly followed by Dick.

The next morning the boys were awake early; but, to their disgust, they found on looking out of their bedroom window that it was raining steadily, and the leaden skies promised little hope of its clearing up later.

'What a nuisance!' grumbled Reggie. 'There are no end of things that we want to do to-day, and it's no fun poking about in the wet.'

'We shall have to explore the house—it looks as though it would pay for a little attention,' said Dick, cheerily. He was not often dismayed, nor was his temper easily ruffled, and Reggie was soon smiling again. When they met the two girls on the landing, both boys appeared to be in the best possible spirits.

'It is raining,' said Nora, as though she had just made the discovery.

'Never mind. We are going to explore the house this morning, and it may leave off before the day is over,' said Reggie. 'How did you two sleep?'

'Oh, very well, I think,' said Muriel. 'Nora wanted to say that she heard a ghost just when we were getting to bed, but it was only Martha in the next room.'

'It is not likely you will get a look at the ghost, even if there was such a thing,' said Dick.

The Manor was a very old house, with many long and narrow passages, several staircases, and steps here and there just where you least expected to find them. Most of the windows were casements, with tiny diamond-shaped panes of glass, and many of the rooms were panelled in wood, dark with age, which Dick declared to be oak.

The room in which the children had their meals was one that overlooked the grounds in front of the house. It had a large window with a broad window-seat underneath, where one might sit and look out on the garden, with the sea in the distance.

The garden was fairly neat, and at the present time was well stocked with flowers. One might have thought that nothing would have blossomed in such an exposed place—for the Manor stood at the top of the cliffs—but the sturdy flowers did not seem to mind the rough winds and the rain, but flourished very well. A high wall ran round the grounds on three sides, and on the fourth side there was the high iron fencing that served to shut off the edge of the cliffs, which would have been most dangerous if left unguarded. The reason that a fence and not the brick wall was used here was that the view of the sea might not be cut off. The wall, of course, helped to shelter the garden, and against it were trained fruit-trees that promised to be worth visiting a little later on.

This morning the rain was driving across the garden before a strong north-westerly wind, and, certainly, unless the weather improved, the children would have to stay in the house.

The breakfast-table looked very inviting when Maggie, the young maid servant, brought in the coffee. There were home-made bread, golden honey, and new-laid eggs, and the four children fell upon the provisions with hearty appetites, sharpened by the strong sea-air.

'More coffee, please, Muriel,' said Reggie, passing his cup for the second time. There had not been much conversation at first, but now that their appetites were satisfied, one or another of the party had some suggestion to make for the morning's occupation.

'We will begin with the attics,' said Dick. 'That is the best plan, don't you think so?

'No, let's begin here,' said Nora; 'the attics are sure to be dusty, and Muriel and I have clean frocks on, and Martha will scold if we get them covered in dust.'

'Bother frocks!' said Reggie. 'You can keep out of the dust.'

'No, we can't,' said Muriel. 'Really we can't,' she continued. 'I think we had better not come if you want to do the attics. I know they are awfully dirty, for Martha said so last night. She had been all over the house, I think, with Mrs. Thompson, and she said there was dust over everything up there, and rats and mice, and all sorts of horrors.'

Nora shivered, but the boys laughed.

'Rats?' questioned Dick, eagerly. 'I wish that we had a dog, then. We would soon get rid of them. Perhaps there is one somewhere about the place that we could borrow. But we haven't settled yet. Where shall we begin?'

A little discussion followed, but in the end it was agreed that the two boys should go to the top of the house and explore the attics, whilst the girls stayed downstairs, and did anything that they liked.

'Are you sure that you don't mind?' asked Reggie, when, breakfast over, they were about to start off to the upper part of the house.

'No, we don't mind, if you will remember to come down at half-past eleven, so that we can play hide-and-seek. This is the best house for that we have ever been in,' said Muriel; and then the two girls were left alone, the boys promising to be down at the time that they had arranged.

'What shall we do now?' asked Nora, half-an-hour later, when the two sisters had finished helping Martha to arrange some flowers in vases. Clegg, the old gardener, had brought in an armful of wind-battered blossoms, and these had been pounced upon at once by Nora and Muriel.

'We may as well do a little exploring on our own account,' said the older girl. 'We shall want to find some good hiding-places to puzzle the boys. Come with me. I think that the library would be a good place.'

The two went down a long, dark passage that led away from the main entrance-hall. At the end of this passage was a door, and on opening this the girls found themselves in a long, low room, with a large window at one end of it. This window looked out at the side of the house, and a glimpse of the sea could be had from it. The walls were panelled in oak and so was the ceiling. There was a large fireplace, with much wonderful carving about it, and the walls were lined with rows upon rows of books.

'Yes, what a lovely place for a wet day,' said Muriel, who was very fond of reading. 'Let's stay here till it is time for the boys to come down, and then we shall be able to look at some of the books.'

Nora agreed to this proposal, and after that there was silence in the room, save for the beating of the rain on the window and the moaning of the wind round the house. Muriel very soon settled down with a book, but Nora moved from shelf to shelf, taking down a book here and there, and soon replacing it, when she found that it contained no pictures.

Indeed, most of the books on those shelves were of the dusty-musty order, and not at all interesting to any one of Nora's age. All at once, however, Muriel was startled by hearing an exclamation from her sister, and, hastily laying down her book, she ran to Nora's side.

'What is it?' she asked.

Nora was on her knees beside a shelf of large books, which she was tugging at, in the attempt to move. This shelf was raised about a foot and a half from the floor, and the tops of the books resting on it touched the bottom of the shelf above.

(Continued on page 318.)

DR. JOHNSON AND THE HARE.

WHILE Dr. Johnson was staying at the country house of Colonel Middleton, the gardener caught a hare among some potato-plants, and brought it to his master, who at that moment was conversing with the doctor.

'Take it to the cook,' said the Colonel.

Dr. Johnson begged to be allowed to hold the frightened little animal in his arms. It was given to him. He went at once to the open window, and set free the hare, shouting after it to make it run the more quickly.

'Why, Doctor!' exclaimed the Colonel, 'you have robbed my table of a delicacy, and deprived us of an excellent dinner!'

'So much the better, sir,' replied the hare's deliverer, 'for if your table is to be supplied at the expense of the laws of hospitality, I do not envy the appetite of him who dines at it. That hare, sir, had placed itself under your protection, and savage indeed must that man be who does not make his hearth a refuge for the confiding stranger!' E. D.

BUZZARDS.

BUZZARDS in Great Britain are now rather uncommon. They are birds of prey, and chiefly found near the sea, or lakes, or the mouths of rivers. I suppose they are scarce, not so much because the birds cannot get food, as through the nesting-places being disturbed by sportsmen. How did they get the singular name? Not from the birds making a buzzing noise, but, according to one explanation, owing to their movements at times being slow or stupid, people said they were buzzards, for in some countries this uncomplimentary name is given to human beings. But the real derivation of the word is probably the old French name for the falcon, 'busart.' Really the buzzard is not so very slow-flying, except perhaps when it has been cramming itself, and I think the clumsy movements of these birds at times are just a trick, which enables them to approach their prey without startling them off. If inclined, buzzards can move along briskly enough, and strolling about the North Kent marshes in the spring, you may see the moor-buzzard, or duck-hawk, gliding rapidly upon the greyish flats.

During the winter this species goes away from England, though it stops till quite the end of autumn in some years. Its usual food consists of small quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, and frogs. Woe betide the duck, coot, moorhen, young hare or rabbit, that comes in the way of a hungry moor-buzzard. Towards mid-day the bird has a habit of mounting high up in the sky, to take observations of the world around, especially to note good places for hunting.

The nest of this buzzard, or duck-hawk, is put in a cluster of flags or rushes, and occasionally one is

discovered low down in a thick bush. It seeks and eats other birds' eggs; its own eggs are dull white, freckled with brown.

What was known as the common buzzard is no longer common, but rare; it is now and then noticed circling high up in some of the wild lands of the West. Apparently, birds have a sort of language by which they communicate cautions to each other, and so they avoid countries that are dangerous. Being a strong bird of the hawk kind and a supposed foe to pheasants and partridges, it has been killed by game-keepers; yet, when one has been examined, its food has proved to be chiefly moles, mice, and other small fry.

It used sometimes to be called the pultock, and it puts its nest upon a lofty branch, full in view but hard to reach, though five or ten shillings have been given for one of the large eggs. But for an egg of the honey-buzzard, three pounds may be got, and a much larger sum for a full-grown bird. This has always been a rare bird, living in Britain during spring and summer only. Usually it feeds partly upon insects and worms, sometimes taking a mouse or bird, and flies low. This has the most beautiful plumage of all the buzzards. J. R. S. C.

BRITANNIA'S BULWARKS.

II.—AEROPLANES.

TEN years ago the flying machine was thought of as a thing which might possibly come some day—a very distant day, most people considered. But experiments covering many years had gradually been providing the necessary knowledge and mechanism which, when brought together by the Wright brothers in 1905, resulted in a man-carrying aeroplane which would really fly.

Since then the progress of flying, or aviation, as it is often called, has been very rapid, in spite of the many mishaps that have accompanied it. An aeroplane has climbed skywards 18,750 feet (rather more than three and a-half miles); another has flown a distance equal to that separating London and the Shetland Isles, without alighting; another has covered a big circuit at an average speed of over one hundred and five miles an hour; and a dozen passengers have been carried at the same time on a single machine. We have read of daring flights

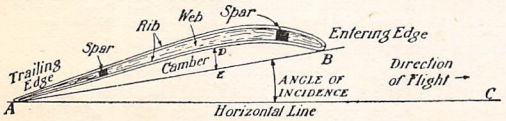
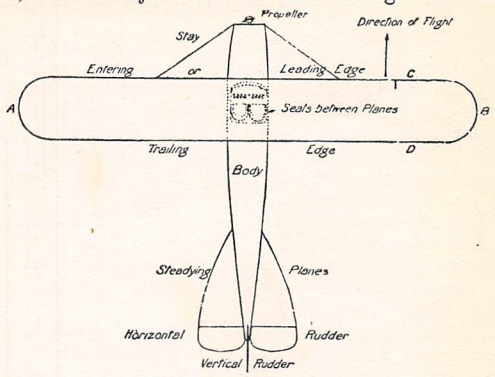


Fig. 1.—The "angle of incidence," at which an aeroplane meets air-resistance.

across the open sea, and over rugged mountain ranges; and our imagination may be excused for picturing a time when there will be a regular air traffic across the ocean, and when week-end trips to the Pyramids or Petrograd will be taken as a matter of course. The long aerial races already held give us some idea of what to expect when the one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles an hour flying machine, able to brave the stiffest gale and travel many hours, even days, at a stretch, shall have been perfected.

Air is about eight hundred times less dense than water, bulk for bulk, and the resistance which it offers to bodies moving slowly through it is almost imperceptible. When, however, it is in rapid motion, or an object travels fast through it—which



Plan of a Bristol biplane, seen from above, showing the parts.

comes to the same thing—its pressure is great, and in extreme cases, as during a cyclone or tornado, has terrifying effects.

In dealing with the principle of an aeroplane's flight we will consider the air to be at rest. Now, to move stationary matter of any kind out of place requires the exertion of force, and the thing pushed

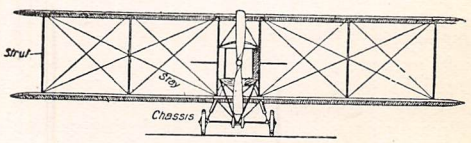


Fig. 3.—Front view of a Bristol biplane.

aside will exert an equal pressure on the thing that pushes it, though the results may not be the same, as the heavier body will be turned less from its course than the lighter. This is an important fact to grasp: that A cannot push B aside without B exerting on A a push in the opposite direction.

A ship forcing its way through the sea, or an airship through the air, has to push equally on both sides, so that it is able to maintain a straight course,

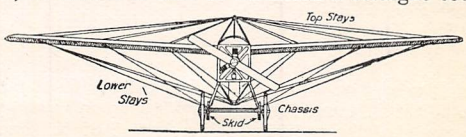


Fig. 4.—Front view of a Bristol monoplane.

but the effort of moving the water or air aside has to be paid for in the shape of obstruction to travel.

An aeroplane, on the other hand, turns to good account the reluctance of the air to be displaced, air being very unyielding. The wings or planes of the aeroplane being inclined or sloped, with the front edge higher than the back, are constantly forcing a mass of air downwards and creating a reaction of the air against themselves which works in opposition

to the force of gravity, or earth-pull. The faster the aeroplane moves, the greater is the amount of air forced downwards by it in a given time, and the stronger is the air-pressure against the under-side of the wings, so that whether the aeroplane slants upwards or downwards, or flies horizontally, is obviously merely a question of speed.

The more tilted a wing is relatively to the horizontal lines, the more air will it grip. But the designer has to be careful, for, if he makes the tilt

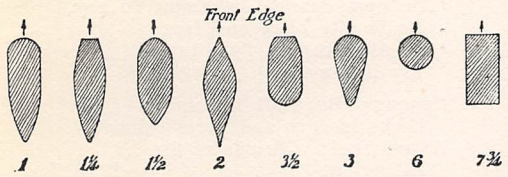


Fig. 5.—Various sections of aeroplane spars: the figures beneath them give their respective resistance to the air, taking that on the left as 1.

too great, the air, besides being driven downwards will be driven forwards to such an extent as to check the machine seriously. His object, therefore, is to use that 'angle of incidence' (fig. 1), as it is called, which will give the greatest upward push or 'lift' to the wings proportionately to the forward resistance or 'drift.' The drift of an aeroplane corresponds to the pull on a kite-string. A good kite will fly almost vertically overhead, as its shape is such as to use a great part of the wind's force as 'lift.'

Apart from the angle at which the planes are set to the direction of movement, one must consider their area. The larger they are, the more air will they act upon during every foot of progress, so that to sustain a given weight a large-winged machine need not travel so fast as a small-winged. The same thing can be stated the other way about: the

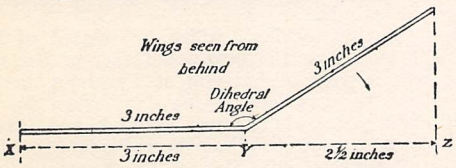


Fig. 6.—Balancing by tilting the side wings (seen from the level of the aeroplane).

heavier an aeroplane is relatively to its wing area, the faster must it travel to keep itself up.

The word 'plane,' as applied to a supporting surface or wing of an aeroplane, is somewhat misleading: its original meaning of 'a flat surface' is lost sight of, for the so-called 'planes' are really curved —for a reason to be noticed later.

The lifting power of a plane depends partly on what is known as its 'aspect ratio,' that is, the proportion its width fore and aft across the plane has to its length from tip to tip. In figs. 2, 3, and 4 are shown plans of a Bristol biplane and monoplane; the biplane measures about twelve metres (just over thirteen yards) from A to B and one and a-half metres (a little under five feet) from C to D, and therefore has an 'aspect ratio' of eight. Ratios in use vary from four and a-half to eleven.

Planes with a high-aspect ratio are more efficient than those with a low-aspect ratio for two reasons:

(1) It has been proved that the rear part of the plane has less lifting power per square foot than the front part near the 'entering' or fore edge. Therefore the width of the plane is less valuable than its length.

(2) As a certain amount of air escapes round the ends of a plane, it follows that a long, narrow plane will 'spill' less proportionately to its area than a short, wide one.

For various reasons it is inadvisable to have very long planes: so that, if a great amount of 'entering edge' (fig. 1) is desired, two planes are arranged one over the other, as in a biplane.

The designer, having decided what the area and angle of incidence of his planes are to be and the total weight to be raised, can calculate the speed required to give the necessary 'lift.' In making this

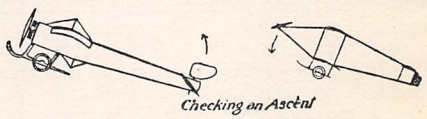


Fig. 7.

calculation he must allow for the head resistance, or retarding pressure, on the engine, spars, wires, body, wheels, and all other parts of the machine. As this resistance increases much more rapidly than the speed, he gives all parts where possible a shape which allows them to move through the air without disturbing it much. Thus, spars and rods are made more or less fish-shaped in section, thick near the front and tapering off aft to a more or less sharp edge, so that the air passing round the parts comes together quietly behind them (fig. 5).

The reduction of head resistance makes less motive power necessary, and gives the aeroplane a better gliding angle. That is to say, if, during flight, the engine is stopped, the aeroplane will slant downwards at a flatter angle. Some aeroplanes have a gliding angle as small as 'one in seven,' advancing seven feet while falling one. The angle depends of course largely on the weight carried per square foot of plane, as the greater it is the more suddenly will the machine fall; but in all cases the reduction of

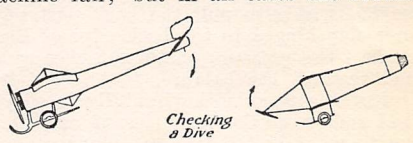


Fig. 8.

head resistance must flatten the angle.

For actual figures as to the power used on aeroplanes we may go to statistics issued about the machines which entered for the Military Trials on Salisbury Plain in August, 1912. These show that on the average the engines developed a horse-power for every twenty-five pounds of the total weight lifted, the weights ranging from one thousand six hundred to two thousand seven hundred pounds and the horse-power of engines from fifty to one hundred and twenty. To keep an aeroplane on a horizontal course its engine must develop as much power

as would be needed to drive, say, a motor-car of equal weight at the same speed up a slope having a steepness equal to the gliding angle of the aeroplane. We must add to this sufficient power to enable the aeroplane to climb—otherwise it could not rise from the ground. The more reserve power an aeroplane has the more quickly can it climb, and the greater is its range of speed between fastest and slowest, if the pilot prevents it from rising.

Early experimenters, using 'gliders' without engines, found difficulty in keeping their machines horizontal fore and aft. A single plane, or two or more planes set one over the other, have little natural stability, and will tip backwards or forwards, if the pressure on them varies. The Wright brothers introduced a small movable plane some distance in front of the main planes, whereby pitching could be rectified by the movements of a lever in the pilot's hand. If the aeroplane dived, the front edge of the small plane was raised to increase its lift and bring the aeroplane on a 'level keel' again. Any tendency to point upwards could be checked by depressing the leading edge of the elevator and allowing the air to press downwards on it. A similar purpose is served by a movable tail behind the main planes. Machines with the screw in front have, for convenience in construction, the horizontal rudder behind; those with propellers behind have an elevator in front. There are additional fixed planes in either or both places to help to check pitching. One may consider an aeroplane in flight as having its weight so distributed with regard to its supporting surfaces that it tends on the whole to fly horizontally, and as depending on horizontal rudders placed some distance from the main planes either to prevent it leaving a horizontal path or to make it do so, as the pilot may desire.

Like a ship, an aeroplane can roll from side to side; but unlike the ship, it does not right itself automatically. To a very limited extent it can be made self-righting by inclining the ends of the planes upwards (fig. 6) so as to form a very shallow V. Then, if the machine tips, say, to the left, the left wing becomes horizontal and offers more resistance to falling than the tilted right wing.

But the main provision for balancing consists in providing the pilot with a device for causing one wing to exert more 'lift' than the other. By means of wires he is able to pull the back part of either wing, or a flap hinged to the back edge of the wing, downwards. The pressure on this at once raises the wing and restores the balance.

Control of the machine horizontally is effected by a vertical rudder at the rear (figs. 7 and 8). If it is drawn to right or left, the aeroplane at once circles to that side. As the wing on the outside of a curve moves faster than that on the inside, it has greater lifting power, and the machine therefore tilts towards the inside of the curve, or 'banks' itself. In making a sharp turn there is a danger of the tilt being too great, and the balancing devices may have to be brought into action. On some machines the vertical rudder and balancing wires are so connected that they can be worked together by one lever and assist each other; but the more general rule is for the steering to be done by a foot lever, and the balancing in both directions by a hand lever or wheel.

(Continued on page 341.)

SPARROW.

SPARROW sits aloft the steeple,
Cocks his eye and peers adown
At the funny, tiny people
In the town.

Like black flies they throng the streets,
Alleys, lanes and ivied nooks;
Sparrow wonders, twists and tweets
As he looks.

'Ah, poor dears!' he seems to say,
As he sits alert and free;
'Sad they cannot fly away—
Fly like me.'

Sparrow sits aloft the spire,
Cocks his eye and peers below
At red roofs with sunset fire
All aglow.

R. B. Ince.

A BOY'S PRANK.

WILLIAM COBBETT was a man who possessed great energy and perseverance, coupled with magnificent moral courage. Beginning life as a farmer's boy, he suddenly took it into his head to go to London, where after a short time he enlisted in the army. Whilst in barracks, he devoted all his spare time to the improvement of his education, and was soon of great use to his officers. Leaving the army, he became a political writer and speaker, editing various journals of his own, and travelling through the country to deliver political addresses.

Cobbett's political writings were very forcible, and while they won him many friends, they also made him many enemies. He had frequent lawsuits, and was several times heavily fined, and was once imprisoned for two years. It required indomitable courage and perseverance to go on writing and lecturing in the face of such opposition, but Cobbett never wavered, and, to speak the truth, never minced his words.

The following incident, which he related of himself, will show how the boy was father of the man. There was a pack of harriers at Farnham, in Surrey, where he was born. One day, when he was about eight years old, he was so rash and fearless as to jump among the hounds in order to get a hare's tail for himself. One of the huntsmen gave him a cut with his whip. Cobbett, smarting under the lash, railed at the huntsman, but that was of little avail, and gave Cobbett small satisfaction. He nursed his grievance and determined to have a revenge. It was wrong and foolish of him to keep alive his resentment, but the manner of his revenge was bold and ingenious.

He had learned, in what way he does not tell us, that a harrier will follow the scent of a red-herring as eagerly as the scent of a hare. He waited until the harriers went out again, when he obtained a red-herring, tied it to a string, and hid in a place across which he thought a hare would run as soon as the harriers started in pursuit. He chose a spot in a dry field near to a hard-trodden path, and waited for the sound of the huntsman's 'halloo!' which would proclaim that a hare had been found, and the chase had begun. Presently he heard the cry, and hiding in some fern and bracken, he kept a careful watch for the hare.

Presently he saw her pass him, making towards a common and a hill on the south. Immediately she had passed, he jumped up, and trailing the red-herring on the ground, he ran westward across the hare's path, and made for a steep bank up which the horsemen could not follow him. Then he went over the roughest part of Seal Common that he could find, and coming to the fence of a park, he climbed over the palings, and ran to and fro with his herring among the heath in the park. He next scrambled down a steep hillside, at the bottom of which there was swampy ground. Here there was a stream, into which he tossed his herring.

Having washed his hands in the river, in order to get rid of the scent upon himself, Cobbett regained the top of the hill by a circuitous path, and stayed to watch the result of his trick. He saw the hounds running hither and thither in a dry field for nearly an hour. Then they made their way down the hill, only to find themselves as thoroughly baffled in the swamp. In vain the huntsmen went to and fro, and crossed the river to try the other side. The hounds were completely at fault and never regained a true scent. The huntsmen, wet and bemired, were at last compelled to draw them off and go home puzzled and dissatisfied.

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 300.)

THE voice of the priest, the beat of the drums, still came faintly from across the river. But now there was added to these sounds another sound, the distant roar of the voices of many men raised together in sullen wrath: the dreadful clamour of an angry crowd, than which there is no sound more terrible in all the world. And Mary ran back again to Arnold, and held him close.

'Oh, help us, Tarm!' she cried. And even John could keep fear at bay no longer, and 'Help us, Tarm!' he echoed.

And, suddenly, Tarm's attitude of strained attention relaxed. He smiled and then he laughed, though each moment the threatening roar grew louder; and other little drums beat in time to the drum of the old priest, and he knew that those were the drums of the seekers of gold.

'Ye thought that I was idle,' said Tarm, laughing. 'Ye thought that I was content to die, to yield without a struggle. But I was listening for a sound to which your ears were deaf, for I knew that could I hear that sound, our deliverance was sure. I listened for Ganesh, my friend.'

'Ganesh? Ganesh, the elephant-god?' John asked. His thoughts were still so full of the stone image of Ganesh, that he did not at first understand what it was that Tarm meant.

'Even so, for my lord the elephant. It is his pleasure at times to feed in these forests below the temple. I waited till I heard the crack of the branches which should tell that he plucked his food. And I have heard it—I have heard it! Now listen while I call.'

He ran to the narrow window, and for a moment he paused while he considered in what form he should cast his summons. And, while he thus considered, the noise of the crowd, the beat of the drums drew nearer, ever nearer, fierce and threatening. And above the mingled roar came now and then a sharp cry of 'Kill, kill!' And Mary and John drew very close together, with little Arnold between them.

For a moment Tarm stood silent. Then his clear voice rang out like some sweet-toned bell. It was pitched on a note that perforce must carry far, despite the approaching tumult.

'Ganesh, Ganesh, come hither! I have need of thee, Ganesh! I have need of thee, my friend!'

And scarcely had the echoes of Tarm's voice died away, than from the forest just beneath the temple came the sound of a great body crashing, pressing through the trees. It mingled with the noise of the crowd ascending the narrow path. It rose above that clamour and out-distanced it. And next came the rattle of stones beneath the feet of one who climbed swiftly, and then the platform outside the temple door cracked beneath a heavy weight.

And again Tarm spoke, very softly, very lovingly, as Ayah was wont to speak to Arnold. 'Break me this door which keeps me from thee, Ganesh, my friend,' he said.

And, as Tarm spoke, something touched the panels gently, a sensitive trunk which tested the strength of the barrier. And then . . . there was a crash, a splintering of wood. And through the door smashed to firewood, torn from its hinges, came the great dark head and white tusks of Ganesh, the solitary elephant.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Arnold shrank back, the furry monkey clasped very tight against his flannel nightgown. He stared with round eyes at the great dark thing which filled the doorway. And as Mary and John looked at the restless trunk which reached out towards them, and at the sharp white tusks, it almost seemed to them as if Ganesh might prove more dangerous than the furious crowd and the angry priest.

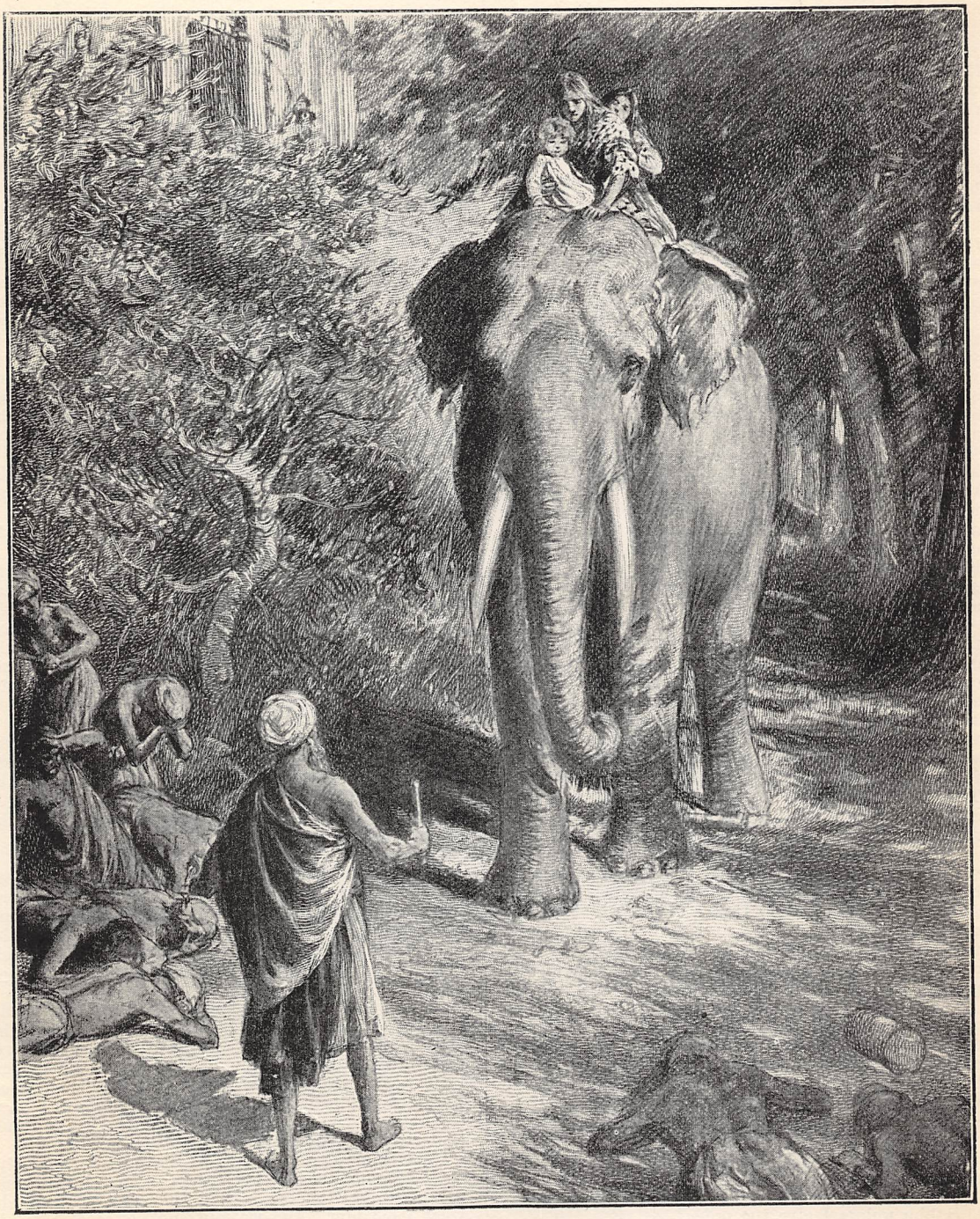
But Tarm, naturally, was not at all frightened, but wholly pleased. He ran forward, threw his arms round the elephant's trunk, kissed the wrinkled forehead, fondled the ears, the edges of which were ragged and torn by thorns, murmured words of endearment. But he soon ceased to fondle and to murmur, for now, patterning the white walls and floor of the temple with its fierce and shifting light, could be seen the glare of the torches the gold-seekers carried. And very clear and distinct came that cry of 'Kill, kill, kill!'

'Take us from here, Ganesh,' Tarm ordered. 'Take us safely away. Scatter these people as thou dost ever scatter thine enemies. Teach them who is master of the forest.'

He stood on the shattered platform outside the temple, so much lower than the threshold that his head could enter the door comfortably. But now he backed away a little until it was possible for Tarm, carrying Arnold, and for Mary and John to slip through the doorway and scramble on to his back. And then he swung round and prepared to descend the pathway towards the ascending crowd. One note of alarm he gave at the full glare of torches which met him. Then, in a royal rage that his solitudes should be thus invaded, he tramped forward, trumpeting as he went.

(Continued on page 314.

"Through the door came the great dark head of Ganesh, the solitary elephant."



"Straight in the pathway stood the old priest."

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 311.)

THE path was so steep, it turned so quickly, that only as Ganesh moved downwards could the foremost ranks of the crowd see plainly who it was that had occupied the little platform outside the temple; who it was that came towards them in such angry wise. And, as they looked, the excitement died out of their faces, and fear, cold fear, came in its place. Their very voices stuck in their throats. From their limp, helpless hands dropped the torches and drums. They fled, such as had strength to flee, through the forest. They crowded, such as remained, to the very edge of the narrow path.

For they did not see, what an English person in their position would have seen, though that was a wonderful sight enough: they did not see a huge wild elephant with a white man and three white children on its back. They did not see this only—or, rather, they believed that they beheld something altogether different.

The old priest had roused them from sleep with his wonderful tale. He had told them that the white children had come to steal away their image that was so precious, that they had gifted it with a passing life through their magic spells. The seekers of gold had listened to this tale, and firmly they had believed it. They had come to revenge themselves, to claim their own again, full of anger against those who would do them this wrong.

And now, as they beheld the elephant draw near, they believed with equal firmness that this was no earthly elephant, but some demon creature from another world the children had summoned to their aid; something so dreadful that even to look on it was almost death. Or, and this was a yet more terrible thought, it was the god Ganesh, himself, leagued with their enemies against them. They fell on their faces, they hid their eyes from this appalling sight. Through close-pressed ranks of silent, cowed, crouching figures, Ganesh, the elephant, made his royal progress towards the foot of the hill.

One figure, alone, did not fall before him; one voice only was raised in protest. One hand still beat, though in wavering fashion, upon the little drum. Straight in the pathway of Ganesh stood the old priest and shrieked his useless, brave defiance of this thing that was too strong for him. Ganesh came to a halt, and there was an added note of anger in the answering defiance he trumpeted forth.

Then, suddenly, Tarm's hand came down sharply on the elephant's forehead; he uttered a word of command. And Ganesh reached out his trunk and gripped the old priest round the middle, lifted him high in the air, and marched on again; and through the silent, crouching, peeping crowd ran a new ripple of fear as the wind ripples anew in a field of corn.

'Will he hurt him?' Mary whispered. 'Will Ganesh hurt him, Tarm?'

And 'No,' Tarm whispered back. 'He will not hurt him unless I give the order.'

He looked at the old priest from where he sat astride on the elephant's neck, Arnold on his knee. Next to Tarm came Mary, and she held on to the leopard-skins because there was nothing else to which she could hold. She sat sideways, and John sat behind her on the other side, and held in his turn to Mary's dressing-gown.

Ganesh walked with a slow and stately majesty. as though he wished to impress on those he passed the utter scorn in which he held them. But, since they were so plainly ready to submit, he was no longer angry, but merely pleased to show off, very much as a child might be pleased. Yet he was uneasy at the near neighbourhood of so many human creatures, and he was glad when, presently. he reached the river-bed with its wide. deserted spaces. He came then to a halt, and set the old priest on his feet, but he still encircled him with his trunk.

The old man had been silent hitherto, his back towards Tarm and the children. Now he twisted himself round and looked up at them, and he salaamed with both hands together as the deepest mark of respect that he could show. He believed, with the seekers of gold, that by some magic power this elephant had been conjured from the jungle, for he knew nothing of the friendship which existed between Tarm and Ganesh. He was convinced that he stood in the presence of a power far stronger than his own.

'Give the order that I may go free, lords of the forest,' he said. 'Give the order that your servant may be set free.'

'And what wilt thou do when thou art free?' Tarm asked. 'Wilt thou seek again to kill us?'

'Of what use,' said the old man, 'since ye are more powerful than am I?' And then the tears forced themselves from his sunken eyes, ran down his thin cheeks; he wrung his hands together. 'Now have I nothing left,' he mourned. 'There will be no white image in the temple. There will be no more gold. And thou, whom I truly love, thou wilt go from me for ever. Maybe it were better if thou didst bid thy servant to tread me underfoot.'

So forlorn he looked, so old, so brokenhearted, that it was impossible not to pity him. At a word from Tarm, Ganesh moved his trunk aside. But the old man only took a few steps towards the temple and then came back again. He peered up at the group on the back of Ganesh.

'Take me with you,' he said. 'Where ye go, I will go also. I will do you good only and not harm.'

But now Ganesh began to be uneasy. He had done what was asked of him. He had brought Tarm, and those who were Tarm's friends, safely out of the danger by which they were threatened. It was almost day, and the scents in the air warned him that dawn was coming.

Ganesh waited for a moment to see if Tarm would slip from his back, as was his usual custom at the end of a night's outing. But Tarm did not move, and Ganesh could contain his impatience no longer. He surged forward again, and would not listen when Tarm bade him halt. The old priest followed at a shambling trot, determined not to lose sight of all that made his world.

'Where is Ganesh going?' Mary asked anxiously.

'I do not know,' said Tarm, alarmed also and perplexed. 'Often he is like this, and will not do what I bid him. And we must not descend from his back, or the seekers of gold will catch us and slay us. Buddha would call to them immediately. We must go with Ganesh now.'

(Continued on page 327.)

THE MYSTERY OF THE APPLES.

THEY had all gathered at the scene of the accident: Farmer and Mrs. Worth, their little visitor, Nettie Foster, and several farm-hands.

The big basket, half-packed with apples for market, that had been standing on a trestle in the barn, was now on the floor! Its precious contents were scattered and bruised.

It was not the first time apples had come mysteriously to grief at Appledown Farm. Twice in last week some fine specimens, lying on the trestle-tables ready to be packed, had been found scarred with unmistakable fork-marks!

'It can't have been an accident!' Mr. Worth declared. 'Some one has had a spite against me.'

'I'm afraid your're right,' agreed his wife. 'It was too heavy a basket to be upset by accident.'

'I shall not rest till I know who did it,' the farmer went on, pulling his grey beard. 'These damaged apples are no use at all. Unfortunately, with this wretched dry weather, there isn't even a mark of an intruder to be seen. If there had been a good thick mud, nobody could have come and gone without leaving some foot-prints.'

Nettie looked at the heat-laden sky and blinked. The unclouded sun blazed over the distant marshes.

'I wish it would rain!' she said to herself. 'Then we could find out if any one comes again.'

Her wish was granted sooner than she expected. That night a furious thunderstorm raged about the lonely hill-top farm, and torrents of rain battered at the walls.

When Nettie peeped out of her window in the morning, she saw an excited gathering in the yard. She wriggled into her red jersey, slapped her smooth black hair with a wet brush, and ran downstairs, her short skirt flying, her shoe-laces rattling on the brick floor of the passage.

'What has happened?' she cried, bursting into the kitchen.

'Some one's tried to set the barn on fire!' said Mrs. Worth, who was grinding coffee. 'If it hadn't been for the rain, we might have all been burned to death in our beds.'

The family gathered at breakfast full of excitement over this new development, but when the meal was over the rain came down again. Nettie, longing to be near the scene of so much excitement, retired to the barn with a ball.

Once again the place was crowded with apples—apples in baskets, in trays, on trestles, and on the floor. There were great square stacks of trays, piled one above the other, each with its raised handle, keeping the shelf above from bruising its rosy-cheeked contents.

Nettie entered cautiously. What if she should find some clue to the person who had done the damage? She must keep her eyes open!

But presently she forgot all about the previous day's discoveries, for her ball, bouncing crookedly, disappeared on the top of the biggest stack!

Nettie stared in dismay. How could she get the ball.

Then an idea struck her. Taking hold of the edges of the heavy trays, and digging her toes into the spaces between them, she pulled herself up, till she could look along the top. There was the ball, right at the back!

Carefully she climbed, the piles of trays wobbling dangerously, up, up, up, till she had scrambled to the top. At the same moment there was a dreadful crash! One of the piles by which she had climbed up, had gone clattering down, caught by her foot!

Before she could move, the farmer, startled by the noise, rushed in with some baskets, and saw what had happened.

He turned quite pale. 'What! the baskets down again?' he gasped. 'I declare I'll never rest till I find this enemy of mine! The thing is unbearable!' There was an awful pause, while the farmer searched the barn and picked up the apples, muttering to himself all the time. Then at last he went out.

Carefully raising her head, Nettie watched him. Would he never leave the yard? At last he disappeared, and Nettie was preparing to escape when suddenly a soft step made her draw back. Some one was approaching the opposite door! The next moment a little girl of about five, poorly dressed in pink cotton, came in sight, a long stick in her hand. Slowly this long stick was pushed towards the trestle on which the apples lay, and there was a steel fork at the end of it! There was a breathless, groping pause, then one of the best apples stuck on the prongs! It was carefully lifted, and drawn out to the little hand, which caught it as it fell!

A sudden shout made both children jump, and the next moment the farmer had the little thief by the shoulder! 'Lily Field, how dare you come damaging my apples? I've a good mind to whip you! You come upsetting whole piles!'

Lily looked blank, and began to cry. 'I didn't upset whole piles!' she gasped.

'You did,' repeated the farmer. 'You needn't tell stories. I shall whip you all the harder if you do!'

And he looked so angry that Nettie trembled. Then she realised that the child had told the truth. It was she, Nettie, who had upset the pile of trays, and this little mite, of half her age, would have to suffer for her clumsiness! A moment she hesitated. Then, with a little shiver, she climbed down from her perch, and stood before the farmer. 'Please, I upset the pile, trying to find my ball,' she stammered.

'You!' he cried.

Nettie nodded miserably, then turned to the little girl. 'Did you upset a basket yesterday?' she asked.

'Ye-s!' sobbed the child.

'And did you set the straw on fire last night?'

Lily looked amazed. 'The straw, was it?' she said. 'Father said he saw the lightning strike something up here! I——'

'Lightning! Well, they all said so, but I wouldn't believe it—more shame to me!' cried the farmer. 'But my apples—what made you take them?'

Lily hung her head.

'Come, speak up!'

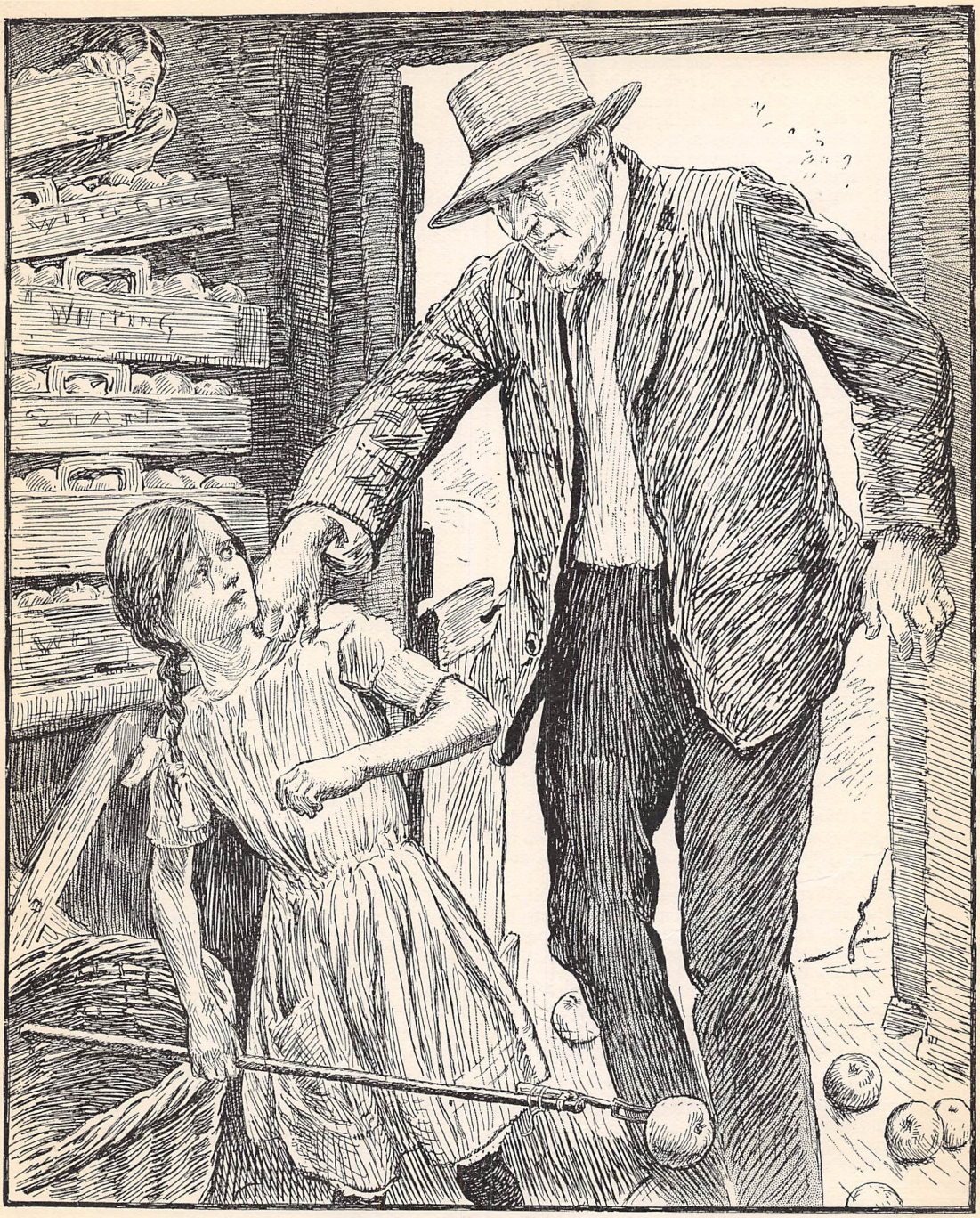
No answer.

'Speak!' coaxed Nettie.

''Twas for Grandfather,' came the low murmur at last. 'He can't fancy anything to eat but apples—he's that queer—and you were so kind last autumn giving him some, I thought you would again!'

'So I would, if I'd known,' said the farmer; 'but you mustn't steal them.'

Nettle caught his arm. 'Don't punish her!' she pleaded. 'Not this time! She's very little, and

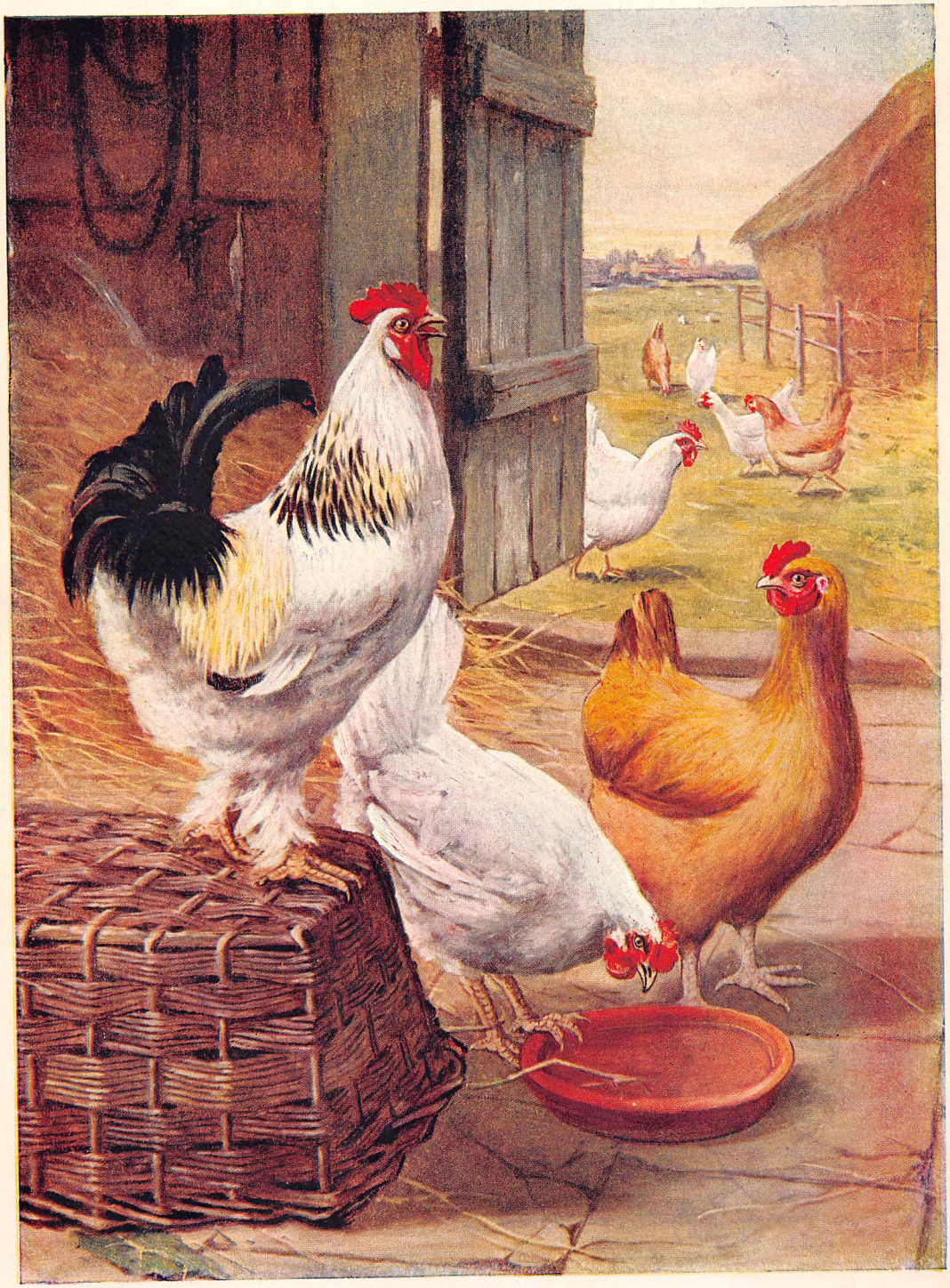


"The next moment the farmer had the little thief by the shoulder."

she's sorry. Won't you let me give her some for her poor old grandfather? I am sure she will never steal again!'

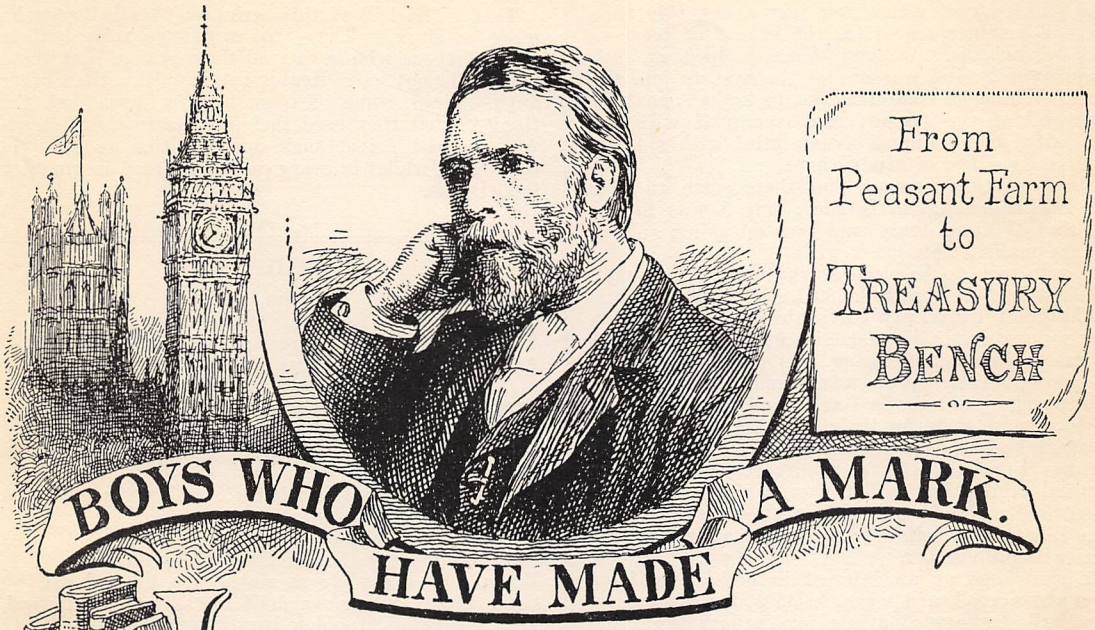
A few minutes later, Lily, feeling dreadfully ashamed, went home to her grandfather with the apples; and there was joy at Appledown Farm, for the bogey of a secret enemy was laid for ever.

M. Hays.



THE PRIDE OF THE FARMYARD.

WILLIAM JONES M.P.



IT seemed a far step from pit-boy to baronet, but it is more astonishing still to find a peasant farmer's son becoming a Lord of the Treasury! Yet this is what really happened when, in 1911, William Jones, M.P., was invited to join the Government in this capacity.

Jones—this is a very usual name in Wales, and there are a number of boys bearing it, so that no one could possibly tell that this particular Jones was going to be something out of the ordinary. His father had a small farm at Ceint Bach, near Penmynydd, Anglesey; by-the-by, it fits in rather well with the story that the old-world name for Anglesey signified the 'Island of Heroes.' It still holds its own in importance, for the island is connected by rail from Chester to Holyhead by the famous Britannia Tubular Railway Bridge which stretches across the Menai Straits. This bridge was opened in 1860, the very year the William Jones of our story was born.

When he was only three years old his father died, and his mother moved away to the little town of Llangefui, a short distance off. Fortunately for her son, she was an excellent mother, and realised how important it was that he should have as good an education as possible. She sent him to the Church school to begin with, and, being a bright boy, he soon attracted the attention of the rector, who took a great interest in him.

'He ought to go to Oxford, later on,' he said one day to the boy's mother, and she no doubt kept this in her mind, though there did not, at that time, seem much likelihood of its being accomplished. All she could do just then was to encourage her son to make the best use of his opportunities in the village school; and, sensible boy that he was, he fell in with her wishes, the result being that the time soon came when he showed himself to be fitted for something more than village life, whereupon he was sent to Bangor Normal College to be trained for teaching. He made the best use of these advantages, and, by the time he was fully equipped to earn his own living, was offered work in a school in Cardiganshire, as a junior teacher.

How proud his mother must have been, and how well rewarded she must have felt for the efforts she had made to give her boy as good an education as lay in her power!

But young Jones himself was not at all content to stop here; he was wise enough to know that he had plenty more to learn, and, like young George Elliot the pit-boy, was ambitious to fit himself for higher work. With this end in view, he attended—whilst still carrying on his work as a junior teacher—classes at what was then known as Aberystwyth College, but is now part of the Welsh University.

His next step was to come to London; he felt that he wanted a wider field of work and larger opportunities for study. He got an appointment under the London School Board, but used every available spare moment for improving himself, frequently visiting the British Museum and attending classes at King's College and Toynbee Hall.

So much for his work as student and teacher; now he had another aspiration—that of fitting himself for a public speaker; so he quietly began training for platform work.

At this point in his career an important change occurred. Through the interest of the authorities of Toynbee Hall—where he still continued to study hard—he was brought into connection with the University of Oxford, which had just about this time opened a summer school for the benefit of teachers in Board Schools. William Jones jumped at such an opportunity and was one of the first to join the school. Whilst at Oxford he got to know something of several of the famous men connected with the University, and his mind became filled with a desire to enter on a life of study there.

It was at this moment that there came an offer of a headmastership in London; but it was to Oxford that William Jones was bent on going, and, in 1889, he realised this great wish.

He was seen to be cleverer and to be thoroughly proficient in the subjects he had studied, and this is all the great University cares about, for it is open to every one, and it is no detriment that the student has had a humble beginning. So proficient, indeed, was young Jones, that he was considered fit to coach Oxford undergraduates in Gaelic, and other subjects, and to prepare them for their hard final examination.

But, as he had done from boyhood, he was gathering knowledge himself even whilst he taught others. In place of the British Museum, which he had attended in London, he now made full use of the Bodleian Library at Oxford, as well as attending lectures without number.

He also kept up an interest in politics, both at home and abroad, and when, in 1895, he was put up as a Parliamentary candidate for Carnarvonshire, he came out at the top of the poll.

Meanwhile, he had not lost sight of his ambition to become a good speaker, and astonished the House of Commons by his eloquence when he made his first, or, as it is called, his 'maiden' speech. And what do you think he spoke about? What, you will all doubtless agree, was particularly appropriate when we remember his career—it was a plea for learning! He asked that Welsh manuscripts should be catalogued, in order that they might be more easily found by students. A couple of years later he made so brilliant a speech on the Penrhyn strike that he became an acknowledged orator. He does not speak often, but when he does, his speeches are listened to with the greatest attention and interest, for he is rightly regarded as one of the most gifted speakers in Parliament.

In the year 1903, Mr. Jones went to America as a member of an Education Commission, and, soon after his return, accompanied Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P., to India. He used his travels, as he did all his other opportunities, as a knowledge-gainer, so to speak, and could, as a result, tell us a great deal about the conditions of both Eastern and Western life.

After acting as Parliamentary Secretary to a well-known member of the Government, he was, in 1911, as we have already seen, asked to join the Government as a Junior Lord of the Treasury.

And what of the man himself? He is very shy and retiring, and far fonder of the quiet of his own native Anglesey than of the applause of audiences. He lives very simply, and it is said of him that if it were not for his friends he would often forget to eat his dinner! Except for the M.P. after his name, he is plain 'William Jones' still, but although he bears no title he has great gifts of learning and a golden power of speech—proud distinctions in themselves which any boy may well be proud to have earned.

* * * * * * *

This is the last of this series on 'Some Boys who made a Mark.' They will not have missed their point if those who have read them realise that these heroes did not have greater opportunities than other boys—indeed, some of them had far less; but the thing is that they used their talents to the best advantage and seized such opportunities as came in their way, whilst in every case they were enormously industrious.

C. M. Foot.

VOICES.

GENTLY, as in a dream, the barges glide
Down the full river on the silver tide:
Wide flap their russet sails, listless and free,
And voices of the air are thither calling me.

Afar they hale me ere the sun doth rise,
When in the East a tremor shakes the skies,
'Come forth,' they whisper, 'when dawn's breezes blow,
Lest the Queen's fairy barge should pass and you not know.

'And whispers gather in the evening lull,
When into violet gloom sinks each black hull:
Come hither, where we drift o'er stream and weed,
Lest the Queen's golden barge should pass and you not heed.'

Gently, as in a dream, the barges glide
Down the slow river on the full, clear tide;
I glimpse no Queen, no royal barge I see—
Yet fairy voices call and call and call to me.

R. B. Ince.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MANOR.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 307.)

'WHY,' said Nora, in answer to Muriel's question, 'I can't make these books move. See, they are just like all the others in this row, but these twenty, from there to there'—and as she spoke she pointed out the books—'don't move. I have tugged and tugged at them, but it is of no use.'

'How queer!' said Muriel, trying in her turn to move the books, but without any success.

'Why is it?' asked Nora, eagerly.

'I don't know, unless it is that they are not books, but just wood painted to look like books. Let's tell the boys, and get them to help us,' said Muriel.

In a few moments the boys were downstairs in the library, tugging away at the obstinate books, just as the girls had done.

'This is rum!' said Dick at last, as, out of breath, he paused for a little rest.

'It is, and I think our best plan will be to clear away the books from the shelf above,' said Reggie. 'Then we may see a little more clearly what all this means.'

This was so sooner said than done. In a very

short time all the books from the shelf above were lying in a couple of piles on the floor. When the last book was taken off the shelf, Reggie felt with his right hand along the woodwork at the back of where the volumes had stood, and all at once there was a creaking sound, and the row of twenty 'dummy' books swung outwards, nearly knocking Nora and Dick over, and showing a dark hole measuring two feet high, and about four feet wide.

'What on earth——!' began Dick. But he got no farther, for at that moment the door of the library opened, and Mrs. Thompson, the housekeeper, entered the room.

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Thompson paused just inside the door of the library, and looked in surprise at the four children, and the pile of heavy books that lay beside them on the floor. Then she noticed the hole that had been revealed by the opening of the secret door, and said, 'Well, and what may you be doing now, my dears? What is all this?'

As she spoke the housekeeper came closer to the group, and Reggie and Dick made haste to explain what had occurred.

'We had no idea of what the books hid,' said Reggie, with a wave of his right hand towards the hole in the panelling of the room. 'Did you know that there was this opening, Mrs. Thompson?'

The old lady did not answer for a moment. There was a look of perplexity on her face, and both the girls, at least, thought that she appeared a little vexed. 'I think you had better close that door again, and put all the books back,' she said at last, without answering the question that Reggie had put to her. 'And when you have finished doing that your dinner will be about ready, I think. Put them back just as you found them, if you can. They are not moved, as a rule.'

With these words the old lady walked slowly out of the room. She looked rather severe, and she walked with a great real of dignity, and neither of the four children felt very comfortable as they set to work to replace the books.

When it was safe to speak, Dick said: 'Well, I didn't know that it would matter, but I suppose that we oughtn't to have moved these books.'

'Mrs. Thompson did not like it—I could see that, but I don't understand why she should mind our having found that secret door. I do wonder where it leads to,' said Reggie.

'It is big enough to crowl through, isn't it?' said Nora, handing books to the boys, so that they might place them in the right order on the shelf.

'Oh, yes; why even a man would be able to squeeze through that opening,' said Reggie. 'If the housekeeper had not come in just when she did, we could have gone through and found out what there is on the other side. It would have been no end of a lark. But we will do it some day.'

'Oh, but you won't take the books off the shelf again?' said Muriel, in a rather shocked tone.

'Why not?' asked both the boys in a breath.

'Why, because Mrs. Thompson would not like it,' said Muriel quickly. 'You could see that she was vexed, and of course we have no right to meddle with things. I know Mother and Father would not like us to do so.'

The boys were silent at this, for in truth what Muriel said was a fact, and Dick Ransome was as certain as Reggie was himself that they really ought not to open the secret door again without permission. And if they asked to be allowed to open it, most likely they would not be allowed to do so.

'Where do you think that it leads to?' asked Nora, as, their work finished, the three children prepared to wash their hands, which were exceedingly dusty by now.

'I should imagine that it is the entrance to some hiding-hole,' said Dick, who was fond of reading about old houses, and had heard of places like this which used to be made in the large houses, so that their owners might hide from their enemies if need should arise. He knew, too, that the priests had often to hide from those who wanted to put them to death, and most probably this opening that they had come across in the library was the way into some secret room or passage.

'I should like to explore it. That would be something like an adventure. Why, we might even chance to come upon a skeleton—some old priest's bones—you know,' added Dick, rather thoughtlessly.

'Oh, oh! how dreadful! do you really think that we should find something like that?' asked Muriel, in horror, whilst Nora shivered, and vowed that she would not go through the dark opening for anything.

'No, of course we should not find anything of that kind,' said Reggie, stoutly, and at the same time he gave Dick a warning dig in the ribs, in order to remind him that he must not make any more speeches of that kind in the hearing of the two girls.

'I didn't really mean it; I was only joking,' said Dick hurriedly, understanding what Reggie meant at once. 'I expect though, that we should find a lot of dust if we went through that hole, and perhaps a little room, or it might only be a passage, leading to some other part of the house. But come along; that is the gong and dinner is ready. How quickly the time has gone. I had no notion that it was so late.'

The four hurried downstairs, and to their surprise they found that the sun was shining, and that the rain was a thing of the past.

'I suppose we were so taken up with our discovery, I had no idea that it had stopped raining,' said Reggie between the mouthfuls. 'What shall we do first?'

'Let's go to the shore,' suggested Muriel, and to this the others agreed at once.

'We have seen the garden, and, of course, the sea is the thing,' said Dick. 'I wish we had a boat, though.'

'What for?' asked Nora.

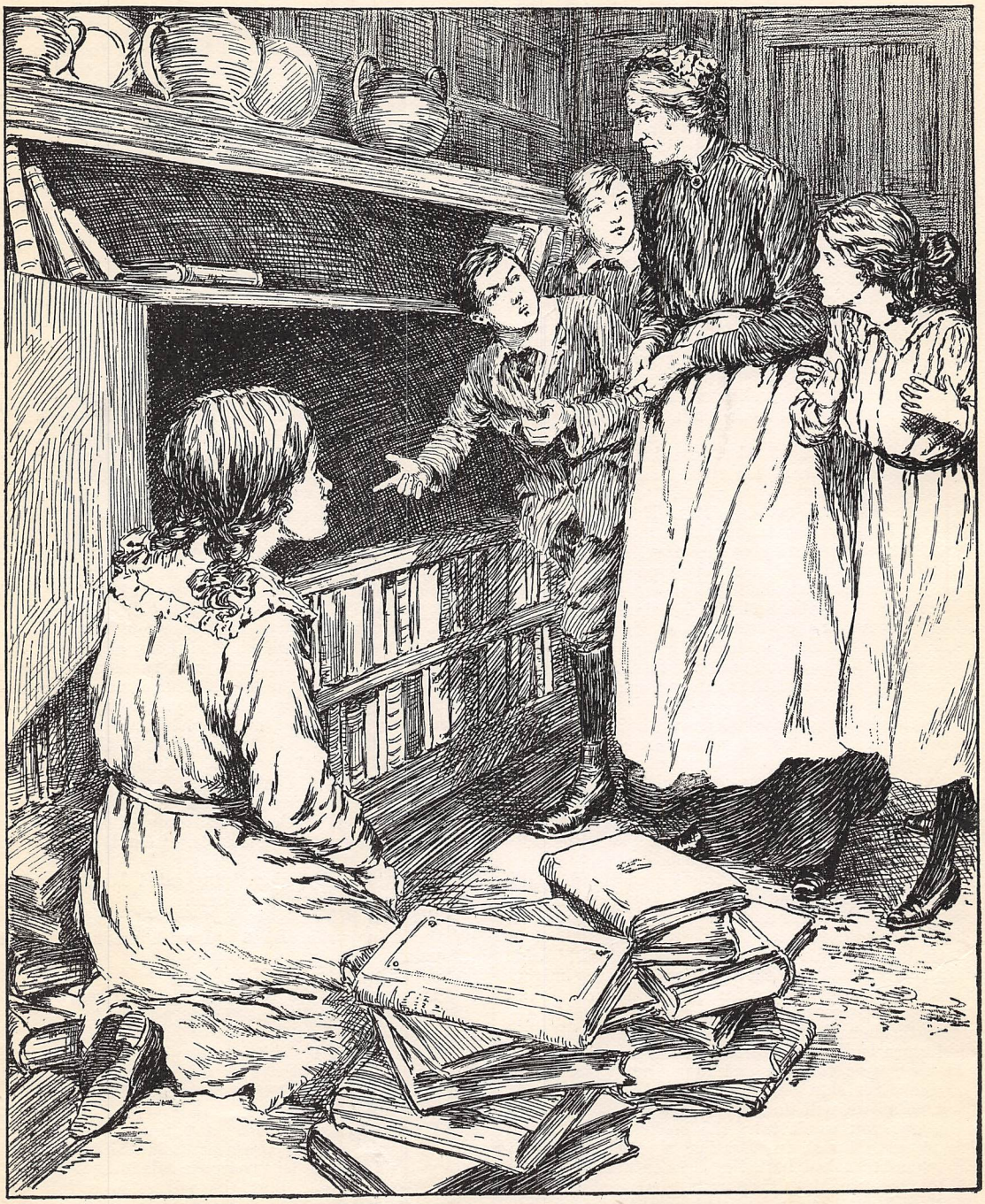
'To go round the rocks. I want to see into the little cove, and a boat is the only thing to get there in,' explained Dick.

'Well, as we haven't got one, it is of no use to think of that. Perhaps if we get to know one of the fishermen, he will take us round there some day,' said Reggie.

'There don't seem to be any people about—there are no cottages anywhere near,' said Muriel, who had noticed this from her bedroom window.

'Well, we know that the village is a full mile away,' said Reggie. 'I expect that there are cottages further along the coast, though, and we shall be certain to get to know some of the men in time. Now, if you others are ready, we may as well start.'

(Continued on page 322.)



"'Did you know that there was this opening, Mrs. Thompson!'"

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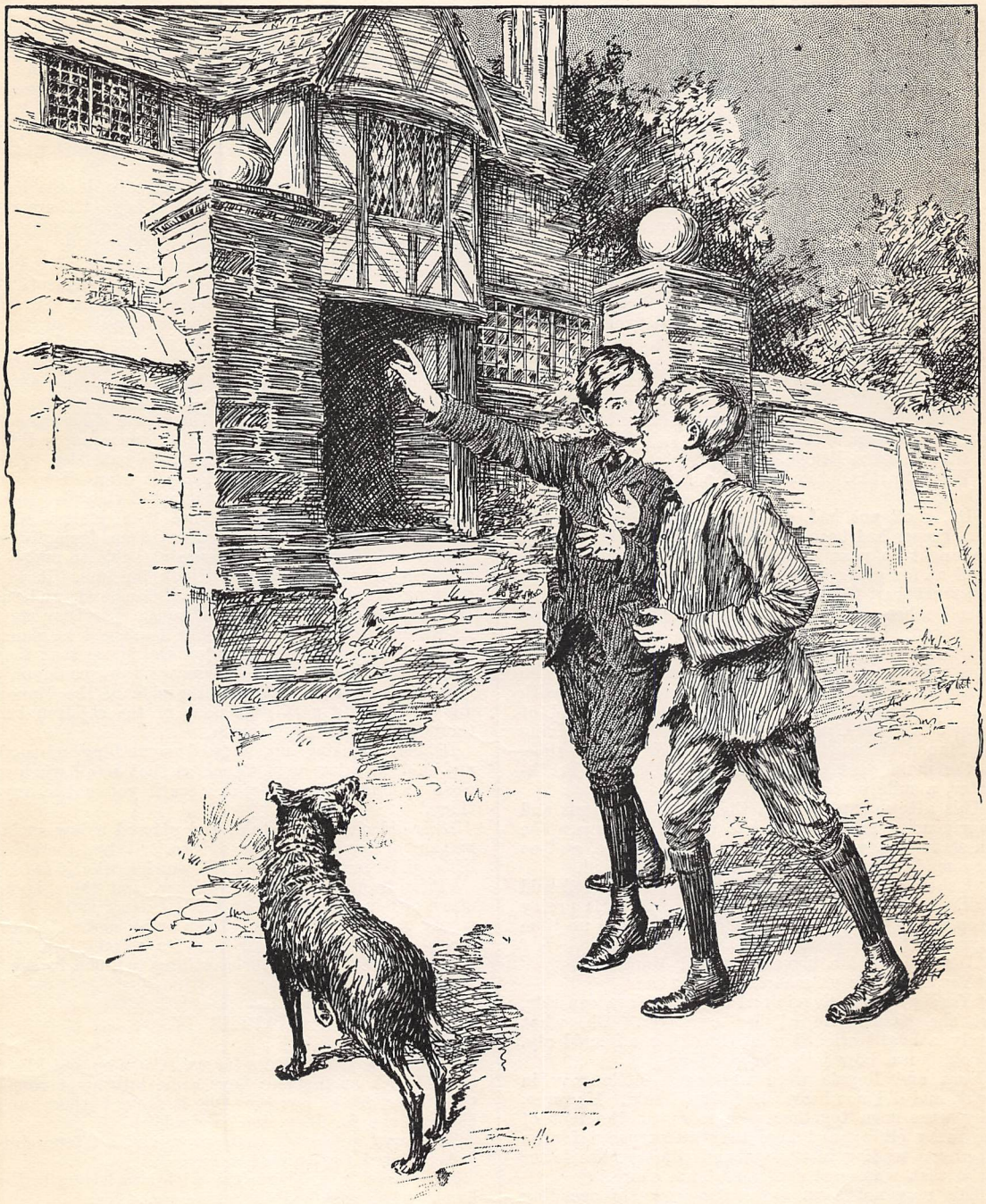


"'Look at that small window, and see if you notice anything.'"

THE MYSTERY OF THE MANOR.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 319.)

THE girls went off to get their hats, and when they reached the entrance-hall again, they found that Martha was talking to the two boys, both of whom looked rather red and uncomfortable.

'I should have thought that you would have known better, Master Reggie, than to touch books that don't belong to you,' she said severely. 'I had to apologise to Mrs. Thompson, and to promise that you won't do it again—so I'm telling you now.'

'All right, Martha. But we didn't know that it mattered,' said Reggie. 'And, after all, we didn't hurt the books in any way.'

'No, but it seems that those books were a sort of craze of the late owner's, and Mrs. Thompson's very careful of them, even now he's gone. Well, don't forget that your tea will be ready at half-past four, and don't get into mischief, or hurt yourself on the rocks, or anything like that.'

When at last they were out of the house, Dick said, ruefully, 'Good-bye to all chances of seeing inside that hiding-hole now Martha's heard of it. I say, is she often like that.'

'Who?' asked Reggie.

'Why, Martha. She seemed a sort of cross-patch, I thought.'

'Oh, she's not bad, as a rule. I expect that the housekeeper had been talking to her, and she thought she ought to pass it on to us,' said Reggie, easily. 'And as for going into that hiding-hole,' he went on, 'we must wait till Father gets here for that. I know when he hears about it he will want to see it, and there won't be any trouble then.'

After leaving the grounds of the Manor by the large entrance-gates the children found themselves on a narrow road that wound down to the shore with many an awkward twist and turn. If, instead of going downwards, you turned to your left on leaving the Manor, the road would take you, in a short time, to the main road that led to the village of Breakwater, a mile or so inland.

This afternoon, however, the young Comptons and their cousins did not intend to visit the village. The sea-shore was what they wanted to explore, and so they made their way down the winding road.

'I shouldn't care to ride a bicycle down here,' said Dick. 'Just look at these twists! And it is pretty steep, too. You'd be over the handle-bars in no time if you tried to ride down.'

'Have you got a bicycle?' asked Muriel.

'Yes, but it is at school. Have you?'

'Yes; at least, Reggie and I have. Nora can ride, but she hasn't one of her own yet. Oh, what lovely sands!' cried Muriel, breaking off suddenly. 'Look, Nora, how jolly for paddling!'

Nora and Reggie were walking a little way in front, and did not hear what Muriel said. However, they were soon together once more, at the foot of the rocky cliffs; and here they all prepared for an afternoon wading in the sea and climbing the lower rocks that were scattered about the shore.

This may not seem an exciting way of spending an afternoon, but the four children found plenty to interest them. There were pools, shut in by rocks, on all sides, in which they discovered sea-anemones, and there was much to employ them in examining the rocks and in looking for shells and sea-weeds. Reggie had a small hand-camera, and he had brought this to the Manor, so that they had some fun taking photographs of one another in strange attitudes on he rocks.

Reggie was rather good at photography, and when Dick suggested that they should play at smugglers, his cousin at once decided that a photograph of the scene would be nice to send to Mr. and Mrs. Compton. 'I say, though, we ought to dress up a bit,' he suggested, when Dick was arranging the scenery.

'Well, we can't; so we shall have to do the best we can without,' returned the other boy. 'There are one or two towels, though,' he added; 'they may as well be used. Come here, Muriel. You shall be the smuggler's daughter.' Dick was clever at 'dressing up,' and really the three looked quite presentable smugglers when he had finished with them. 'I will work the camera this time,' he arranged, 'for then the three of you will be in the picture together.'

In this way the afternoon soon passed, and the party had to run back to the Manor in order to avoid being late for tea. As they entered the grounds of the house, the two boys saw Clegg, the old gardener, in the distance, and, remembering the strange light that they had seen in the night, they decided to go and ask him about it when tea was over. They did not say anything to the girls of what they had seen, for, as Reggie said, it might not be anything, after all, and there was no need to worry them for nothing.

But, as it happened, they were not able to find the gardener when they went to look for him. It was growing late, for they had been hindered, and, as Dick said, he might be in the house. As they were returning from their search they happened to glance up at the windows of a wing of the house that they had not noticed before. These windows could only be seen from the garden at the side of the Manor, and this was a part that none of the children had thoroughly explored hitherto.

Reggie, glancing up, noticed something unusual, and said, in a low tone, 'Look at that small window, close up under the eaves, and see if you notice anything.'

Dick did as he was told, and uttered a low exclamation of surprise as he did so. 'Why, there's a little girl there!' he said. 'I wonder who it is?'

'It isn't Muriel, or Nora either, and there is no other girl in the house—at least, I don't think there is any other,' said Reggie. Even as he spoke the face at the window disappeared, and a second later the boys heard Nora and Muriel calling to them to come indoors at once.

CHAPTER IV.

'There are some letters for us. Come on, quickly!' said Muriel, as the two boys came into sight round the corner of the house. 'One is from Father; and there is one for Dick, too,' she added.

The boys quickened their pace, and all four children entered the hall at a trot.

Here stood Mrs. Thompson, with two letters in her hand. 'The post has just come, and there are these for you,' she said, handing them the letters.

The children retired into the little room in which they had their meals, so as to read their letters in

comfort, and Mrs. Thompson went back to her own room in another part of the house.

For a little while there was silence as the three Comptons read the letters from their father and mother, whilst Dick read his, which happened to be from his guardian's housekeeper.

'How is Mr. Cunnington?' asked Muriel, looking up suddenly from her mother's letter, and remembering the serious illness of Dick's guardian.

'He is a little better, poor old chap!' replied Dick. 'Mrs. Thorpe says that my being away has worked wonders in him; but she doesn't mean it. She is an awful tease.'

'Mother and Father are having a nice time,' said Nora; 'and they expect that they will be back a fortnight from to-day or to-morrow. Then we shall have some fun.'

'We shall have some before then, too, I expect,' said Reggie, folding up the letters and replacing them in the envelope. 'By the way,' he went on, 'do either of you girls know whether there is another girl in this house?'

'A girl in this house?' asked the two girls in surprise. 'Why, no,' went on Muriel; 'what makes you think that there is?'

'We think there is because we know that there is,' answered Dick. 'We have just seen one, looking out of a window.'

'Oh, oh! Where is she now, and who is she?' asked Nora, all in a breath.

'That is just what we want you to tell us,' said Reggie. 'Don't you know really anything about it?'

'No, we have not seen a girl, and we have not heard anything about one, either,' said Muriel. 'But perhaps it is some one come to see Maggie or Mrs. Thompson,' she suggested. 'Where was it that you saw her?'

'Come out into the garden and I'll show you,' said Dick, and with that the party went once more round to that side of the house where the boys had been when they were called to come in.

'Now, the third window from the end, and close up under the eaves,' said Reggie; and Muriel and Nora looked up at the window that was thus pointed out. But there was nothing to be seen. No face was pressed against the glass of the casement, and although the children waited patiently for some minutes, watching the window carefully, they were not rewarded by the sight of the girl's face looking out.

'Well, she must have gone away, that's certain; but I do wonder who she is!' said Dick, as, rather disappointed, the four made their way back to the house.

It was growing dusk, and there were lights showing from several windows of the Manor by the time that they again reached the front door.

'It must have been a friend of Maggie's, or a little sister, or some one to see Mrs. Thompson,' said Muriel. 'I should like to see her, if she comes here again, for she would be able to play with us. Five are better than four for most games.'

'And six are better than five, and seven are better than six,' laughed Reggie. 'You could go on like that till you reached a hundred, or more. But I am going to ask Maggie, if she brings our supper in. You wait.'

(Continued on page 334.)

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

II.—CHARADE.

If you want my first to see,
In the kitchen look;
You will find it useful when
You desire to cook.

Of my second I must say,
It is very nice;
That you'll like it well, I know—
Pray, miss, take a slice!

In my first my whole doth lie:
There it does not stay.
Out it comes, and then—oh, dear!
Soon it's put away. E. D.

(Answer on page 359.)

ANSWER TO CHARADE ON PAGE 283.

Hare-lip.

(Cowper is the poet mentioned in the third line.)

THE ROMANCE OF OLD FURNITURE.

X.—CHIPPENDALE (Conclusion).

A NOVELTY of Chippendale's was the corner chair—that is, a chair which fitted into a corner. Fig. 1 is a sketch of one: you see one leg is in the corner and one stands out in front; it is an arm-chair, and the back is composed of three rails and two splats. It is odd-looking but very comfortable, which is a great consideration, and it is also very practical; it shows that the designers were thinking of the shape and arrangement of a room, as well as of the people who were to use the furniture. One or two of these are generally included in a set of chairs.

By the way, one would think it a very difficult thing to make, say, half-a-dozen chairs all exactly alike—not only the main shape but all the details of carving, all the paws and balls exactly alike and all the intricate carving of the backs alike; but alike they were, and I always think this was very wonderful when the whole work was done by hand.

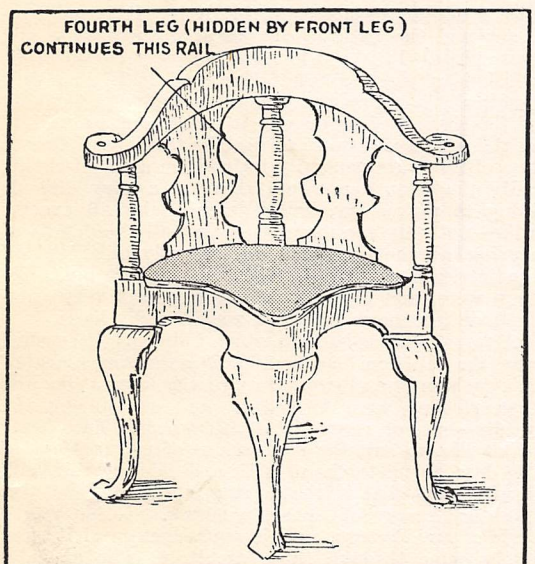
A form of chair-back in which Chippendale excelled was the 'Ribbon Back.' Fig. 2 gives some idea of this fashion; scroll-work formed the foundation, and then ribbons were twined in and out among the scrolls—but, of course, it is all wood! Then later in his life, to suit the inclinations of the fashions of the day, he made chairs with a decided Gothic look about them—that is, the carving represented features like the tracery of Gothic windows. Gothic was a style of architecture, and this introduction of it most likely came through those architects who also designed furniture. There was a great revival of what people (usually wrongly) though to be Gothic in the last half of the eighteenth century. It became a fashion. Fig. 3 is a Gothic back. I am sure you will easily recognise its likeness to a church window. Pointed arches appeared in chair-backs, and legs were often in imitation of clusters of columns.

There also came a taste for Chinese designs—I have mentioned these Chinese fashions already (see page 181)—and although Chippendale did not care about these ideas himself, he had to execute orders in them to please his clients and keep up with the times. He very wisely put his best energy and inventive genius

into these fashions, and therefore he undoubtedly produced a better article than other cabinet-makers of his time. Fig. 4 shows a Chinese back: these intricate patterns formed with straight lines are much favoured by the Chinese; the legs of these chairs were generally quite straight, sometimes ornamented with an applied fret, but more often quite plain, as shown in fig. 5 (which is a sketch of a middle-class chair, not Chinese, but having the same straight legs generally used).

Fig. 6 is a straight leg with applied (or 'stuck on') fret. This sketch also shows the tiny brackets, which soon went out of fashion, because they were too easily broken. The straight plain legs may have become the fashion because they were cheaper, or they may have been the result of the Chinese influence, with straight lines and no curves. Middle-class people now had more money to do with, and had furniture made for their homes, and it is just possible they preferred to spend their money on the part of the chair which showed most, that is the back, and saved expense by having plain legs.

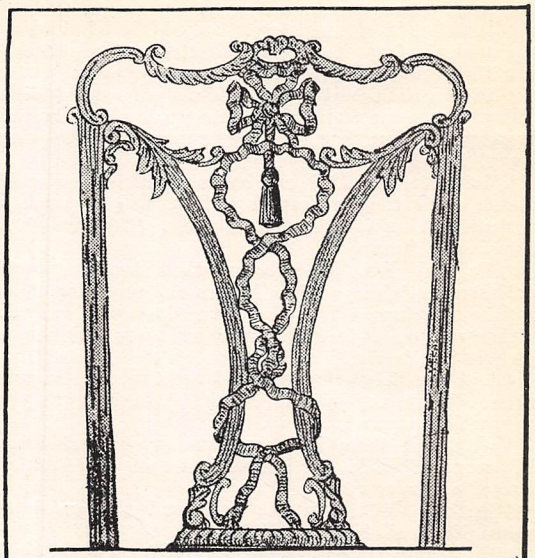
I always feel very sorry for Chippendale, because, towards the end of his life, when one would wish a genius like him to be reaping the rewards of his hard work, he was instead obliged to give up his ideals and follow the fashion; and in doing so, I feel sure he often had to design furniture in styles of which he did not approve. But you see it was his living to



1. CHIPPENDALE CORNER CHAIR

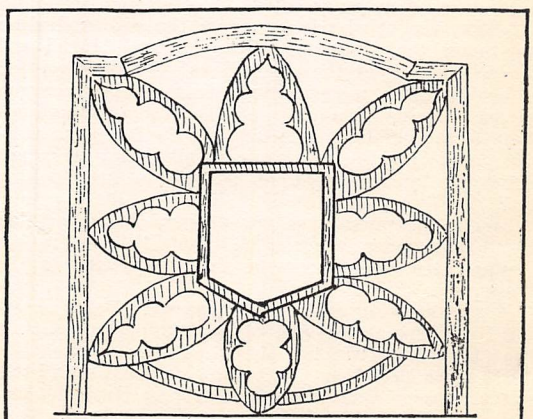
do these things, and so his ideals had to go. At one time he and his style were the fashion, and he was a great man in the land; but later others came along and caught the fleeting fancy of society, and Chippendale, in order to get a living, had to work to the designs of other men. Undoubtedly the height of his popularity was the height of art in English furniture, and with the decline of his popularity came a decline in that art.

I think I have said all that is necessary about the chairs of the period, and we will turn to other pieces of furniture. Upholstered arm-chairs were still numerous, but the syle was much the same as in the



2. CHIPPENDALE RIBBON CHAIR BACK

past. Upholstered settees too were much the same, only more cushions were used. Card-tables, too, were very popular, and many were found in all houses of the upper classes. Card-playing from the time of George I. seems to have been the one idea of entertainment; at first it was only the fashion in high

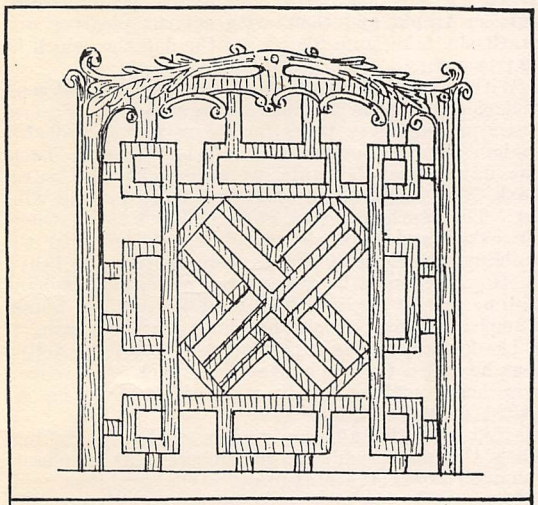


3. GOTHIC CHAIR BACK (CHIPPENDALE).

life, but later it spread to all grades of society. Night after night large numbers of people gathered together for cards, and consequently card-tables were very numerous, and their make, of course, reflected

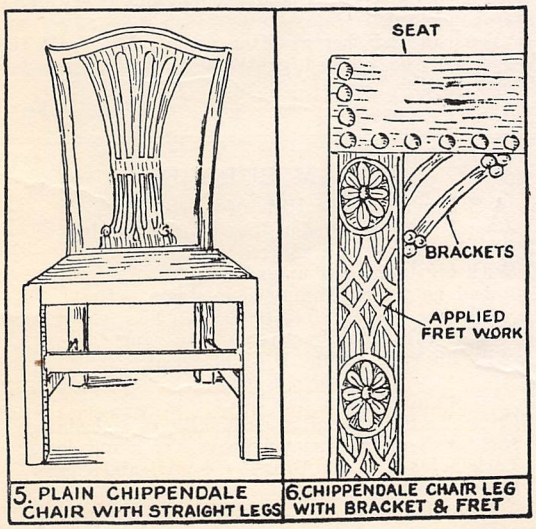
the style of the times. They were more or less square tables, and generally had a sunk circular tray at each corner in which stood candle-sticks to light the players; on the left of each of these trays was another smaller one, only oval in shape, this was to hold the money and counters with which gamblers played (fig. 7). The top revolved, unless there were legs on hinged stretchers, so as to let the two halves be unfolded.

Then there were smaller tables for tea—these were



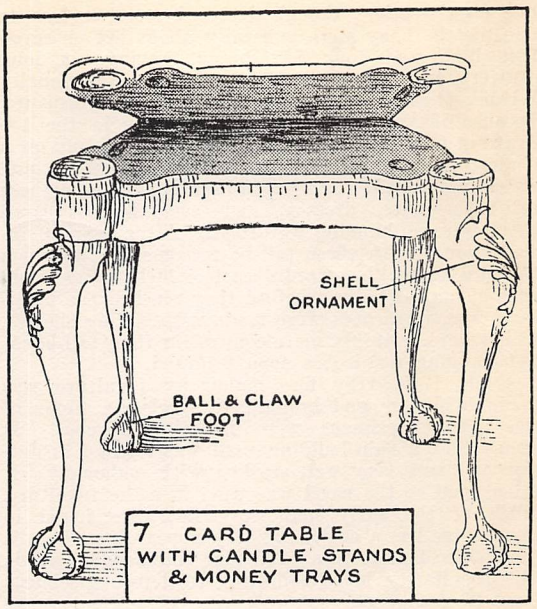
4. CHINESE PATTERN, CHIPPENDALE CHAIR BACK

very characteristic, by reason of their raised borders, like the edges of trays; in a sense they were trays on legs! These edges were either what was called 'pie-crust' border, a sort of crinkled arrangement suggestive of the edges of pies as decorated by a cook (fig. 8), or if to go with a Chinese suite, the edge



5. PLAIN CHIPPENDALE CHAIR WITH STRAIGHT LEGS

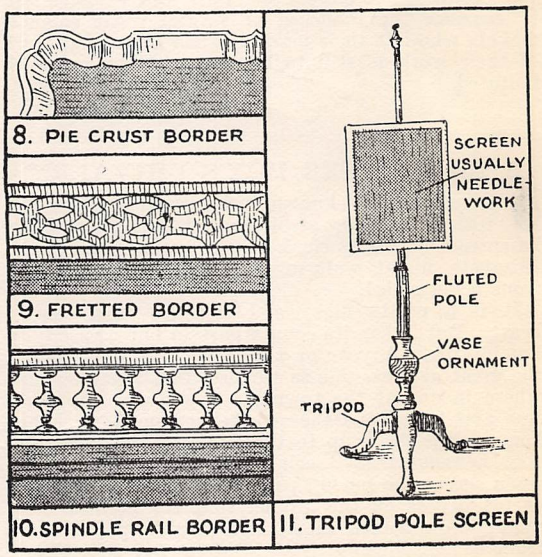
6. CHIPPENDALE CHAIR LEG WITH BRACKET & FRET



7 CARD TABLE WITH CANDLE STANDS & MONEY TRAYS

would be fretted (fig. 9). This style was followed later by little spindles with a rail (fig. 10).

One of the things Chippendale invented is known as 'tripod' furniture—that is, pieces which stood on three legs only; these were mainly small tables and



8. PIE CRUST BORDER

9. FRETTED BORDER

10. SPINDLE RAIL BORDER

11. TRIPOD POLE SCREEN

pole-screens. Fig. 11 is a tripod of a usual design. You will observe that the claw and ball remained, and a vase-shaped ornament is included in the central column.

About 1755, a combination chest of drawers and secretaire came into fashion. Double chests of drawers, too, arrived—what are known as 'tall-boys'; these are like two chests of drawers placed

one on the other, though designed more or less as one piece. They were generally about six or seven feet high and four feet broad, having six long drawers, and two short ones at the top. Personally I think them most inconvenient pieces of furniture, because if you want to find anything in the top drawers there is nothing for it but to mount on a chair to do it! This is inconvenient, dangerous, and most undignified! One kept all one's clothes in these tall-boys—suits, dresses, and everything—because there were no hanging wardrobes. After years of inconvenience with these tall-boys, some one hit upon the idea of making wardrobes in which things could be hung up—I believe before they reached the hanging stage, wardrobes were made with sliding shelves, which were certainly more convenient than tall-boys; but hanging wardrobes soon followed.

About 1750, very fine mahogany furniture was made in Jersey and brought to England. Some of the finest specimens were ladies' wardrobes. It seems that a ship-building yard was started in Jersey, and was very well stocked with mahogany; it failed, and so the wood was used to make furniture. Much of the early mahogany furniture found in Devonshire has a curious silvery appearance: this is thought to be due to a particular shipment of wood; this peculiarity helps collectors to detect specimens from Devon.

As we draw near to the end of our subject we begin to lose much of the romance, because the making of furniture has now become such a vast business that romance, to a large extent, must go to the wall. A piece of furniture is no longer the work of a single workman, and therefore the personal interest of any one piece has largely died out. But we have still to consider the influence of several great cabinet-makers who left their mark on their style, and much of their work is still to be seen and is now much imitated.

E. M. Barlow.

A NEWSPAPER BOY'S CHIVALRY.

ONE of the best-known incidents in English history is the story of Sir Walter Releigh, and how he spread his costly cloak on the ground that Queen Elizabeth might walk over it and keep her shoes from being soiled.

It is a pretty story and evidence of a courtly heart. But it has its counterpart in our own day in humble life. A year or two ago, Miss Ellen Terry, the great actress, was to perform in a theatre somewhere in one of the towns in Scotland. The night was a wet one, and the streets were muddy. When her carriage drew up to the doors of the theatre, a poor newspaper-boy, seeing that she would have to wade across the muddy pavement, placed one or two of his papers on the ground that the great actress might walk across them, and thus keep her shoes from being soiled.

We remember reading how she wrote afterwards a letter to this newspaper-lad, which he will probably cherish to his dying day, thanking him for the sweet and lovely act of courtesy that he had performed. It reminds us of the words of Tennyson:

'For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal natures and of noble minds.'

F. E.

THE ELEPHANT'S FRIEND.

ELEPHANTS have remarkably good memories. They remember either benefits or injuries for a very long time. A traveller crossing the Atlantic had as a fellow-passenger on the liner a large female elephant. During the voyage, which was long and stormy, he often amused himself by going to the elephant's quarters, after filling his pockets with biscuits and other good things from the dinner-table. The wise beast soon became an expert pickpocket. When she saw her friend coming, she would stretch out her trunk, and then, with evident pleasure and gratitude, take from his pocket the dainties which he had brought.

With the end of the voyage came parting, but man and elephant were destined to meet again. Several years passed—busy years for the man, who probably seldom gave a thought to his former friend. Then, one day, some elephants were brought to Central Park, New York, to be quartered there for the winter. The gentleman took some children to see them. He asked and obtained permission to go into the building where the elephants were kept tied to heavy posts. As soon as he entered the place, one elephant became greatly excited. She stretched out her trunk, stamped her feet, tossed her huge, flapping ears.

The keeper, feeling rather anxious, ordered 'Nelly'—as he called the elephant—to be quiet. 'Have you ever had anything to do with elephants?' he inquired of the visitor.

'No,' was the answer, spoken without thinking. Then the man suddenly remembered his elephant-chum on board the steamship. 'Oh, yes!' he said, 'I forgot. I was once very initmate with one. It was during my passage to America.'

'Then you may depend upon it,' said the keeper, 'that this is the same elephant. She recognises you. You need not be afraid to go to her.'

So the gentleman went to Nelly. He fondled her, and she grew quiet, and fondled him. Leaving her for a few minutes, he went to buy some apples, with which he stuffed his pockets. Nelly's trunk had not forgotten the way to them. As in former days, she dived into the pockets, and brought out every apple they contained.

'You can visit her as often as you like,' said the keeper to the pleased gentleman; 'she will never forget you.'

E. Dyke.

DREAM BUBBLES

AS I went up the Hills of Sleep,
I saw the Dream Man plain as plain,
In sober suit and feathered cap,
With big blue bowl upon his lap,
And he merrily hummed a strain.

This is the song the Dream Man sang
By his cave on the Hills of Sleep:
'Dream bubbles I blow,
Sailing down, far below;
On white pillows softly each falls as a shadow,
Lighter than thistledown floats o'er a meadow,
Each holds a dream, bright-coloured and cheery,
Sweet dreams of peace for the little ones weary
From my cave on the hillside of Sleep.'

N. M. Cook.

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 314.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ON stepped Ganesh towards the ford, and after him came the old priest, Buddha. Into the water the elephant plunged, and Buddha followed by way of the stepping-stones. In the middle of the river the elephant stopped to drink, and the children became aware that on the opposite bank stood a solitary figure, watching them. They could tell by the fashion of the dress that it was a woman.

The bank they had lately left was deserted, for the seekers of gold still crouched on the hillside, or hid in the safe shelter of the forest. No doubt some among them watched the progress of Ganesh, but they did not dare to attempt the crossing of the river.

But this woman who watched did not seem greatly afraid. It was plain that she did not care to come too close, but she stood within speaking distance. And, presently, as Ganesh still delayed and played with the water, she called to the old priest.

'Who are these? Tell me, then, thou whose business it is to understand the doings of the spirits.'

But the old priest did not know how to answer, and it was Mary who answered for him.

'We are the white children who, two days since, lived in the camp on this side of the river.'

'And the other who sits on the neck of the elephant, and the elephant itself?'

Mary did not answer immediately, and John whispered to her, 'If you say that it is just a white man and a wild elephant, Mary, perhaps she will call the news to her friends, and then they will run after us, and will again try to kill us.'

'Ganesh would not let them come near,' Mary whispered back. 'And they are afraid of him in any case. If they believe he is only a wild elephant, still they would be frightened.'

The friendly note in the woman's voice made Mary feel that she was to be trusted. A friend was badly needed. Arnold was shivering with cold, though Tarm had tucked a corner of the leopard-skins around him. They had no food, and Ganesh might take them far from any help. So Mary decided it was better to confide in this stranger, who could, at least, do little harm, and who might do much good.

'The man who is sitting on the elephant's neck was once the white image in the temple,' Mary said. 'But he only played that he was an image; he is a man really. The elephant is a wild elephant from the forest, and he is the friend of the man, and so he came to our help when the gold-seekers wished to slay us.'

'A man, and a wild elephant, and three children,' said the woman; and, suddenly, she laughed. 'And all our brave folk so very much afraid! I said it was a foolish deed to go forth against children in such fashion, but they would not listen to me. And whither go ye, O children? What now is your errand?'

'I do not know where we are going,' said Mary. 'Because the elephant will no longer obey us, and we dare not slip from his back because your people might kill us if they found us alone. And we have no food, and also we are cold.'

The woman looked at the little group carefully. At Mary and John, their arms interlocked that they might keep each other from slipping as Ganesh swayed and rocked; at Arnold, sitting on Tarm's lap, playing with the tails of the leopards; as Tarm himself, with his perplexed and anxious face. And when she spoke again, her voice was very kind.

'Poor little ones,' she said. 'Cold, and no food. See, I will bring food, and I will bring a blanket. I will give them to the old priest for you.'

'But we have no money with which to pay,' said Mary.

'I wish for no payment,' said the woman. 'I do but discharge my debt. Thy father saved my son from the dog. I count it good fortune that I may help his children in my turn. I was very sorry when I knew that they meant to kill you. I stood here on the riverbank, that, perhaps, I might aid you to escape.'

She began to run towards the huts as she finished speaking; and, at the same moment, Ganesh surged forward again, and Tarm called to Buddha, who had stood all this time on one leg, patiently silent, like a dejected stork.

'Stay thou here, and wait for what this woman shall give thee, and then follow in our tracks, and bring it to us. Only thus canst thou hope to be forgiven.'

And Buddha, though he looked after the retreating elephant wistfully, did as Tarm bade him, and stood waiting for the return of the woman.

On went Ganesh, up the road which led from the river, past the old encampment. He clearly knew that this was deserted, for he did not trouble to hide himself, but walked straight across the camping-ground, trampling in the ashes of the long-dead fires. In a straight line he went, heading towards the forest on the further side. And, as he reached its shelter, Buddha came running, panting, from the river. He carried a coarse blanket, and a bundle of food tied up in a cloth.

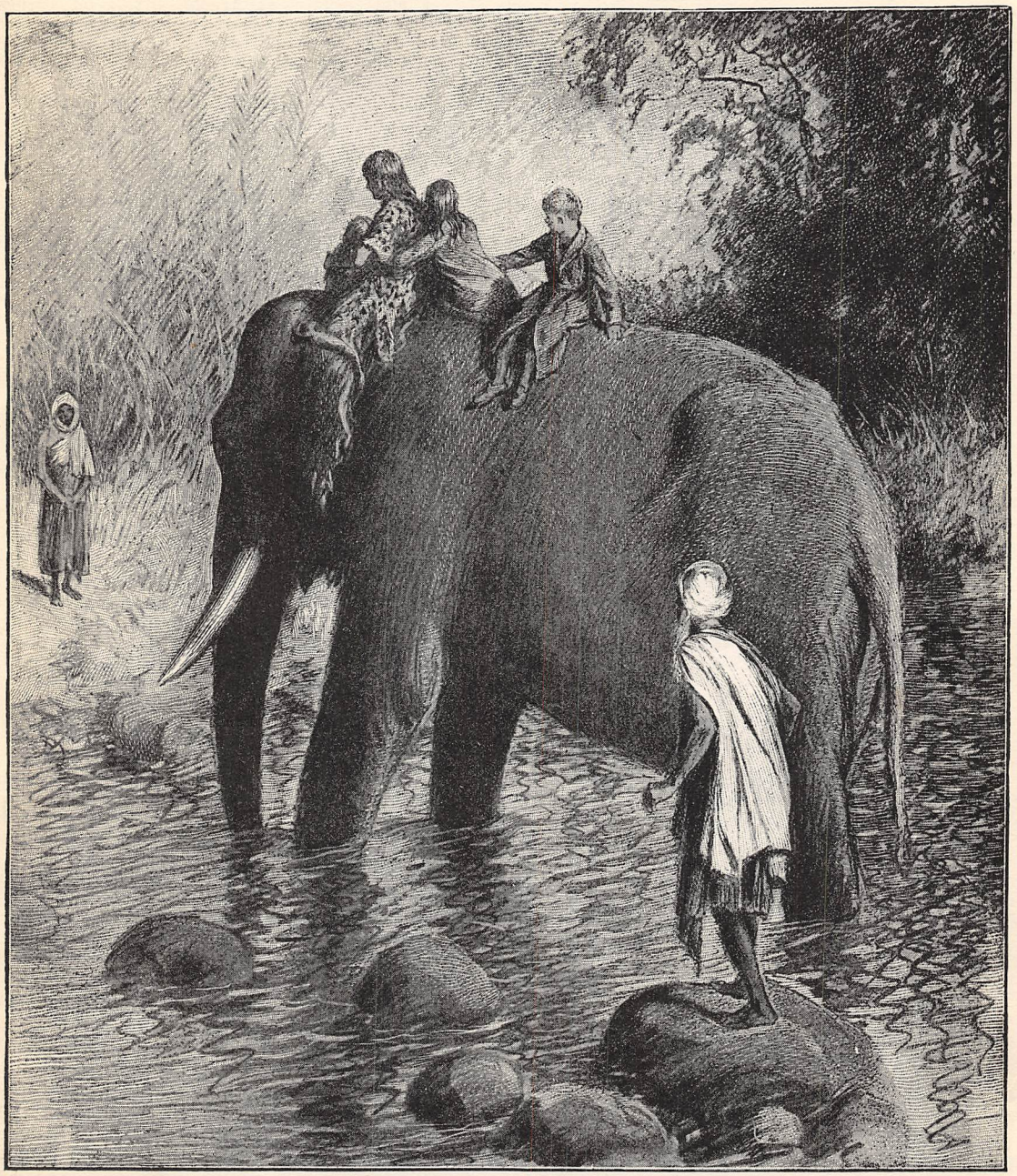
'We will take those things from thee presently,' said Tarm. He spoke in the same lofty fashion as before. It seemed as if he and the old priest had changed places: Buddha had become the one who was afraid, Tarm the one who ruled. 'We will take them from thee when it is the pleasure of Ganesh to halt. He will not let such as thee come near him now.'

It was still dark, but in the East the sky lightened a little. The shadows cast by the moon were less distinct, the outlines of the trees were blurred. Then, all at once, it seemed it was full day; and the rays of sunlight, piercing through the sheltering leaves, scattered the last remnants of the night.

'Ganesh will soon grow weary,' said Tarm. 'He will find a cool place in which he may feed, and we will stay near by him till the night comes again. Then he shall take us to camp. It would not be safe to venture alone.'

And still Ganesh went forward. Past the place where Mary and John had picnicked in the river-bed, beyond the boundaries of the forest, which was familiar to them, into a forest which was utterly unknown. It was strange to Tarm, also, for his wanderings rarely brought him on this further side of the river. The night feeding-grounds of Ganesh he knew; but he had never seen where the elephant fed by day.

(Continued on page 330.)



"On the opposite bank stood a solitary figure, watching them."

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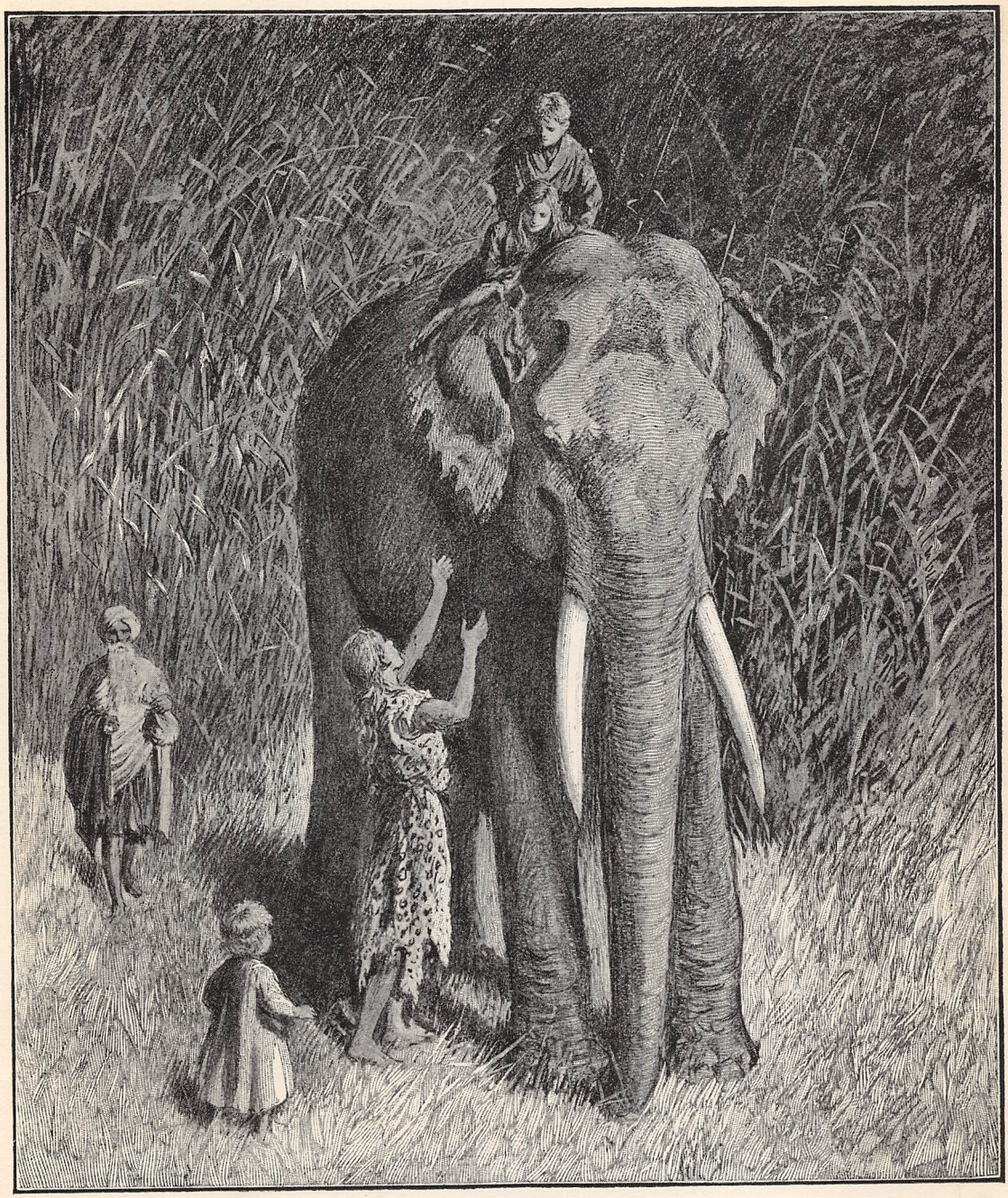


"Tarm held out a hand to help Mary."

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 327.)

AT last Ganesh came to a halt. He had chosen a little grassy glade where the trees grew less thickly, and there were clumps of young, tender bamboos, which of all food he liked best. And to one side there was a huge overhanging rock, in whose shade he could stand when the sun grew fierce. And there were no tracks but his own in the long grass, for all the creatures of the forest knew that this place belonged to the elephant, who was stronger than them all and master of them all, and the law of the strongest is a law which all wild things respect and obey.

And now Ganesh stood still and waited for Tarm and the children to descend. He shook himself a little to urge them to haste, and perhaps to prove to them that he could easily rid himself of his burden unaided should he wish to do so. And Tarm slipped down, still holding Arnold, and then held out a hand to help Mary and John, while Buddha stood and watched at a little distance. Ganesh shook himself again, and then strolled towards the nearest clump of bamboos, while John looked round the glade with eager eyes.

'I thought, perhaps, it was the death valley,' he said. 'I know, of course, that Ganesh is not ill; but I thought as he is such friends with us now he might like to show us what kind of place the death valley is, and so have brought us to it. Will you ask him to take us there later in the day, Tarm? Ganesh is so clever, I am sure you could make him understand what we want.'

But Tarm did not answer John's question. He looked instead at Arnold, who was still cuddled on his arm with drowsy head resting against Tarm's strong shoulder.

'The little one is ill,' Tarm said. 'See how flushed is his face and how heavy his eyes.'

Mary reached up her arms, and Tarm stooped and put Arnold into them. Arnold gave a little fretful whimper at the change of position. He did not seem cold any longer, but his skin was dry and very hot, and his lips were parched and cracked; and, as he opened his eyes wide, and looked up at Mary, he scarcely seemed to recognise her.

'Ayah!' said Arnold. 'Ayah, sing to Arnold, Ayah. Arnold wants to sleep.' And then he whimpered again, and shut his eyes, as if the light hurt them.

Mary sat down on the grass, cradled Arnold in her arms, and rocked him to and fro. And she tried to sing as Ayah sang, but the singing did not soothe Arnold, for still he whimpered, and John came close, and looked down at them both. 'Is Arnold ill, Mary?' he asked.

'I think he is ill,' said Mary. 'It must be fever, jungle fever. And we have no medicine to give him, John, and none of the right kind of food for him. And if he should die! Oh, John, if he should die!'

CHAPTER XXIX.

And then a voice spoke close to Mary: a humble voice, but yet one with a note of authority.

'Here is the blanket, Miss Baba. Wrap the little one in it closely. We will heat some milk, and give him to drink, and, maybe, the fever will break and depart from him.'

It was Buddha who spoke. He was looking down at the baby over Mary's shoulder, and his face was gentle and kind; there was no trace of cruelty left in it. He wrapped the blanket carefully round Arnold, and he took him from Mary's arms into his own. 'To hold a child again, that is good,' he said. And then he began to sing. Not some strange song of the forest or the temple, but that very lullaby with which Ayah was wont to soothe Arnold every night. 'Sleep, my baby, bedtime's come,' droned Buddha. And as Arnold listened to the familiar words sung in just the tone he knew so well, he ceased to whimper and lay still, content.

And next Buddha pointed to the food he had carried in a bundle. 'The woman gave me milk also,' he said, 'in an earthen pot. There is none spilt, for I have carried it very carefully. Make a fire and heat the milk, and we will give the little one to drink.'

And then the old man began to rock himself backwards and forwards, and to croon to Arnold, while Mary and John and Tarm collected dry sticks, and heaped them on a piece of bare rock. They were careful to see that there was no grass near, lest this should catch fire from the sticks, and set the whole forest in a blaze. An Indian forest takes fire very easily, and, in a few short minutes, can become a raging furnace of flame. It was Father who had taught Mary and John the necessity of care. Tarm had bought the knowledge at the cost of experience.

'It was one night,' Tarm told Mary, 'Ganesh and I wandered the forests at our pleasure. And there came a great storm, and the lightning fell from the clouds upon a tree, and, in a moment, all was smoke and fire. And the fire came so fast after us that we only just escaped. It ran after us like some evil, angry spirit. Our nostrils were full of its smell. Our very eyelashes were singed with its heat, so closely did it follow in our footsteps.'

Tarm drew a box of matches from some hidden pocket in the leopard-skins as he spoke, and set the little heap of sticks ablaze. And then the earthen pot was placed above the flames, and presently Mary brought the warm milk to Buddha, in whose arms Arnold lay, quiet and drowsy. At first the child would not drink, but Buddha coaxed so cunningly that Arnold began to sip the milk. And then there was no more difficulty, for it was so welcome to his parched little throat that very soon the pot was quite empty.

Buddha wrapped the blanket yet more closely round Arnold when the milk was finished, and paid no attention to fretful protests, or to the hot little hands which tried to push the hot blanket away.

(Continued on page 339.)

THE BEST AND WORST.

A Greek Legend.

ONE day, Xanthus, who was going to have a dinner-party, ordered his slave, Æsop (the author of the famous Fables), to go to the market and buy for him the best thing he could find there. Æsop bought a large quantity of tongues, which he directed the cook to serve up with different sauces. And so, when dinner-time came, the first course, the last

course, and all the in-between courses, consisted of tongues, and nothing else!

Xanthus flew into a passion. 'Did I not order you,' he demanded of Æsop, 'to bring the best provisions in the market?'

'You did so,' replied the slave, 'and I have obeyed your orders. What is better than the tongue? Is it not the bond of society, the key of science, the organ of truth and reason? By means of the tongue cities are built, governments are established and rule; with the tongue men teach and persuade other men. Above all, it is the instrument with which we praise God.'

'Well, then,' said Xanthus, trying to 'catch' his tiresomely wise servant, 'go to the market to-morrow, and bring the worst thing you can find. The same company will dine with me again.'

The next day, however, Æsop provided the same dishes as before, and when his master scolded him he declared that the tongue is the worst thing in the world. 'It is,' he said, 'the instrument of strife and contention; it is the cause of lawsuits, the organ of error, lies, calumny, and blasphemy.'

All of which is very true; but probably Xanthus (on this occasion, at least) would have preferred a slave with a little less philosophy—and tongue!

LITTLE KINGS AND QUEENS.

V.—Maria da Gloria of Portugal.

WE now come to a little queen who lived much nearer to our own days than most of those child-monarchs of whom we have read.

It was in the year 1826 that John, King of Portugal, died, leaving two sons, Pedro and Miguel. Pedro, the eldest, could not succeed his father, because he was already Emperor of Brazil, and the two kingdoms might not be joined under one monarch. Because of this, Pedro proclaimed his little daughter, Maria da Gloria, who was only seven years old, as Queen of Portugal, and appointed her aunt, Isabella Maria, as Regent, until the child was old enough to rule. But Miguel, Pedro's brother, claimed the throne of Portugal, and many people supported him, although he was such a bad man that his own father had considered him to be quite unfit to rule.

In 1828 Dom Miguel summoned the old 'Cortes,' or Parliament of Portugal, which had not met for many years, and compelled them to offer him the throne. Pedro was abroad at the time, and unable to support his little daughter, so a few of her friends carried her away to take refuge in England. These faithful subjects of the little Queen Maria da Gloria hoped to be able to persuade the English Government to take up her cause, especially as the great Duke of Wellington, who had fought so splendidly for Portugal in the Peninsula War, was one of the advisers of King George IV. of England.

So the poor little Queen, much too young to understand what all the fuss was about, was dragged about here and there in London to see great people who might help her to win back her kingdom. She even went to see the King himself, and he took her upon his knee and spoke to her kindly, promising to give her aid.

Another day, for a great treat, the little girl had been taken to see a famous circus. After the performance was over, when they came out into the street, it was very wet and muddy, and their carriage could nowhere be found. Whilst they were trying to cross the road, a cart nearly ran over little Maria da Gloria, and she might well have been killed had not a gentleman who was passing caught her up in his arms. This gentleman had a very big hooked nose, and looked so stern that people had nicknamed him the 'Iron Duke.' For it was none other than the Duke of Wellington who rescued poor sleepy, wet little Queen Maria. But, in spite of this, the great Duke was not at all inclined to send an army to Portugal. In order to avoid doing so he tried so hard to bring about a reconciliation between the Queen's party and that of Dom Miguel that Maria da Gloria's friends were bitterly offended, and decided to leave London.

After spending about a year in England, they crossed to France, where the King, Charles X., gave Maria the Chateau of Meudon, near Paris, as a palace. Here the little Queen lived with her stepmother and two very grand Portuguese ladies, who educated her: Eugenia Telles da Gama, Countess of Palmella, and Leonor da Camara, Marchioness of Ponte Delgada. It was not a very gay life for the poor child, as these ladies were quite middle-aged, and very stiff and proud, and she was not allowed to play with any children of her own age.

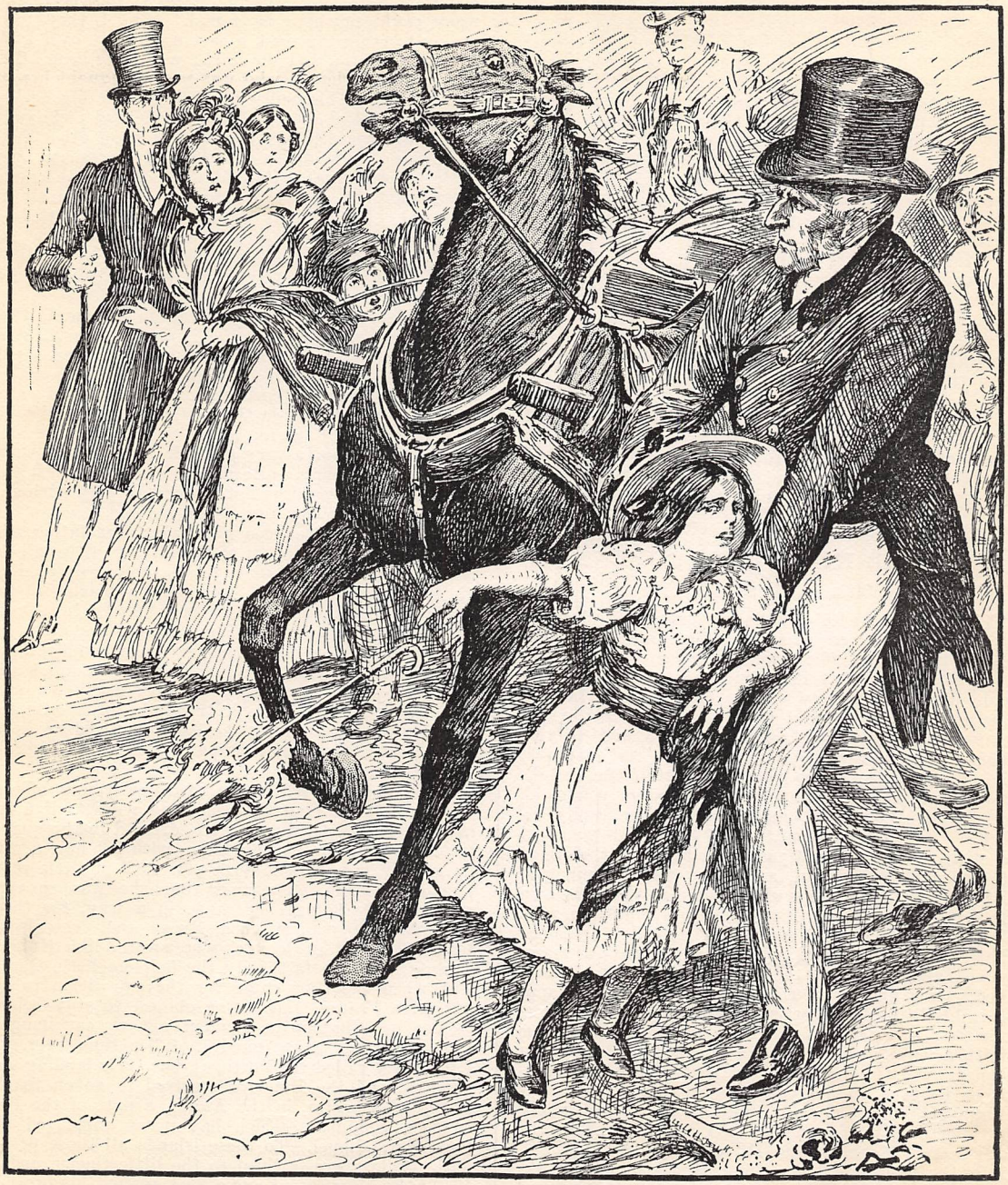
Maria must have been glad when her father, the Emperor of Brazil, came to Paris; for although he, too, was grave and quiet, he was most devoted to his little daughter. The Emperor, on hearing of the conduct of his brother, who was ruling Portugal very badly, had determined to come himself and fight for his little girl, and to collect an army and fleet.

Whilst he was in Paris, many young English soldiers and sailors came to offer their services to the little Queen, for, although the Duke of Wellington would not send an army, he had permitted an expedition to be fitted out to support Maria da Gloria by sea and land.

The child received many of these young officers herself, and we read that she was a quiet, dignified child, with beautiful dark eyes, dressed in the quaint grown-up fashion of those days, with her hair neatly parted under a bonnet with a wreath of little roses inside the brim. The fact that she was so very young really helped her cause in a way, for these Englishmen, young themselves and chivalrous, formed a kind of league, who swore, like Knight-errants, to serve faithfully the helpless little Queen. But when the time came for the expedition to set out from France, Maria was obliged to stay behind at the dull Chateau of Meudon, and we can imagine that she must have found it duller than ever.

The fleet sailed for Portugal, but their landing was opposed, and the Emperor resolved to go on to the Island of Terceira, in the Azores, a part of the Portuguese dominions which had never supported the pretender, Miguel. To these islands all those people flocked who were faithful to the little Queen, and in 1830 Dom Miguel sent out a fleet against his brother, which was entirely defeated by the Emperor's ships in Praia Bay.

It was not until 1832, when Maria da Gloria was twelve years old, that her father landed at the head of an army of seven thousand five hundred men at Oporto, in Portugal. He was welcomed by the people, but the war was not yet over, for the Miguelites fought furiously, and it was more than a year before



"It was none other than the Duke of Wellington who rescued little Queen Maria."

the Emperor was able to summon the little Queen to return to her kingdom. The inhabitants of Lisbon welcomed her with joy, and she was proclaimed by the full 'Cortes,' who solemnly announced her to be of an age to reign.

In 1834 Dom Miguel was captured and banished for ever from Portugal, and in the same year the Emperor Pedro died, leaving his little daughter of fifteen to reign alone, without his wise counsel and help.

Her kingdom was in a terribly disorganized state after the past eight years of civil war and pillage.

It would have needed some one much older and stronger than poor little Maria da Gloria to restore order, and it is small wonder that, even at such an early age, she consented to marry Prince Eugene de Beauharnais, the step-grandson of the great Emperor Napoleon. Even then the young Queen's troubles were not at an end. After they had been married only two months her young husband died, leaving her a widow at sixteen years of age. In the following year Maria da Gloria was married again, to Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, and there, I suppose, her ilfe as a child-queen ends.

THE BEST POSSESSION.

THERE are any amount of things which count,
As we travel along through youth,
There are beauty and skill and power of will,
But better than all is truth.
For beauty will fade and skill will go
Ere ever we reach our prime,
But truth is a treasure which all men know
Is never to change with time.

There are lots of things which our manhood brings,
When we've put our youth behind:
There are riches and wealth, and strength and health,
But truth is the best we find.
For wealth is a gift we may lose in a day,
And strength cannot last us long;
But truth is eternal, nor fades away,
For truth is for ever strong.

And when at last our prime is past,
And we're weary at length of strife,
Then knowledge and power come every hour,
To help us along through life.
From knowledge we learn how best to use
What are left of the gifts of youth;
And experience shows, when the rest we lose,
That there's nothing on earth like truth.

And when we fear that the hour grows near,
When 'tis time for us to part
From all that we had, we shall not grow sad
If we only have truth in our heart.
For riches and wisdom we cannot claim—
We must put them aside on the shelf;
But truth we can take with us all the same,
If truth is part of oneself.

SOME EXPERIMENTS WITH SHADOWS.

WHENEVER you see your shadow thrown upon the pavement, you have a striking proof of the fact that light travels in straight lines. The light from the sun or from a street lamp falls upon the pavement and illuminates it. But some of the light meets your body, and as you are an opaque substance the light cannot pass through you. The part of the pavement behind you is, therefore, less illuminated, and this constitutes a shadow. If light could travel in curves it would pass round you and light up the pavement equally all over, and there would be no shadow.

Some interesting experiments can be made with shadows, which will be instructive as well as entertaining. A good paraffin lamp, with an opal globe, will answer splendidly for the experiments to be described. Put it on the table, near one end, and fix a large sheet of cardboard in front of it, making a hole in the cardboard with a large pin, somewhere in front of the globe. Only a little light will get through, but this will form a cone, which becomes larger as the distance from the lamp increases. We may say that the cone of light consists of innumerable rays, or lines, which diverge or spread away from one another. Fix a sheet of white cardboard in front of this pinhole, at some distance from it, and it will be illuminated rather faintly, but with equal brightness, over most of the surface. Now hold a cricket-ball between the pinhole and this

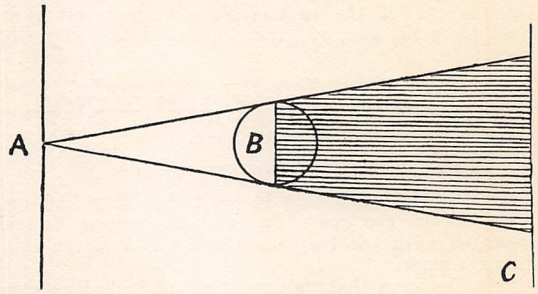


Fig. 1.—How Light casts a Shadow through a Pinhole.

white screen. A shadow will be formed the same shape as the ball, but larger, and the further the screen is removed, the larger this shadow will be. In fig. 1, A represents the pinhole, B the cricket-ball, and C the screen upon which a shadow is thrown. The shadow, it will be seen, is equally dark throughout.

Now make the pinhole very much larger by cutting out a circle almost as large as the lamp globe. The luminous globe is shown at S in fig. 2, and is larger than the cricket-ball, E. Instead of a single point of light, such as we used in the first experiment, we are now employing a luminous surface made up of innumerable such points. Each of these

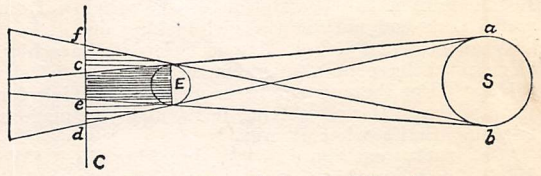


Fig. 2.—How Shadow is diffused.

points throws a shadow of the ball. Take one point, a, at the top edge. This would form the shadow c d, which is the only shadow that would be found on the screen, C, if there were no other points of light. But there is another point at b, which forms the shadow e f. These shadows overlap, so that one part is darker than another. The part c f receives light from a but not from b, and the part d e receives light from b, but not from a. And the part where both shadows overlap, c e, does not receive light from either point. As there are any number of other points of light on the surface, S, besides

those two that we have considered, the shadow formed on the screen will consist of two parts, a dark circle in the centre, called the nucleus, or umbra ('shadow'), and a less dark ring around it, called the penumbra ('almost shadow').

If the screen is moved further away the shadow ring becomes larger, but the dark central part becomes much smaller. And as the distance increases, the shadow becomes ill-defined, as you will find by moving the screen to and fro. This is why we cannot say exactly where the shadow of a church steeple ends on the ground. It would, however, be very clearly defined on a sheet of paper, if we could get a piece large enough and hold it at the right angle just behind the steeple.

When the moon enters the dark cone which forms the nucleus of the earth's shadow, it receives no light from the sun, and this forms a total eclipse of the moon. H. J. G.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MANOR.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 323.)

REGGIE had not long to wait, for they had not been in the room five minutes before Maggie appeared with the tray on which was laid the children's supper.

'Martha says that you must go off to bed as soon as you've had it,' she announced when she set the tray down on the table. 'She and Mrs. Thompson have gone out for a little walk, and you are not to wait up for her.'

'All right, Maggie,' said Reggie; then he continued: 'Who is that little girl we saw just now looking out of one of the windows?'

The maid was turned with her back towards the children when Reggie put this question, so that they had no opportunity of seeing whether or not she was surprised by it. She went on with her work of drawing down the blinds and arranging the curtains, and it was a few seconds before she replied.

'Little girl? What do you mean, Master Reggie?'

'I mean what I say,' answered the boy. 'Do you know who that little girl is that we saw looking out of one of the upstairs windows?' and with that Reggie gave a full description of the window from which they had noticed the girl looking out.

When he had finished, Maggie turned to face him. 'You must have been fancying, Master Reggie,' she said. 'Why, there is no little girl here, saving for your sisters. It was getting dark, and you made a mistake, that's what it was.'

'Oh, rot!' exclaimed Dick, breaking in. 'We didn't fancy anything, Maggie, and I'll eat my hat if there wasn't a girl there. Do you think Mrs. Thompson has had some one to see her?'

'No, I don't, Master Dick, and I'll thank you not to doubt my word,' said Maggie, in an offended tone.

'Oh, sorry! I didn't mean to doubt your word,' said Dick, readily enough; 'but,' he went on, 'I think that you have made a mistake. I am sure that we did see some one.'

'And I'm just as sure that you did not, since there is no one but Clegg and me in the house; and, before that, there was no one but your Martha and Mrs. Thompson,' said Maggie, and with that parting shot she went out of the room.

'That's jolly queer; and how she did fire up!' said Dick, as soon as the door had closed on Maggie.

'Yes, didn't she? I think that you have offended her, Dick,' said Muriel.

'Oh, never mind! When we go to the village I'll buy her something, as a peace-offering. She is not half a bad sort, only a bit touchy,' said Dick, easily. 'But we are still where we were about that face at the window. If what Maggie says is the truth, it is really rather queer.'

'I don't know. Perhaps Clegg has had a granddaughter, or some one like that to see him, and Maggie didn't know about it,' said Muriel; and then the matter was dropped for the rest of the meal.

'To-morrow we will try and find somewhere to develop those photographs that we took this afternoon,' said Reggie, as the children went upstairs to their own rooms. 'Then we shall be able to send them on to Mother and Father when we write. If we send them to Aunt Fanny's address, she will see them too.'

When the two boys were once more alone together and undressing, Dick said, suddenly, 'What about that light?'

'Do you mean the signalling that we saw last night?'

'Yes; shall we watch for it again to-night?'

'What's the time now?'

'Almost nine. It may not begin yet. For one thing, Mrs. Thompson and Martha have only just come in. I heard them as we came upstairs; but, of course, they won't begoing to bed for a little while.'

'But it may not depend on whether they are in their bedrooms or not,' objected Reggie.

'No, but on the other hand, it may. One has to think of all things of that kind,' said Dick. He loved anything in the shape of a mystery, and it pleased him to think that he was on the track of one now.

'Well, supposing that we see it again, what shall we do?' asked Reggie, who was always practical.

'We might go downstairs and out by the little side-door. Then we could at least see who it is that does the signalling,' said Dick at once. He had thought the matter out carefully that morning, when they had been exploring the attics, and now he was ready for anything that might occur.

'And if we do find out who is signalling, I don't see what good that will do us,' said Reggie, doubtfully. He was, in truth, thinking of the strange letter that his father had told him about, and he was wondering not a little whether he might tell Dick about it. There seemed a chance that this signalling might have something to do with that warning, though of course it was only a guess.

'Well, it would be a step in the right direction if we found out who is waving the light on land. Still, even then we shall not know who it is out on the sea,' said Dick. 'I have been looking up signalling this evening, and I think that perhaps I could make out some of the messages, or at all events a word or two. I mean to try if I get the chance.'

'What do you want to do—shall we get undressed or not?' asked Reggie. He was a little older than his cousin, but in this matter at least Dick had taken the lead.

'I think we may as well wait for a little while.

See, if we put out the light, we can watch from the window, and then if the light shows we shall know what to do.'

This plan was at once carried out. The boys put on their jackets once more, and blowing out their candle, they sat down beside the wide-open window to keep a watch for the signalling that they had noticed on the previous night.

It was a still night and very warm; there was no sound save for the breaking of the waves on the sandy shore at the foot of the rocky cliffs, and an occasional barking from some dog, or the lowing of cattle. It was tedious work watching and waiting at that open window, and after a short time Reggie began to yawn noisily.

'You had better take a nap. I'll watch, and wake you if there is anything doing,' said Dick, at last. 'There is really no need for both of us to sit here—one can do it quite well.'

After a little persuasion, Reggie agreed to this suggestion, and removing some of his clothes, he lay down on his bed, and was soon fast asleep.

He did not have long in dreamland, however, but was aroused in a short time by Dick, who said in an excited tone, 'Come on, come on, the signalling has begun again! Oh, wake up, do! or we shall not be in time.'

In a minute, Reggie had again put on his clothes, and then, after another glance out of the bedroom window, the two boys opened their door quietly, and with their shoes held in their hands they made their way down the wide oak staircase, and passed along one of the passages that led from the main hall to a side-door, which they knew would be less trouble to open than that at the front of the house.

'S-s-h!' whispered Reggie, as Dick, in pushing back one of the bolts, made a rasping sound.

In another moment the two were out in the garden. There was no moon, and they had some little difficulty at first in finding their way. After a time their eyes grew more accustomed to the darkness, and they set off in the direction of the light that they could see, from time to time, flashing between the trees.

Owing to the position of the Manor, high on the top of a cliff, the trees in its grounds were stunted and bent with the force of the winds that swept over them during the winter months. The garden was sheltered in part by its high wall, but the trees caught the full strength of the blast by reason of their height.

Steadily the boys got closer and closer to the light. They made out at last that it was a lantern held by a man whom they had no difficulty in recognising as Clegg, the old gardener, that was signalling to some one out on the sea.

When it was unsafe to venture nearer, the boys crouched down in the shelter of some shrubs that served to hide them from sight, but which yet allowed them to see all that the man they were watching was doing.

'Don't say anything—I'm going to try and read it,' said Dick in a whisper. 'He is doing it very slowly, that's one comfort.'

'Right you are,' replied Reggie, and then there was silence for some minutes. Clegg was giving a long message to his friend out there on the water, and it needed all Dick's skill to make out what he was saying.

At last, however, the light ceased to be waved, and a little while after that the old gardener made his way back in the direction of the house.

'Well, I am not sure that it is right, and I couldn't understand it all,' said Dick, 'but what I made out was that he is warning some one out there that something is not safe, because of some children—what do you make of that?'

'Do you mean that you think we are the children?' asked Reggie, in astonishment.

'Yes, that's what I think. Clegg signalled that some one must keep away because of prying children—there was some more that I couldn't make out, but I think that what I did read is enough to go on with, don't you?'

CHAPTER V

The two boys made their way back to the house as soon as it was safe to do so. Clegg had disappeared, and they guessed that he must have entered the house by a door at the back. Although the night air was quite warm, Reggie shivered when they reached their own room. 'I wonder what it all means?' he said, as they quickly undressed and tumbled into bed.

'Yes, so do I. I wish that I could have read the whole of the message,' said Dick. 'I will learn more about that way of signalling before I am many days older, for it looks to me as if it will be useful.'

Reggie hesitated for a moment or two before he spoke again. He was wondering whether it might not be a good plan to tell Dick all about the strange letter, and in the end he decided to do so. It would be something, at least, to have some one to talk it over with. 'There is another bit of mystery connected with this house,' he began. 'I think there is no harm in my telling you. I only promised Father not to tell the girls, because he was afraid that it might worry or frighten them; but you won't be scared.'

'Not I! Out with it, there's a good chap,' said Dick, sitting up in bed once more, quite wide awake.

In as few words as possible Reggie told the story of the letter that had been sent to Mr. Compton, and at the end of the story Dick gave a long, low whistle. 'That is decidedly queer,' he said. 'What does it mean, I wonder, and what has it to do with this signalling that we have seen?'

'Has it anything to do with it?—that is the question,' replied Reggie. 'Of course that letter may be nothing more than a practical joke; but, if it is, it is a very silly sort of one. But shut up now, I'm going to sleep. I am sure it is almost midnight.'

And although the two boys had much to excite them, they were both quickly in the Land of Nod, and it was not till Muriel entered their bedroom the next morning that they either of them roused.

'How sleepy you two are,' she said, standing in the doorway, and looking at the still drowsy boys. 'Nora and I have been up almost an hour, and it is breakfast-time. Do make haste!'

'We shall not be long. Don't wait if you are in a hurry,' said Reggie, and with that Muriel left them, and went downstairs to where Nora was awaiting her in the breakfast-room.

(Continued on page 342.)

"Clegg was signalling to some one out on the sea."

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"'I'm afraid one of the young gentlemen isn't telling the truth.'"

HIS WORD

'READY, Bob?' ask ed Mr. Barker, entering the study. 'Mr. Bruce and Arthur are here. Have you finished your lessons?'

'Yes, Father,' answered Bob, hastily gathering up his books.

'What about your sum?'

The boy flushed. 'It will only take a few minutes.'

'Then you have not finished?' said Mr. Barker, sharply. 'When will you learn to speak the truth, Bob? I can never rely on your word.'

Bob fidgeted nervously, muttering something about 'only a trifle,' but his father stopped him sternly.

'Untruths, however small, are not trifles. Boys who cannot be trusted are useless.'

He left the room, and, after hesitating a few minutes, Bob followed.

Downstairs he found Arthur waiting. 'They have gone on. What's kept you?' he asked.

Bob looked glum. 'Father's been rowing me because I hadn't finished my lessons——'

He stopped, flushing scarlet as he realised that he was not speaking the exact truth again. 'At least, I mean—oh, bother! Never mind! Look here, I've brought a ball. Let's play catches as we go along.'

Their fathers had business at a farm three miles away, but the distance seemed to be covered in a very short time. At the gate Farmer Brown was waiting. The boys were told they might go where they liked, look at everything, and help themselves to the gooseberries in the garden.

The farmer and his visitors went away, and Bob and Arthur, looking round for amusement, saw an empty hay-cart on its way to the field.

'Let's go down in it,' said Arthur, 'and come back on the next.'

They enjoyed themselves in this way till something fresh caught their fancy.

'The cows are coming in,' said Bob. 'Perhaps they will let us milk them.'

The man was quite agreeable, and, when the animals were in the shed, gave the boys their first lesson.

'I shall be a farmer when I grow up,' said Bob. 'It's jolly interesting.'

'Will you?' replied his friend, doubtfully. 'I should like it for a time, but not for always. I say, let's go for some gooseberries. Mr. Brown said we might. I'm thirsty.'

They soon found the kitchen garden. The gooseberry and currant bushes were well covered with fruit. After feasting for a few minutes, Bob made another discovery. 'Look at those cherries! Let's get some.'

'Oh, no, Bob!' said Arthur, in reply. 'He didn't say we could. Stick to the gooseberries. They're A 1.'

'He wouldn't mind! He has got heaps of cherries,' persisted Bob. 'Here are some beauties.'

He was about to pluck some, when there was a crash of broken glass. A cucumber-frame which stood close against the wall of the house was broken into shivers.

At this moment the farmer came round the corner with his visitors. 'Hullo, who's done this?' he demanded, as the boys approached.

'I didn't,' said Bob. 'I was far enough away.'

'And I didn't,' repeated Arthur.

'Balls can travel a good distance,' said the farmer grimly, as he stooped down and took one out of the frame. 'I'm afraid one of the young gentlemen isn't telling the truth.'

'Hold hard, farmer!' said Mr. Bruce, sharply. 'That's no proof. There is more than one ball in the world.'

'Perhaps the young gentlemen can show theirs,' said Mr. Brown, shortly. 'I saw them playing with one as they came up the road.'

Both boys felt in their pockets for the ball they had been using, but, to their astonishment and uneasiness, no ball was forthcoming.

'We must have dropped it somewhere,' said Bob, nervously.

Mr. Bruce spoke slowly. 'I don't understand it, Mr. Brown. I see your side of the question, and quite admit that most people would give the boys credit for having done it; therefore I will give half towards the repairs. But you understand it is a gift—I'm not paying. When my boy says he hasn't done a thing, he hasn't done it. I can trust his word.'

Mr. Barker looked at Bob, who was shifting from one foot to the other, and said briefly, 'I will pay the other half.'

It was not a cheerful walk home, and at the Barkers' gate they parted. Bob followed his father into the sitting-room.

'Father,' he broke out, as soon as the door was shut, 'it was too bad of you! I said I hadn't done it. Why did you pay Farmer Brown?'

Mr. Barker looked sadly at his son. 'Bob,' he said, 'I would willingly have given three times the amount to have been able to say as Mr. Bruce did, "I can trust my boy's word"; but, unfortunately, I couldn't.'

Bob flushed scarlet. But at this moment there was the sound of wheels, and Farmer Brown was seen descending from his trap.

'I have come to beg your pardon, sir. The young gentlemen were telling the truth after all. My little youngster's nursery is just above the cucumber-frame, and my wife tells me he had got hold of a ball while the nursemaid's back was turned, and dropped it out of the window. I found your boy's ball in the stable soon afterwards. I saw you didn't believe his word, so thought I had better come at once for fear he got into trouble.'

'Are you going to Mr. Bruce's?' inquired Mr. Barker.

'Well, no, sir. The fact is I'm very busy, and he seemed so very cocksure of his son that I thought it wouldn't matter. Perhaps you will explain when you see him, and return his share of this.'

He placed the money on the table as he spoke, and hastily retired.

'I have misjudged you, my boy,' said Mr. Barker, putting his hand on Bob's shoulder.

Bob looked up at the kind touch and tone, and spoke impulsively. 'It's my own fault, Father. I'm very sorry.'

Then he added rather shyly, 'I would like you to speak of me as Mr. Bruce does of Arthur. I will try to do better.'

And so he did, and the time came when Mr. Barker also could say proudly, 'I can trust my boy's word!'

C. E. Thonger.

THE LESSON OF NATURE.

HAVE you ever seen the sunbeams breaking through
the mists at morn,
Stealing o'er the shadowed valley, dancing on the
yellow corn;
Glinting golden in the forest when the day is on the
wane,
Kissing lightly every blossom? If you have not, look
again.

Have you ever seen the streamlet sparkle down the
mountain-side,
Winding silver through the meadow, broadening to
the river wide;
Leaping, dancing in the sunlight, through the valley,
o'er the plain,
Hurrying on to meet the ocean? If you have not,
look aagin.

Look again, and learn the lesson that these little
things would show—
Maybe you've a world to brighten, as the sun this
world below.
You could run as straight and truly as the river on
the plain;
Maybe you have looked and seen this; but if not,
then look again! S. R. Burridge.

AN ANECDOTE OF NELSON.

WHEN Lord Nelson was about to leave London on his last expedition against the enemy, he ordered some cabin furniture to be sent on board his ship. While he was giving a farewell dinner-party at his house, the upholsterer called. Nelson spoke with him in a corner of the dining-room. Everything, the man said, was finished and packed, and would start in a waggon from a certain inn at six o'clock the next day.

'And you go yourself to the inn, Mr. A., to see the things off?' inquired the Admiral.

'Yes, my lord; I shall be there punctually at six.'

'A quarter to six, Mr. A.,' said Nelson; 'be there at a qaurter to six. I have always made it a practice to be that much beforehand, and to that quarter of an hour I owe everything in life.' E. Dyke.

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 330.)

'SOON will the little one be better,' said Buddha, and he nooded kindly at Mary. 'I have seen such fever often. There is no cause for fear. Presently his skin will be cool and damp. He will sleep, and he will awake cured.'

'But he is an English child!' said Mary. It seemed to her that, save for Tarm, Buddha must have had dealings with Indian children only. 'Perhaps it is different for English children.'

Mary was very anxious about Arnold, and afraid that she ought not to trust him to this old man. It was possible even that Buddha might kill the child to revenge himself for last night's defeat. Yet, as Mary looked at the kind old face, she found it difficult to believe this.

'It is the same fever, whether the child be of India or of England,' said Buddha. 'But rest content, Miss Baba. Once, long ago, I served English people. I have not forgotten what I learnt in those days.'

And then, as he rocked Arnold to and fro, there crept into Buddha's eyes a curious expression. It seemed as if he were looking at something very far away: as if he did not see the forests that surrounded him, nor rounded him, nor Mary, nor Arnold even.

'Ah, the evil day,' Buddha sighed, 'when the black death stepped over the threshold and took them all away; the Sahib who was so strong, the Mem Sahib also; the children, one by one, save he who slept in the cradle.'

'And what happened to that one?' Mary asked gently. She felt sure it was Tarm of whom the old man spoke.

'I saved him, even I. From the clutches of the black death I snatched him. I took him in my arms, and ran with him through the forest until, after many days, we came to the little temple, all empty and deserted, for its priest was long since dead. And there the black death dared not follow us. And there we made our home, we two together.'

And then Arnold began to whimper again, and Buddha to sing to him, and Mary went back to John and Tarm to repeat to them Buddha's story. 'And so your father and mother must have been English people, Tarm,' she said, 'or Buddha would not talk of them as Sahibs. And I think Buddha was one of your servants. When Father and Mother come back from Paris we will tell them all about it, and they will find out your real name and your real home.'

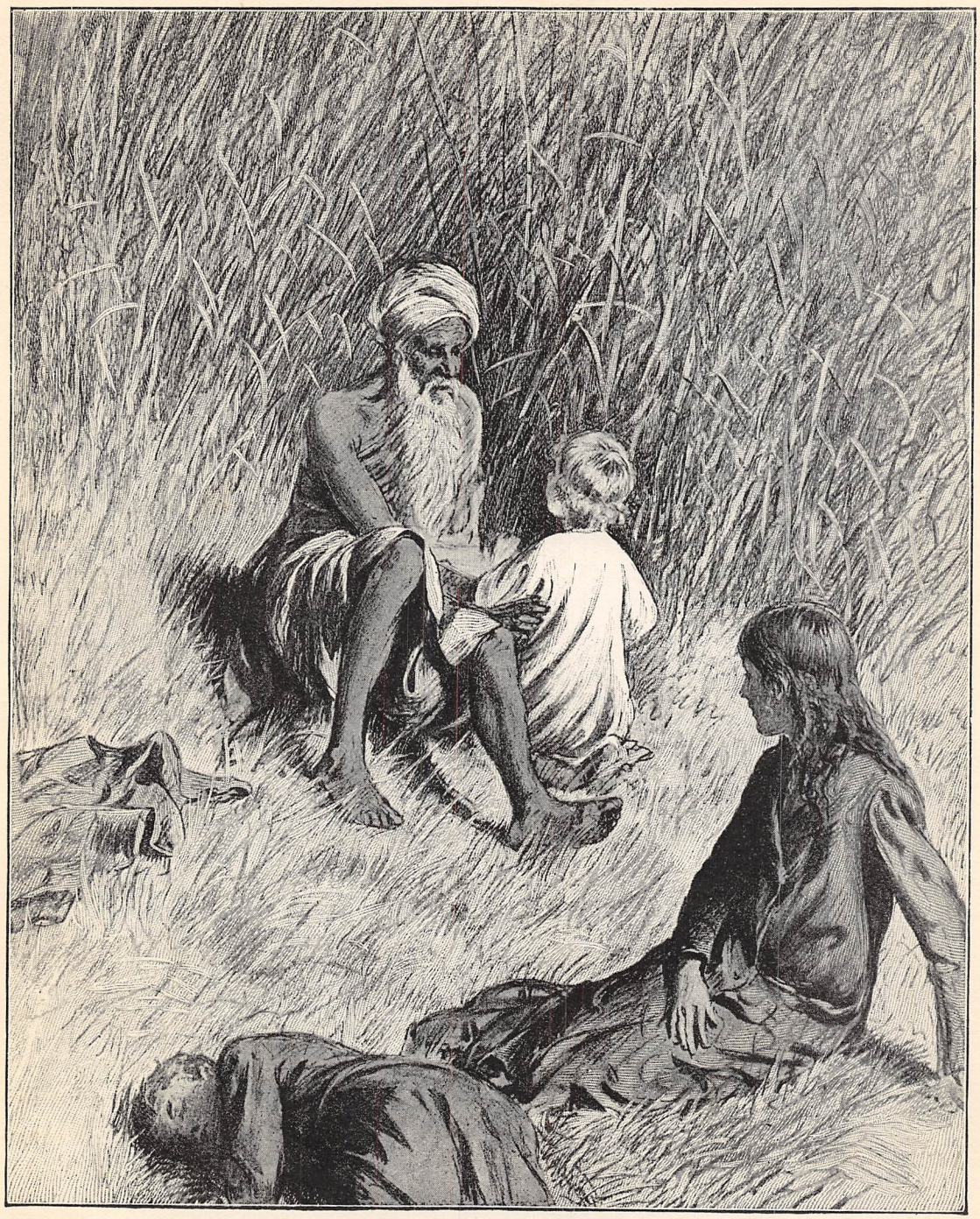
'And we shall have no ivory to give them,' said John to himself. He knew that, since Arnold was ill, he must give up all hope of finding the elephant valley. To reach the camp again was of all things most necessary, lest Arnold should, perhaps, die for want of medicine and proper food. It was not easy to think only of Arnold's need rather than of the elephant valley, and John began to talk, that he might not think too much. And he talked of the journey to the camp, that he might keep this steadily in mind. 'How shall we find the camp again, Tarm?' he asked. 'Will you be able to make Ganesh understand what we want?'

Tarm looked round before he answered, to make certain that Ganesh was still within sight. 'When night comes I will talk to Ganesh, and try to make him understand,' he said; 'and, for to-day, we must keep within touch of him. Though Buddha will not harm us now, the seekers of gold are still angry. We could do little against them without the help of Ganesh.'

'I am very tired,' said Mary, yawning. 'I think I should like to go to sleep.'

'Sleep, then; but eat first,' said Tarm. And from out of the bundle Buddha had carried he brought some flat cakes of unleavened bread, and some sweetmeats made of coarse brown sugar and butter. It was all that the woman of the gold-seekers had been able to spare; and, by the time it had been divided into four portions, each portion seemed extremely small. But there was no other food obtainable, apparently, and Mary and John ate their share and tried to forget that they were still very hungry.

'Now I will watch, and ye shall sleep,' said Tarm. With each hour that passed he seemed to grow in courage and resource. Since he was no longer afraid



"Arnold sat on the ground, laughing happily, and playing with Buddha."

of Buddha, he was, apparently, not afraid of anything. It was consoling to have some one so strong and so calm to take command. Mary took another look at Arnold, who seemed sleepy and comfortable, and then she lay down beside John in a shady, grassy nook, and very soon she was fast asleep.

She slept through the early morning hours, through the hot noontide. She slept until the day turned towards night again, and the shadows were long, the air cool and pleasant when she woke. And her eyes, as they opened, rested on Arnold. He was no longer burning with fever, but was cool as the evening. He sat on the ground, laughing happily, and playing with Buddha, who was teaching him a new and charming game. It seemed to consist chiefly in the tickling of Arnold, and the shouts of laughter which resulted had waked Mary. As she sat up, rubbing her eyes, John woke also.

'Where is Tarm?' John questioned directly, for no Tarm was to be seen. And Buddha heard the question and answered it.

'Soon Tarm will return; he has but gone to find food,' he said. 'He has his bow with him. Also he knows the ways of the forest, and where the wild birds hide their nests.'

And very shortly Tarm appeared, his hands full of peahens' eggs which he had taken from a nest near by. A few among them were stale, but the most were fresh, and made an excellent meal when roasted in the ashes of the wood fire. Tarm had also found a tiny stream on the further side of the big rock, and the earthen pot was filled and emptied more than once before the children's thirst was satisfied. They washed their faces and hands also in the cool water, and Arnold splashed his toes in the stream and laughed. He was as happy in the forest as in his own nursery, and as pleased with Buddha as with Ayah.

(Continued on page 351.)

BRITANNIA'S BULWARKS.

II.—AEROPLANES.

(Continued from page 310.)

HAVING noticed the general working principles of an aeroplane, we will pass to a survey of the various parts and their construction in detail.

The Planes.—These are cambered, or curved, fore and aft, being hollow underneath and rounded above. It was discovered a good many years ago that a curved surface has more lifting power than a flat surface of the same width probably because it gets a longer grip on the air passing under it. We may suppose the front part of a flat wing to strike the air downwards so rapidly that the air is moving fast before the rear part reaches it, so that the pressure on that part is small. In the case of a curved surface drooping towards the trailing edge, the back part strikes the air less slantingly, and gets a better push.

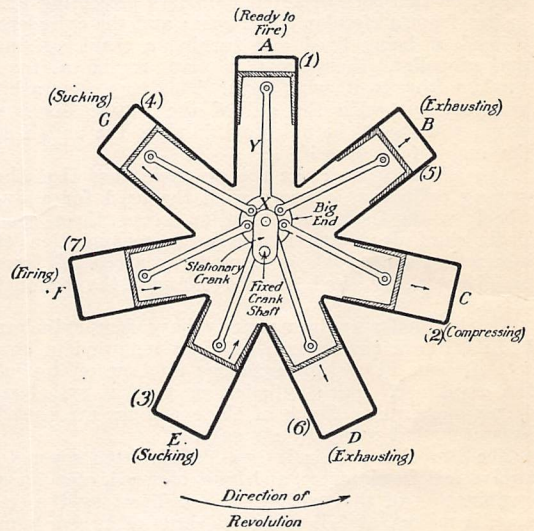
At or near the front edge of the wing is a spar running from end to end; and about two-thirds of the way back is a second, but thinner spar. Thin parallel ribs embrace the spars on both sides, meeting and running off to a point at the rear.

Over both sides of the ribs is stretched tightly a special material of cotton or silk, dressed with a special varnish or 'dope,' which makes it smooth, taut, and waterproof.

Staying the Planes.—The two planes of a biplane are kept apart, and connected by vertical spars, braced by diagonal wires or cables sideways and fore and aft. The framework thus forms a stiff girder, able to bear a heavy weight at the centre. The ribs inside the planes are braced horizontally in a similar manner. The arrangement is very like a box-kite, but with wires slanting across.

The two wings of a monoplane have wire stays running from various points on the spars to the top of a vertical mast, or 'pylon,' projecting from the body, and to the under-carriage. The front spar stays are fixed; but the upper stays of the rear spar are joined together and run over a pulley on the mast, while the under ones pass under pulleys to the balancing lever. A movement of the lever to right or left draws the rear spar of one wing down while lifting the other, so producing the necessary 'warp,' and making the air change the machine's direction. The spars are hinged to the body, so that they are bent by warping.

The Body, or fuselage, contains the engines, the seats for pilot and passengers, the control gear and other apparatus. Modern practice tends in the direction of building a framework of square section tapering off to a point at the rear, to which the elevator, steadying planes and rudder are attached, and covering it in with thin metal and fabric, except at the openings for the seats. The pilot is then much less exposed to the air, which at sixty miles an hour has unpleasant effects. In such a body the engine is placed in the front to drive a screw. If a rear propeller is used, the tail is connected to the planes by long rods suitably stayed, and the body, if enclosed, is short.



Plan of a Gnome Aeroplane Engine: as the 'spokes' go round, the cranks slide on the fixed crank, and so force the pistons backward or forward according to the position of the cylinder: *e.g.*, the crank from X to Y is stretched forward to its fullest extent.

Some aeroplanes have entirely covered-in bodies with windows for the pilot to see through.

The Carriage, or landing framework or chassis, is a strong frame provided with two or four pneumatic-tyred wheels and, in some cases, with wooden skids which take the first shock of the landing. The tail is protected from damage by a springy, wheel-less

skid, which, if the areoplane is so designed that the tail planes bear some of the weight in flight, acts as a brake when the machine comes to earth. Landing is done when the aeroplane is travelling parallel to the ground, so that the shock to the chaissis may be as small as possible.

The framework of planes, body, and carriage is generally made of tough wood wrapped with woven material to prevent splitting. Steel is now being widely used; in fact, some aeroplanes are made entirely of this metal.

The Engine.—The light-weight petrol engines used in aeroplanes develop more power in proportion to their weight than any other kind of engine yet produced—as much as a horse-power for every two and a half to three pounds. With very few exceptions they work on the same principle as motor-car engines—that is, explosions in a cylinder drive a piston. Their lightness demands the greatest possible care in design and construction, for, important as lightness is, reliability is even more so.

The most widely-used aeroplane engine, the 'Gnome,' belongs to the rotary class. It has five, seven, or two sets of seven cylinders projecting like spokes from a circular crank-case; and the cylinders, instead of being fixed and turning a crank driving the propeller, themselves revolve round a fixed crank, taking to it, with them. This may seem a bit puzzling, but with the aid of the simple diagram given, you should be able to think out the action of the engine for yourself.

The advantages of the rotary engine are that the moving cylinders do away with the need for a fly-wheel, while their rapid motion keeps them cool. Their chief drawback is the large consumption of lubricating oil, which is flung by centrifugal force past the piston, and escapes through the exhaust valve.

Fixed-cylinder engines usually have four cylinders in line, like a car engine; or eight mounted in two sets of four at an angle to one another on top of the crankcase. Each cylinder, or pair of cylinders, drives one crank. Some of these engines are cooled by water; but many by air only.

The Propeller.—This is two-bladed, from seven to twelve feet in diameter, and built of wood, steel, or a combination of the two. If driven direct by the engine, it makes, at full speed, upwards of twelve hundred revolutions per minute. Very large propellers are sometimes 'feared down' to revolve slower than the engine. Much time and money has been spent on improving aerial propellers, but even the best probably does not make use of more than two-thirds of the power put into it by the motor. With greater perfection will come the use of less powerful and heavy engines, or higher speeds, if the same power is retained.

(Concluded on page 363.)

THE MYSTERY OF THE MANOR.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 335.)

OVER the meal the children discussed the plans for the day, and it was decided, when at last the boys joined them, that they should first of all develop the photographs that they had taken the previous afernoon.

'First find a dark room,' said Dick, when this arrangement was made.

'Of course. I had forgotten about that,' agreed Reggie. 'Is there a good-sized cupboard that would do?' he went on, turning to the two girls.

'No; or, at least, I don't think that there is,' said Muriel; but Nora suggested that there ought to be one in such an old house, and that if they looked carefully they might find one.

'We might look in the attics. We did not finish exploring them yesterday,' said Dick. 'Have you two girls got awfully clean frocks on this morning?' he added.

'No,' laughed Nora. 'They are not very clean. They are yesterday morning's, so I don't see that Martha ought to scold if we make them too bad to wear again.'

'Right! Then we will do the attics—that if is all the company are agreed,' said Dick, looking round the table.

'It is rather a pity to stay indoors on such a morning, isn't it?' asked Muriel.

No one answered this question, for just at that moment Martha came into the room, and said that there was a message to be taken to the village at once, and that it would be something for them to do.

'All play and no work is good for no one,' she said. 'This will be a chance of doing something useful, and of getting a good walk at the same time. Don't dawdle on the way, though, because the butcher must have the order early, or it won't be of any use his having it at all.'

'That settles the attic,' said Reggie, when Martha had left the room. 'I wish that we had brought the bicycles, for in that case it wouldn't have taken so long.'

'Never mind. We have got all the morning, and there will be time for the attic when we get back again,' said Muriel, and with that the children went off to prepare for their walk.

'Do you think it would be worth while to go to old Clegg and ask him about that light?' asked Dick of Reggie, when the girls had left them once more alone.

'I don't know. Perhaps it would frighten him, and stop him from doing any more signalling, and that would be a pity,' said Reggie, slowly.

'Yes, of course it might do that. Well, perhaps we had better not; but I should have liked to see his face when one of us asked him,' said Dick, regretfully.

The young Comptons and their cousin were not long in walking to the village, and once there, they easily discovered the shop at which they had to deliver the message. This done, they turned their steps once more in the direction of the Manor, and the boys sternly refused to allow Muriel and Nora to venture down any of the inviting-looking lanes that led away to right and left of the main road, saying that they would be there another day, and that they must discover a dark room in which to develop their photographs as soon as possible. As it happened, they met no one when they again entered the Manor, and made their way to the attics.

'That doesn't matter,' said Reggie, when Muriel made a remark about their not having seen Martha. 'We have done what she asked us to do, and now we are free to do what we like—or at least that is

how I take it. Perhaps, too, if we said that we were coming up here she would make a fuss about something, and we shouldn't be able to do it.'

The attics at the Manor were large, and irregular in shape. They were very dusty, and, indeed, did not look as though they had been entered for many years. In some of them there were old chairs, tables, and beds, and sundry other pieces of furniture, that were evidently out of repair, and had been brought up, from time to time, from the rooms downstairs.

In one of the attics there was a long and very massive old oak chest, and this the children found, on raising the lid, to be empty.

'What a jolly chest! I wonder that it is left here,' said Muriel, thinking as she uttered the words that if her mother saw it, she would certainly have it taken downstairs and put to some use.

'Yes, that is good stuff,' said Reggie, coming up and examining it. 'It does seem a pity for it to be hidden away up here. But come on, we haven't found a good cupboard yet, and the time is going.'

But, search as the children might, they did not discover anything in the way of a cupboard that would serve them as a dark room. There were small rooms, hardly bigger than cupboards, it is true, but all of these had tiny windows, and they let in a considerable amount of light, that rendered them useless for the children's purpose.

'I suppose we shall have to wait till it gets dark,' said Reggie, at last. 'We can't block these windows up very well, and they let in far too much light as they are now.'

'We didn't get time for that game of hide-and-seek yesterday, so let's have it now,' said Nora,

'Very well, if you like. There is hardly time to go anywhere this side of dinner-time,' agreed Reggie,

The attics were just suited to hide-and-seek. True, there was dust over everything, and all four of the children were soon covered with it; but they enjoyed themselves exceedingly, and as Dick remarked, 'soap and water, and a clothes-brush, would soon set them right.'

It was Nora and Muriel's turn to hide at last, and the younger girl drew her sister aside and whispered something in her ear, after which they went off together along a narrow passage, tip-toeing

'You get in first,' said Nora, in a low tone, holding open the lid of the large chest.

'Are you sure that it will be safe?' asked Muriel.

'Of course! We shan't be smothered. We can raise the lid in a moment, if we want to,' said her sister, and with that Muriel got into the chest, to be followed a second later by Nora.

'Coo-o-ee!' they called softly, and then they crouched down to await the coming of the boys.

But the minutes passed, and still neither Dick nor Reggie appeared. At last Nora grew impatient, and began to raise herself to a sitting position, in order to raise the lid of the chest.

But at that moment two things happened. The first was that the boys both reached the attic in which the chest was at the same second; and the next thing was that the bottom of he chest in which the two girls were lying hidden suddenly gave way, and they were thrown down, down, until it seemed as though they were never going to stop falling.

Of course their hiding-place was discovered then, for Nora and Muriel had both screamed shrilly when they felt themselves falling in the strange way, and the boys, rushing to the chest, lifted the lid at about the same instant as the girls stopped falling.

'What on earth does this mean?' asked Dick in astonishment. The floor of the chest had had time to right itself before the boys reached it, and now there was nothing to be seen but an empty chest.

'I made sure I heard them scream,' he continued.

'I know that I did, and I am certain that they were in this chest,' said Reggie, feeling strangely frightened. 'Hi, there, where are you?'

'Here, down at the bottom of a hole,' came the anwser, sounding faint enough, but still quite close.

'This chest must have a false bottom, and it let them down. How can we make it move, I wonder?' said Dick,

'Let's press it. We are coming!' said Reggie, calling out the last remark so that the girls might hear. 'Are you hurt?' he added.

'No, I don't think so,' said Muriel; and Nora added, 'It's awfully dark, though.'

The boys pushed and pressed, but all to no purpose. The floor of the chest refused to move.

'I have it—we are doing it the wrong way! Just stop for a moment,' said Dick; and then he began to press the floor of the chest with the palms of his hands, moving it in a circular way. At once this was successful. With a click that told of a released spring, the floor of the chest moved, opening like the lid of a box, the lid of course hanging downwards.

'Hurrah, you are the right sort!' said Reggie, warmly. 'Now the question is, how are we to get down?'

'Oh, can we climb out? How jolly it is to see the light again, isn't it, Muriel?' said Nora; and then, as the two girls stood upright, their heads were on a level with the bottom of the chest.

'Take my hand. I can hoist you out,' said Dick; and between them he and Reggie managed to draw the girls up out of the hole.

'Now, the thing for us to do is to get a candle and go down there and explore,' said Reggie. 'Will you two hold the lid down if we go below, so that we are not shut in as you were?'

The girls promised to do this, though they had no wish to enter again into the dark hole that they had just left. Dick ran off for his bedroom candle, and Reggie and Muriel brushed the dust off one another, and off Nora.

'It is a wonder that you are not hurt. You are sure that you are all right?' asked the boy, when they had between them got rid of some of the dust.

'Oh, yes, we are not hurt—except for a bruise or two,' said Muriel. 'But I shall not hide in a chest again,' she added, laughing.

In a moment or two Dick returned, and together the two boys entered the hole through the false bottom of the chest. They found that they were in a narrow and low passage, seven or eight feet below, and along this they made their way, carefully shielding the lighted candle with their hands. At last the passage ended in a large, low room, in the centre of which stood a table. At first the feeble light of the candle was not enough to show them anything clearly, but when Dick produced a couple of tapers, and lit these also, an exclamation of surprise broke from both of the boys at once. The sight that met their eyes was one that they had certainly not expected to see in that place.

(Continued on page 346.)

"'Are you sure that it will be safe?'"

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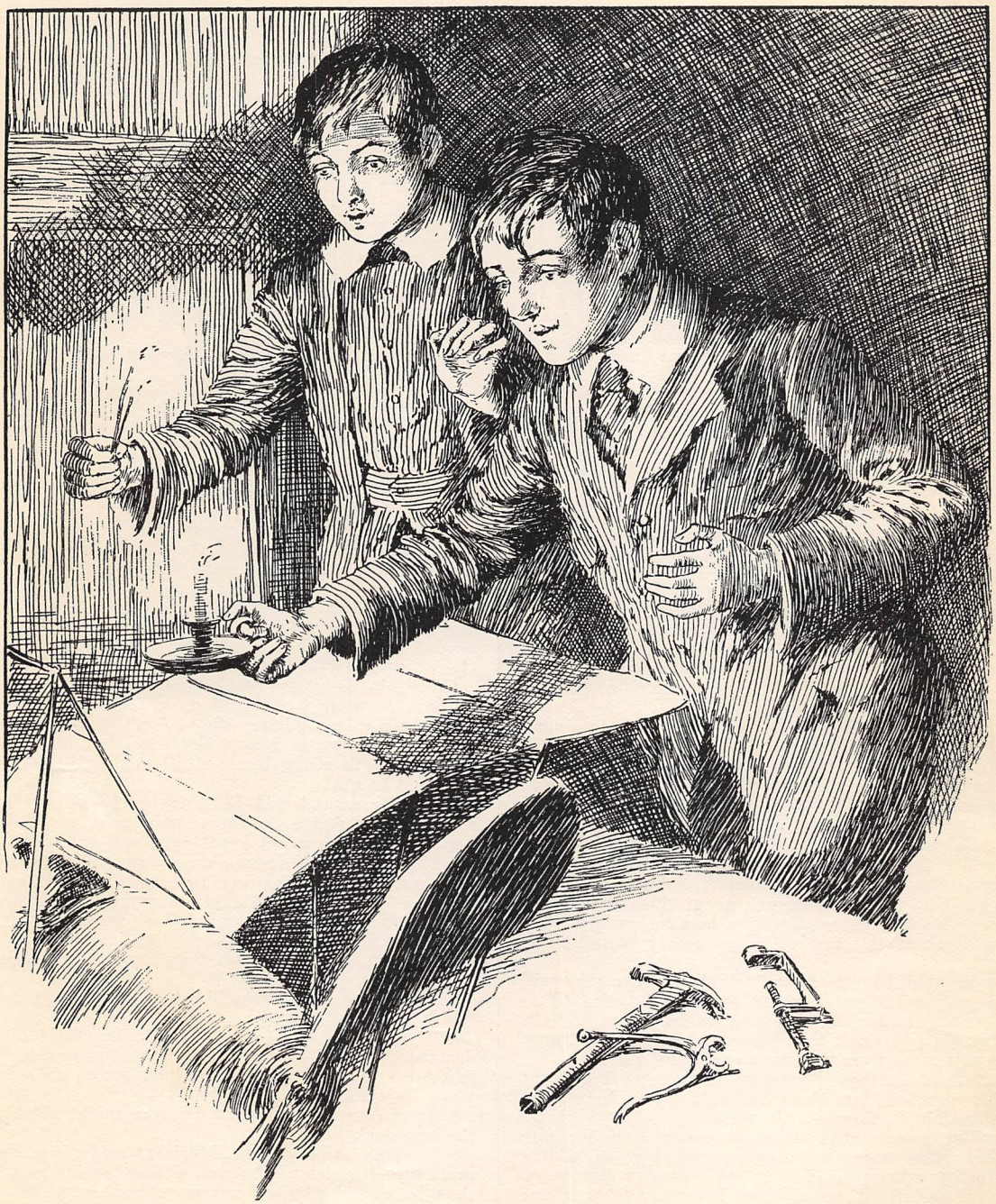


"There lay the model of an aeroplane, evidently just finished."

THE MYSTERY OF THE MANOR.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 343.)

CHAPTER VI.

BY the flickering light of the candle held by Reggie, and the two tapers that Dick had just lit, the two boys made out the object lying on the table in the centre of that room to be a model of an aeroplane. There it lay, evidently just finished, and about it on the table were some pieces of the materials that had been used in its construction, and also a number of drawings.

'Well, of all the queer things to find!' exclaimed Dick, drawing near to the table, and peering closely at the model aeroplane.

'Yes, this is out of the common. Not much connection between this and the skeleton that you expected to find!' said Reggie. 'This has been made recently, that's a certain thing; and the question that we have to settle is, who has made it, and why?'

'It must have been the late owner of this place. Perhaps he was an inventor,' suggested Dick. 'This would be a nice workroom if you had light enough, for no one would come here to disturb you.'

'That's true, and there is another side to it,' said Reggie, thoughtfully.

'What do you mean?'

'Well, suppose that you did not want any one to know about your work—you would be well hidden in here, and your secret too.'

'Yes, of course,' replied Dick, walking round the table, and examining the aeroplane closely.

'Are you well up in aircraft?' asked Dick, after a moment or two had been spent in a closer inspection of the model.

'Yes, fairly, but I don't know as much as you do. How did you learn it all?'

'My guardian is awfully keen on them. As a matter of fact, I think he has an idea for a new type. He takes me to see the flying at Hendon, and anywhere else where it is worth seeing, so I ought to be well up in it. He would like to see this, poor old chap!'

'Do you think it is something new?' asked Reggie,

'Yes, I think so; but, of course I can't be quite sure. For one thing we haven't light, and for another I do not know enough about them to be positive. But I say, we have been here an awful time—just look at this taper. It has nearly burned itself out.'

'We shall have to go and tell the girls, or they will be getting frightened about us,' said Reggie. 'Perhaps they will want to come down here now. By the way, do you think that there is any other entrance to this room than that we came by?'

Both of the boys glanced about them as Reggie put this question, but there did not appear to be any other door leading into the room.

'But, seeing that it is all panelled, it is quite likely that there is a door somewhere—a sliding panel, you know,' said Dick. 'We haven't time to go round and try them all now, but we will do it one day. Come on now, I must put this taper out. Oh!' he added, as he burnt his fingers in putting out the tiny end of the taper that still remained.

Together the boys made their way to the narrow passage, walking by the light of the candle. When the girls, waiting in the attic above, heard their footsteps, they called out, 'Oh, do come quickly. We have been so frightened; we thought that you had got lost, or shut in somewhere. Where have you been?'

'Wait a bit, and then we will tell you,' said Reggie, who was in front. He climbed up out of the passage, and then turned and gave a hand to Dick. When the two were once more in the attic, with the lid of the chest shut down, they suggested that they should go and get rid of the dust with which they were covered before they were seen by Martha or Mrs. Thompson.

'We want to know what you found, though,' objected Nora, as they moved off in the direction of their own rooms.

'And you shall know in a little while. Come downstairs into the garden when you are fit to be seen,' said Reggie. 'We will be there by that old summer-house. Don't be long.'

'We will be as quick as quick—just wait and see,' said Nora,

The girls changed their dresses, washed, and tidied their hair, and were again downstairs in less than ten minutes. Beside the summer-house they found Reggie and Dick awaiting them.

'Come inside, it isn't half bad, and we don't want to be overheard,' said Dick, opening the door of the summer-house.

There was a narrow seat running all round the walls, inside the house, and though the place smelt rather damp and musty, as though it had not been used for many years, it was in a good state of repair. There was a small window, ratheer high up on the side that was towards the sea, and this let in enough light, at least to talk by, when the door was closed.

'Well, do hurry up,' said Nora, who did not like to have to wait for anything,

'We are going to hurry up, so don't distress yourself,' said Reggie in a soothing way that made his sister want to shake him. 'Will you tell, Dick, or shall I?' he said.

'You fire away,' said Dick, trying to make himself as comfortable as the narrow seat would let him. 'If you leave out anything, I will put it in.'

With that, Reggie began an account of their adventures, and the discovery that they had made in the secret room. He did not hurry, but told the story slowly, far too slowly indeed for Nora,

'An aeroplane? Oh, I should like to see it,' said the little girl, when at last Reggie reached the end of his tale.

'You can see it, if you like to come down there. Won't you be afraid?'

'Of course not. What is there to be afraid of?' demanded Nora, with her blue eyes open wide in surprise. 'There is nothing to hurt one in an aeroplane, is there?'

'No, of course there is not, but you might not like the long dark passage.'

'We don't mind, do we, Muriel?' said Nora, appealing to her sister, who was sitting looking rather thoughtful, and who had not as yet said anything.

'No, I don't mind going to look at it, only, of course, we can't go now,' she answered; 'we have just changed our dresses, and besides that, it is nearly dinner time.'

'Yes, but there is to-morrow morning. How would it be to go then?' suggested Dick.

'We might. Have you thought about telling anyone what you found?' asked Muriel, after a moment's silence.

The two boys looked at one another before they replied. They had decided that they would not speak to the girls of the signalling that they had watched at night, neither did they intend to tell them that they thought there was something queer about the old gardener. There might be some simple explanation of all that now seemed so strange to them, and in any case there was no reason why they should frighten the two sisters.

'I do not think that we shall speak of it,' said Dick, in answer to a look from Reggie. 'You see, we can tell your father when he comes; he will know what to do. It won't be long to wait till then, and if we told Martha or Mrs. Thompson it might do more harm than good.'

The girls did not quite understand what Dick meant by this, and they felt very certain that if they told Martha of their discovery she would forbid their going into that mysterious room, if only on account of the dust, so that they were quite content to wait, as Dick suggested, until their father's coming.

'What do you think that it means?' asked Muriel, as a little later the four made their way to the house.

'I think it looks as though the late owner of this place, Martin Allardyce, was an inventor. I think also that he did not care that his work should be known about,' said Dick; 'otherwise, why was it carried on in a place like that, where there was almost no convenience?'

'Why should he not want people to know about it?' asked Nora, who liked to have everything explained to her.

'No telling,' replied Dick shortly. As a matter of fact, he had an idea as to the reason for the model aeroplane having been made in that out-of-the-way room, but he was not at all sure that the idea was a correct one, and he did not mean to say anything about it for the present.

'Oh, I do want to-morrow morning to come, so that we can see it,' said Nora, as they entered the Manor. 'I am only sorry that I didn't go this morning.'

(Continued on page 354.)

THE TREES OF THE HOMELAND.

VIII.—PINES AND FIRS.

WHAT can match our English fir-woods?
Ever green, the hills they crown;
On their trunks a glow like sunshine,
'Neath their shade a carpet brown.

Year by year the needles falling,
Keep this carpet thick and sweet,
Healthy scent of pines exhaling
From the ground beneath our feet.

Who has heard the winds of autumn
Sweeping through with sigh or moan?
Be it roar or gentle whisper,
'Tis a lagnuage all their own.

Pines of England, stern and sombre!
Hardy Northmen, ye can stand
Colder climes than English winters—
Ye prefer a harsher land.

On the wild Norwegian mountains,
'Mid the glacial ice and snow,
Clothing endless peaks with grandeur,
There your myriad brothers grow.

E. M. Haines.

HOW TO MAKE A MODEL SAILING YACHT.

I SUPPOSE there is hardly a British boy who does not wish to possess a model yacht that will really sail and 'keep its course,' and not merely drift across a pond. This being so, how much more fascinating it would be to own one built by oneself, which will steer by the trim of its sails as it should.

I purpose in the following article to describe with some completeness the construction of one which will sail well and 'keep its course,' and with care in the making be a credit to the boy who builds it.

First let me say, with regard to measurements, that all the illustrations, except figs. 1, 6, and 7, are drawn to scale for a deck-length of fifteen inches. That is (if you measure them) the deck-length being fifteen inches, the other measurements should be in the same proportion to fifteen inches, as the other parts have to the deck-length in figs. 2 and 3.

Our boat, then, being fifteen inches long, four and a quarter inches broad, and two and a half inches deep (without the keel), we must get a piece of squared-up straight-grained wood, free from knots and cracks, of this size. Basswood, stocked by most wood-dealers, is excellent, but rather difficult to get in any thickness; but well-seasoned pine will do. On the broadest surface draw the centre line shown dotted in fig. 1, A; continue this right round the block, being very careful to keep this line quite in the centre. Next, on the top and bottom surfaces draw a plan of the deck; you get the shape of this from fig. 2: fig. 2 measures two and three-quarter inches across—fifteen inches therefore is roughly five and a half times that size.

On the side of your piece of wood draw the elevation of the boat (fig. 3), but without the thickness of the deck. Now with your saw cut away the shaded portions of A, fig. 1 (be careful not to saw inside the line), and your wood takes the form shown in B, fig. 1. With your saw make a cut along the centre line, very carefully, on the under or keel side (this is to take the place of the pencil line which may be cut away), about a quarter of an inch deep; then remove with your saw the shaded portions of B, and you get the shape C; from this remove the shaded portions, and you have the rough shape D, which is begeinning to look like the hull of our boat.

Before doing any more to this rough hull, make, of fine thin card or Bristol board, six gauges (like the onee shown in fig. 7), to the curves shown in figs. 4 and 5. This must be largely a matter of eye; the widest is to be the outside width of the deck-level. The more accurate and symmetrical you make these curves, the finer will be the shape of the hull. Now across the deck-side of your piece of wood rule lines at right angles to the centre lines,

dividing the deck into six equal parts, as shown by dotted lines in D, fig. 1.

Turn the boat deck-side down on the work-bench, and with a sharp chisel carefully work the rough sawn hull of D, fig. 1, down to the shape shown in fig. 7, using the various gauges at the lines corresponding to their numbers in fig. 1 D, and figs. 4 and 5, as shown in fig. 7, keeping the gauges quite perpendicular to the deck; be very careful here not to take off too much; remove a little at a time—slow and sure is the best axiom here: you can always cut away more wood, but you cannot put it back if you cut off too much. Fig. 7 also shows the

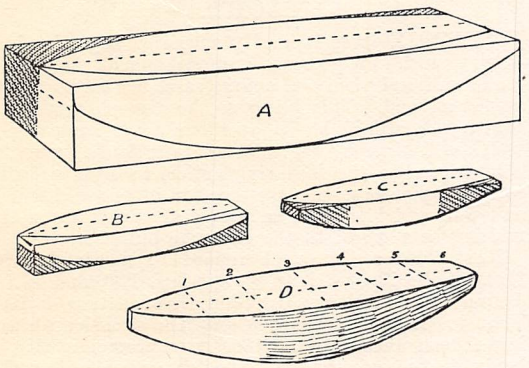


FIG 1

Shaping the Hull.

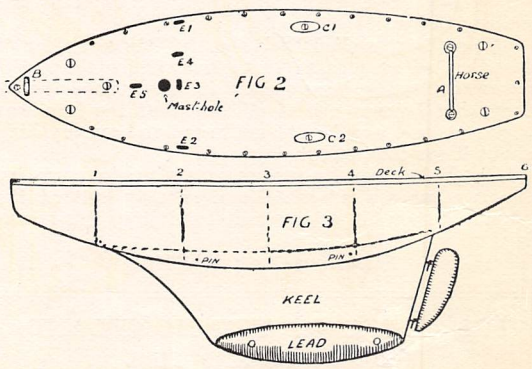
saw-cut we made; it is, as you have no doubt guessed, to contain the keel at the later stage. It will be a good deal cut away during our shaping operations; you now see the necessity of care in making this saw-cut, as, if it were not parallel to the axis of the boat's length, she would not sail well.

When you have got the outside of the hull nearly down to its finished shape, turn your attention to making it hollow, as shown in fig. 6 (take no notice at present of pieces a and b). For this purpose use a nice sharp gouge, and be careful, as you get down, not to cut through the sides or bottom; work from both ends and leave off when the sides are about a quarter of an inch thick, and the bottom is about half an inch. Make the sides as nearly equal in thickness as you can; you can guess very well with thumb and finger. When you have got the inside fairly smooth (there is no need to sandpaper it), finish off the outside, getting the curves from bow to stern fine sweeping ones without hollows in them. At this stage a coarse flat file is very useful, which, followed by sandpaper, should leave our hull in a fit condition to receive a first thin coat of paint.

In fig. 6 you will see two pieces of wood, a and b; a is about one inch square and a quarter of an inch thick. It is fixed to the bottom of the boat just where the mast comes (for position see fig. 2); b is a piece of wood to strengthen the sides and deck; it is three-eighths of an inch by a quarter of an inch, and of a length just to fit tightly in the sides; its position is shown, and it is held by two fine panel pins through each side of the boat (be careful to use a bradawl, not a gimlet, to make the holes first, or you may split the wood). This piece of wood should be slightly curved on its upper side to give the deck a smarter appearance; its ends should be flush with the top of the sides. These sides, before fixing the piece of wood, should be hollowed from bow to stern, to give the sheer shown in the drawings.

The hull should now have its first coat of thin paint, which should be allowed to soak in and dry thoroughly. When it is dry, sandpaper it again with smooth sandpaper; this will give a fine surface for the after paint or enamel. Make a cardboard pattern of the shape of the keel (fig. 3), and get an ironmonger to cut to this in fairly stout zinc; this zinc keel, as you will see, goes into the saw-cut in the wood, and should be a tight fit (in making the card pattern don't forget to make it include that part which goes in the saw-cut). The saw-cut may require to be deepened, but be careful not to cut through to the inside. Now drive the zinc keel into the saw-cut, drill two holes (quite small ones) through the keel, and drive in pins as seen in fig. 3, being careful that these pins go through the zinc, and that the zinc keel stands straight with the hull.

Next cut the deck from a piece of three-sixteenths-inch white fretwood by placing the hull on it, and marking round the hull with a pencil, and carefully cutting so as to leave a very little for shaving off when fixed. Make a hole three-eighths of an inch in diameter in the position shown in fig. 2 for the mast, and paint the under-side of the deck and the inside of the boat; when the paint is dry, not before, fix the deck, making the joint water-tight with paint on to the top of the sides of the hull. Put four (say half-inch) screws through first, two at each end (see fig. 2); these go into the dead wood at bow and stern. The other screws are thin ones, half an inch long, and go all round the deck as indicated in fig. 2. The holes for these screws must be



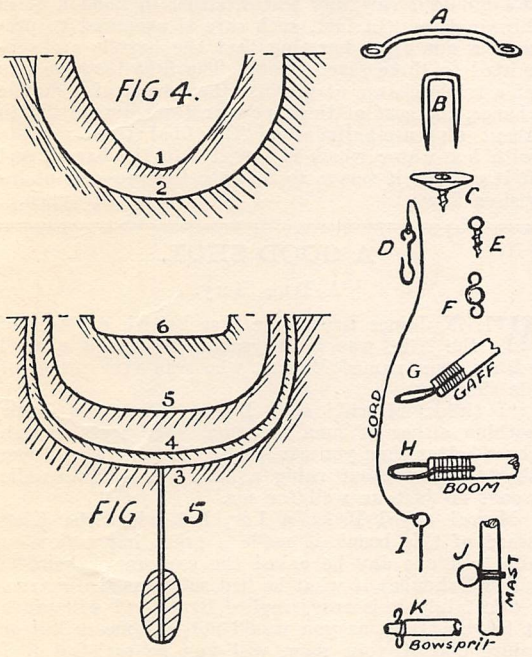
Fitting the Deck and Keel.

very carefully made, so as not to split the sides, and they must be counter-sunk, so as to let, the screw-heads be flush with the deck. These screws should be about one and a quarter inches apart. When all are screwed tight, wipe off the paint that is squeezed out, and smooth the deck down flush with the sides.

We must now fix the lead to the keel; to find how much will be required, put the boat on a bath of water, and place on the deck sufficient weights to put her down in the water till her bows are about one and a half inches above the surface, and the stern one inch. Take note of the weight thus re-

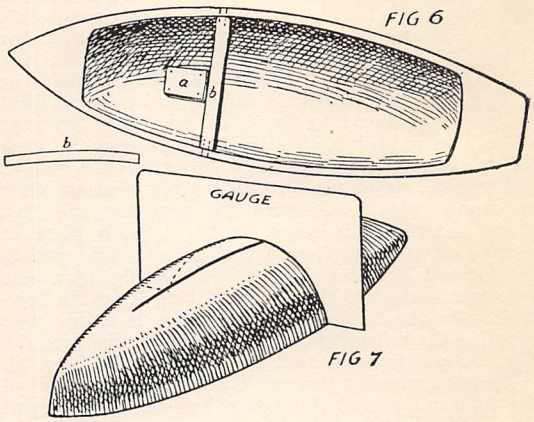
quired, and pencil a mark on the deck where the weights were placed—it is a matter of balance, to be discovered only by experiment—under this mark is the position of the centre of gravity of the lead, or centre of its mass. These two pieces of lead are fixed one on each side of the keel by two rivets of copper or brass wire going through all, and burred over with a hammer on both sides (see fig. 3). If you have any difficulty with this lead, a plumber would help you if you told him what you require, and gave him the weight: if, when the mast and rigging are on the boat, she floats too low, a rough file will quickly remove some of the lead; do not, however, alter her until after a trial under sail.

To rig our model, we shall require a Mast of light straight-grained wood, eighteen and a half inches long, three-eighths of an inch diameter at the bottom, tapering to onee-quarter inch at the top; a Bowsprit, six and a half inches long, tapering from three-eighths of an inch to one-quarter inch; a Gaff, seven inches long, tapering from five-sixteenths of an



The Gauges, and the smaller Fittings.

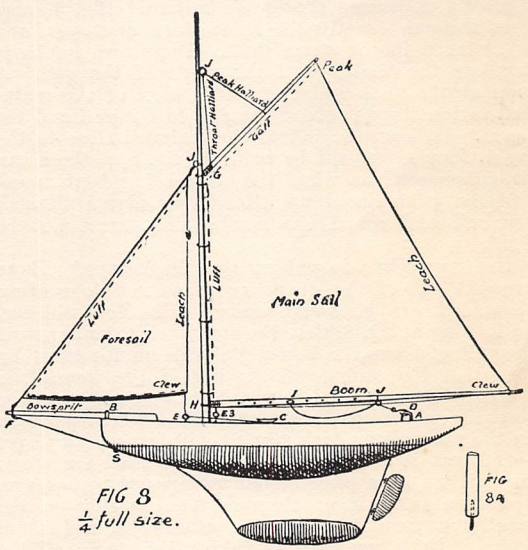
inch to one-quarter inch; a Boom, thirteen inches long, tapering from three-eighths of an inch to one-quarter inch. We shall also require the little group of fittings shown on the right of figs. 4 and 5. We require one 'horse,' A; one staple, B, for the bowsprit; two cleats, C, shown with screw; one piece of shaped wire, D, to carry main sheet on the 'horse'; five of E—these are the smallest picture-eyes you can get; one of F; one of I. G and H are wire loops, and must be an easy fit on the mast, bound along three sides of each sail; the 'leach' is the selvedge of the cloth. For the cloth, a light calico is to the ends of the gaff and the boom; J shows how to bind with thin wire the rings required on the mast and boom; K shows how F is fixed to the end of the bowsprit. These little wire fittings can easily be made with a pair of pliers. Some of the fittings are fixed to the deck (fig. 2)—the letters correspond; the remainder are shown in fig. 8 in their various places. Get all these things fixed, and the deck either



The Mast-step and Deck-stay; and the Gauge on the Keel.

painted, enamelled, or plain varnished; the latter looks very nice if the deck is a good piece of wood and you have not dented it.

To rig our boat, get some fine water-cord, and fix the bowsprit in place four and a quarter inches out from the boat. It passes through the staple B, and



The Complete Model Yacht.

is secured by a screw at the base (see fig. 2). S (fig. 8) is a small round-headed brass screw; to this is fastened a piece of cord, the other end being fastened to the lower ring of the fitting F—this stay must be tigh. The mast (a tight fit in the deck) has a panel-pin (fig. 8, A) with its head cut off, pushed half-way up the foot of the mast. When the mast is in posi-

tion—that is, quite upright—the point of this pin enters the piece of wood a (fig. 6) by gently and firmly pressing the mast down; this must be done carefully, so as not to get the mast sloping. The mast must have its rings pointing fore and aft (fig. 8).

Having got our mast in place, carefully remove it and put on it the gaff and boom (you cannot get these over the top of the mast on account of the rings); replace the mast, and see about the sails.

We had better now call in the aid of a sister or mother, as there is a little sewing to be done. First cut paper patterns to fig. 8, allowing for hemming as good as anything. The foot (lower edge) of each sail is cut to a curve, giving a fulness in the middle, and in the hem of the foresail a piece of stout brass or copper wire is inserted to keep the sail flat. Along the 'luff' is sewn, in the hem, a piece of water-cord (this applies to both sails); this cord in the foresail is fastened to the ring J (fig. 8) at the top, and to the top ring of the fitting F on the bowsprit. On the 'clew' a piece of cord is sewn; this is called the 'sheet,' and passes through the eye, E 5 (fig. 2), and is made fast to the cleat, C 2 (fig. 2).

The cord running through the hem of the 'luff' of the mainsail passes through a hole in the boom at the bottom (being prevented from moving by a knot), and there is fastened to eye, E 3; this keeps the boom from sliding up the mast when the sail is hoisted. The top end of this cord is made fast to the gaff by passing through a hole in it and being knotted; it passes now through the ring J (fig. 8) and becomes the 'throat halliard'; after passing through this ring, it is taken through the eye, E 4, on deck (fig. 2) and made fast to the cleat, C 1. The cord shown as the 'peak halliard' (fig. 8) also goes through exactly the same rings and eyes, and is fastened in the same cleat. These two halliards regulate the 'hoist' and the angle of the gaff. A cord at the peak and one at the clew of the mainsail fasten these parts of the sail to the gaff and the boom. To keep the luff of the mainsail close to the mast, four rings will be seen (in fig. 8); these can be either cord or wire, the wire being bent round and the joint closed up after being placed through the sail and round the mast; they must not be tight.

It is now time to put up the 'Backstays.' These are left out of the drawings so as not to confuse them, but can be easily understood. You will see, on looking at fig. 8, that the stay under the bowsprit is pulling down the bowsprit; this in its turn, by means of the cord down the luff of the foresail, is pulling the masthead forward; this pull must be checked, and the backstays are used for that purpose. In the plan of the deck (fig. 2) will be seen two eyes —E 1 and E 2; these are a little behind the mast. Now, if we fix a piece of our water-cord to one eye, and then carry it up through the top ring on the mast and then down to the other eye, and there make it tight, we shall be taking the strain off the mast. All these stays, and the cord in the luff of the foresail, should be tight, but not strained, when set up.

The fitting D which slides along the horse is attached by a piece of cord to the pin 1; the cord passing first through a ring to the pin 1; the cord passing first through a ring fixed J to the boom (fig. 8); this cord is called the 'Mainsheet.' The pin 1 is placed in various holes (shown by dots in the boom), according to how close to the wind the boat is sailing; the cord must be just long enough to let the pin go in the extreme left hole in the boom.

The rudder explains itself: it is free to swing, is made of lead, and is only used when running before the wind.

The hull should finally have two good coats of enamel, of a colour or colours to suit the fancy, and a trial trip can then be made. I have not space to give any hints on sailing. However, for a trial, ease off the foresheet (made fast to cleat C 2, in fig. 2) until the clew of the sail blows out well over the side, and ease off the mainsheet by putting pin 1 in one of the middle holes. Put the boat on a pond or lake as free as possible from trees, with the wind abeam, and see how she behaves.

C. Grant King.

HOW FIREARMS ARE TESTED.

EVERY gun which is made, before it is sold to the public is carefully tested, either in London or in Birmingham. In fact, such care is exercised to prevent a gun from bursting that the barrels are submitted to three severe tests. The first test consists of a triple charge of powder, the second of a double charge, the cost of these powder tests amounting to about sixpence-halfpenny. The final test is made with hot water which is forced into the barrel, and if it escapes it serves to indicate the presence of invisible flaws.

G. D. Lynch.

A GOOD SHOT.

A True Story.

WHEN James Bruce, the first British explorer of the Nile, was in Abyssinia, he had a quarrel with a man named Mascal, who was very proud of his shooting.

'I think, Mascal,' said Bruce, 'that you know nothing either of men or guns. My servants can shoot better than you can, and as for me, why, I can shoot even without using a ball! A tallow candle would do just as well for me.'

Mascal called Bruce a liar, but when the King heard of this boast, it made a great impression on him, and one day he asked the explorer (whom he called Yakonbe) if what he had said was really true.

'Certainly it is true,' replied Bruce. 'I will prove it to you. But, as you would not like me to kill or injure one of your men, will you be satisfied if I shoot a candle into your dinner-table from the end of the room?'

'Take care what you say, Yakonbe!' exclaimed the King. 'We expect the truth from you.'

'Could you shoot a tallow candle through my shield?' asked a man named Engedan, who was standing by.

'I could shoot through the strongest shield that you have here,' said Bruce, 'and, if I wish to do so, kill the strongest man who held it before him.'

'Try! try!' cried the excited King.

So Bruce sent for his gun, and Engedan brought out his shield of strong buffalo-hide.

'This shield is too weak,' Bruce remarked. 'Bring me a stronger one.'

'You will find this strong enough. It is no toy,' said Engedan.

Two other men brought shields. The handles were beaten off, and the shields were placed close together, one behind another, to serve as a target. Bruce loaded his gun with the half of a common tallow candle.

'Engedan,' he said, 'you have taken leave of your shield for ever. Give the word to fire as soon as you please.'

Engedan gave the word. Right through the three shields went the candle, and was dashed to pieces against the stone wall behind them.

'Now, Yakonbe,' said the King, 'if you told me that you could raise the dead, I should believe you.'

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 341.)

GANESH still roamed from clump to clump of bamboos. But he seemed restless and dissatisfied, not much inclined to eat. And Tarm looked from the sky to the elephant, and then back again at the sky. The light was fast changing; it was time for the march campwards to begin.

'I will tell Genesh what we wish him to do,' said Tarm. He walked towards the elephant, making little coaxing noises as he did so. And Ganesh stood still with ears pointed, while Tarm stroked and fondled his cheeks. Tarm continued to talk to him in sounds mostly rather than in actual words, and Mary and John, though they listened carefully, could understand nothing of what he said. They were accustomed to the special elephant language which Chotun used, and which is used by all mahouts, and taught to all elephants that are tamed. This language is very like Hindustani, and yet different. But Tarm spoke another language altogether which he had himself invented, and which, therefore, only he and Ganesh understood. He came back again after a little while to Buddha and the children.

'Ganesh is ready,' he said. 'He will take us first to the river. Then we can show him the road, and he will carry us to the camp.'

Tarm lifted Arnold from the ground as he spoke, and walked towards Ganesh, and Mary and John followed. Last of all came Buddha with anxious eyes fixed on Tarm lest he should be forbidden to follow in the wake of the elephant.

'Get thee gone,' said Tarm, over his shoulder. 'We have no further need of thee. Begone to thine own place.'

'Where thou goest, there I go,' said Buddha. 'If it be thy will, bid thine elephant slay me; but, otherwise, I follow.'

'Let him come,' Mary pleaded. She could not but feel sorry for the old man with his anxious face. 'He cured Arnold of the fever,' she added. 'If the fever comes back again, we could not cure him.'

'Let him come,' said John. 'If he does not come, we cannot find out to whom you belong, Tarm.'

'That is true,' said Tarm. 'He may come then. But, if he betrays us to the seekers of gold, Ganesh shall kill him.' And he did not look at Buddha, but walked on towards the elephant. He could not yet forgive the old man for the fear he had once taught him.

'You will not betray us, will you?' Mary said to Buddha, and Buddha shook his head.

'Last night was I mad,' he said. 'Mad with anger, mad with greed of gold. But now I surely know that of all things, he who is my child is most precious to me. If I cannot have my gold and Tarm also, then it is Tarm that I choose.'

Tarm had reached Ganesh by this time, and, at a sign, the elephant knelt down. And next, Tarm, still holding Arnold, scrambled on to his neck, and pulled Mary and John to their seats behind him in turn. Lastly came Buddha by way of the tail, and then Ganesh lumbered to his feet, and turned once more in the direction of the river.

CHAPTER XXX.

Very softly Ganesh moved through the forests, but very swiftly. He did not stop now to feed, his mind was wholly set on other things. It was his nightly custom to drink of the river water; to bathe in its deep pools. The small stream in which the children had washed their hands and faces was insufficient for his needs—or rather, not sufficient for his pleasure.

He had understood that it was to the river that Tarm wished also to go, and he was pleased that so it should be. Tarm was often his companion as he bathed. Tarm could swim with the perfect ease with which a fish can swim. He would dive sometimes from the back of Ganesh into the clear, cool water, and then clamber on to the elephant's neck with the aid of his trunk only, to dive again and again. A game of this kind Ganesh now thought they would play together.

Straight through the forest he went, following a track made by the feet of those who went nightly to the river to drink—a highway of the jungle. One need, indeed, binds the people of the forest with a common chain, the need of water. And, as Ganesh moved, swiftly and silently, Mary and John grew aware of the presence of other wayfarers also. Down the road after them, along the road before them, passed many of the forest tribes.

They were a mixed company—eaters of grass and roots and leaves in the main—for the beasts of prey came to the water later, when satisfied with the night's kill. There were spotted deer, slim and graceful; little red barking deer, and hog-deer, smaller still. And sometimes a big sambhur stag, his hinds in front of him to prepare his way. And other folk also joined in the quest: wild pig and porcupine with rustling quills.

None came very near, nor showed very plainly. The law of the forest bids every forest thing remember that anywhere and everywhere may be an enemy. But Mary and John, sitting very still, staring very intently into the shadows, could guess and see who were their companions.

They did not seem to be aware of the burden he bore upon his back; so unusual was it that it did not come within their experience. No instinct warned them against it. A movement, a word would have aroused suspicion. But Arnold slept; Tarm knew the ways of the forest; and Mary and John were so much interested that they sat as once Tarm had sat in the temple—almost they held the breath. And Buddha drowsed, half asleep, half awake. His dim eyes could not discern the shadowy forms which bore him company.

(Continued on page 359.)

"'Let him come,' Mary pleaded."

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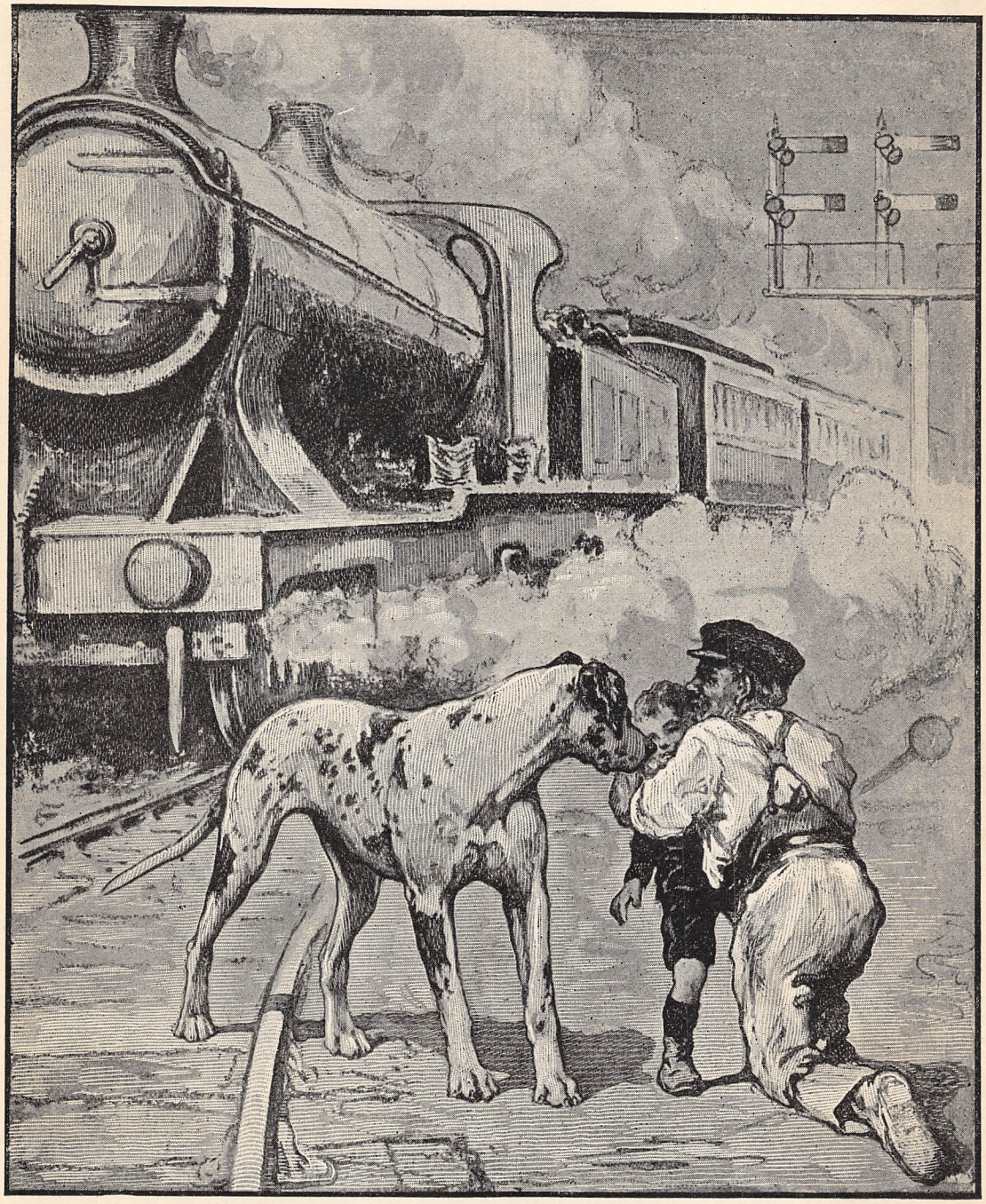


"The big express rushed by."

FRITZ, THE GREAT DANE.

BILLY and Fritz were the only two friends little Karl Feinson had. He was too young to go to school, and he could only speak a few words of English. Other little boys and girls could not understand him, and Karl could not understand what they were saying to him. In Friedstein everybody knew. That was before he came in a ship from Denmark across to England.

Billy and Fritz were splendid chums. Billy was the great, brown cart-horse, which his father drove up to the Goods Yard early in the morning. Billy used to stand very still, with his broad white nose dipped down into his nosebag, and munch away so quietly. When the cart was loaded up, Father would drive Billy out of the yard, stop at the gate, lift his little boy to the seat beside him, and go off again to unload somewhere else. But some days Father was busy in the yard all day long, and Karl, waiting at the cottage gate, felt very sorry and very cross, because, on those days, he did not get his ride.

By-and-by Fritz came. Karl was very frightened the first time he saw Fritz. He was a Great Dane, standing higher than Karl. Such a big, lumbering dog—he looked almost big enough to eat such a little boy. Karl must have cried, for the kind owner of the dog had patted his head, and said, 'Never mind, little man, Fritz will not hurt you.'

Presently Karl ventured to look up, and the big dog was still standing beside him, so quiet and gentle. 'He only wanted some one to play with.'

Karl lifted up a shy little hand, and stroked the dog's coat. He did not know what the words meant, but he did know that when a doggie rubs his nose up against you, he is trying to say: 'Let's be friends.' And he did know that the dog's name, 'Fritz,' had a real, home-like sound to a little Danish boy.

Next day, when he was sitting on the doorstep watching big, brown Billy, while Father loaded up the cart, Fritz came along again. Karl held out a piece of bread and butter, and Fritz took it, not because he was hungry, but because it seemed friendly. After that he lay down full-length in the sun, and looked at Karl.

'There, Father has finished loading. Now they are weighing up the cart and its load. Now they are coming out.'

All this Karl shouted, in his own language, to the good Frau Feinson inside the house, and his mother knew that he would run up to the gate at once.

Fritz followed him, and went inside, for his new master was the manager of the Goods Yard.

Karl climbed up, clinging on to Father's strong hand, and drove right away down the long country lanes to the villages around. Once he was lifted down, and filled his tiny hands with cowslips and nodding blue-bells. Such a happy boy was Karl that day!

But for two days after that, Billy felt some one else's hand on his rein, and somebody else loaded up coal, while he stood and waited. Father, Karl knew, was working in the yard, and not driving. Poor Karl grew very tired, and at last, without saying one word to the 'mutter,' who was cooking dinner, he trotted up to the big gate and slipped inside. One man spoke to him, but of course Karl did not know what he said.

'It's Feinson's little kiddie,' they told each other. 'He is waiting for Billy to come along with his load.'

And so no one knew that a little boy was toddling along with baby steps right down the track. There was very little work going on there, and he passed the last truck without being seen again, and got out on to the main line.

Well, I said no one saw him. I mean no person. On the Goods Manager's step a big dog lay with his nose on his paws, watching his little playmate, and thinking in his doggie way. He was afraid of the big engines that thundered down the line, and made such a terrible noise. What would baby Karl do, who was so little and weak that he tumbled down if Fritz rubbed too hard against him? Something must be done.

Karl had tired of his walk, and was sitting down on the track, playing with some pebbles, just where the big express would soon thunder down.

Fritz pulled the little jersey sleeve gently. That meant: 'Come away, Karl.'

Karl patted the great head beside him, and laughed as he shook his own curls.

The down express rushed by with a terrible roar while Fritz was trying to persuade him, and the doggie let go his sleeve to growl at the noisy train. He quite made up his mind in that moment that the railway line was not a suitable playground either for a sensible dog or for a silly baby.

'Will you come?' he said again, in doggie language; and the fair curls shook again.

Then Fritz lumbered up slowly, and, taking a firm grip of Karl's clothes, he lifted him off his feet and trotted slowly up the line with his heavy burden. The last few yards he began to trot faster, for he was sure that, in the distance, he could hear again the roar of one of those awful steel monsters, that sent out smoke and sparks, and shrieked as they went by, dragging something in his mouth.'

'Hi, lads! here's big Fritz tearing along the line,

Two or three men threw down their work and ran to meet the dog, and one of them knelt beside him, and lifted the sobbing child in his own arms with a cry of thanksgiving: 'My little Karl!' And the big express rushed by.

R. de Witt.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MANOR.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 347.)

THE rest of that day, which happened to be Saturday, passed away quietly enough. It was not until quite late in the evening that something strange happened that, in the opinion of the two boys at least, added still further to the mystery of the Manor.

It was growing dusk, and the boys proposed that they should have a game of hide and seek in the garden before going indoors. There were, as Dick pointed out, many good hiding places, and there was nothing to do indoors. They had that afternoon found a dark cupboard downstairs in which the negatives had been developed, and now these had been washed and were drying in the kitchen, in readiness for printing from in the morning.

'You three hide, and I'll find you,' said Reggie, and with that, he took up a position at the tree that had been selected as 'home' and waited while the rest of the party ran off.

The game progressed merrily enough for a time. In the gathering dusk it was not easy to see who was who, and many were the narrow escapes that the hunted had from the hunter.

Nora, who had gone off to search for her sister, the two boys having got safely 'home,' was the one to have the adventure.

Although too dark to see clearly, it was still light enough for figures to be seen, moving in and out along the winding paths, of which the Manor garden was full; and this made the fun all the greater.

There was a high box hedge shutting off the vegetable from the flower garden, and through the middle of this hedge, which was exceedingly thick, there ran a narrow path.

'I have looked everywhere else, I shall try the hedge,' thought Nora to herself, and with this end in view she crept carefully up to the narrow path, taking care to make no sound that would tell Muriel, who she supposed was standing about midway along the path in the middle of the hedge, that there was any one near.

It was really very dark, and when Muriel was caught they would have to go in to supper, and then bed. But Muriel was not caught yet.

On and on went Nora, making not a sound, but with her hands outstretched in front of her, in readiness to grasp her sister the moment that she was close enough to her to do so.

Suddenly she thought that she noticed something white just in front of her, and this she took to be her sister's tennis shoes.

'Now I've caught you!' she cried, but to her surprise Muriel did not answer. Instead, she struggled wildly, and a second later fled away into the darkness, leaving Nora standing, too astonished to move.

The next moment she heard her sister's voice calling to her from the other end of the path.

'Come on, Nora! I have been home ages ago, and as the boys said that you were looking here, I came to tell you.'

'Why——' faltered Nora, 'but I have only just this minute caught you, only you got away!'

CHAPTER VII.

Nora made her way quickly up the path that led between the high box-hedge, and very soon she and Muriel were walking together towards the spot where the boys were awaiting them.

'What do you mean?' asked the older sister, when Nora had said once more: 'I had only just caught you—what does it mean?'

'I mean just what I say,' returned Nora, in answer to her sister's question. 'I had been looking for you everywhere, and then I suddenly thought that you might be here in the hedge. I came along quietly, and now that it is so dark I knew that you would not see me. Then, just when I got close to you, I put out my hands and caught you—and then——'

'But you could not have caught me, seeing that I was not there to catch,' said Muriel, hastily. 'Are you quite, quite sure that there was some one, Nora?'

'Sure? Of course I am. I am as sure of that as I am that you are standing here now,' she replied. 'I caught you, only it wasn't you, and then you didn't say anything to me, but struggled to get free, and I had to let you—I mean, I had to let whoever it was—go, for I couldn't hold her any longer. And, oh! I did wonder what had happened when you called to me from the other side of the path!'

'Yes, I should think that you did. It is very strange. I wonder what the boys will think of it?' said Muriel. Then, a thought suddenly occurring to her, she asked: 'Was it either Dick or Reggie, do you think?'

Nora broke into peals of laughter, although the minute before Muriel made this suggestion she had been sober enough, and, to tell the truth, just a wee bit alarmed. 'Why, of course it was not either of the boys. They don't wear white cotton dresses, and they haven't long hair!' she cried. 'Oh, dear! that was a funny idea of yours, Muriel.'

'I didn't know about the dress, nor the hair either, and it is so dark that I thought you might have made the mistake,' said the other, in a rather injured tone.

'Oh, I'm sorry! I didn't mean to laugh at you, really I didn't, only it seemed so queer to think of that thing I caught being one of the boys,' said Nora, sorry at once for having hurt her sister's feelings.

By this time they had reached the tree where the two boys were waiting for them.

'You have been an age!' said Dick, by way of greeting. 'I thought that I saw Muriel go into the house, too, a moment ago. Have you got a double, Muriel?'

'How strange!' broke in Nora. 'Did you really and truly see some one, Dick?'

'We both saw some one that looked like Muriel go into the house by the little side door,' put in Reggie. 'But it is almost too dark to see anything now, and as you are both here, it must have been a dream. What is the matter now?' he added, as the two sisters exclaimed in a breath: 'It must have been!

'What must have been?' said Dick, speaking at the same moment as Reggie.

'Why, something so queer has just happened,' said Muriel. 'Shall I tell them, Nora!'

'Yes; be quick!'

In a few words, Muriel told the boys all that had happened: how that in searching for her, Nora had come upon a girl of the same size in the path that led through the box-hedge, and how that this girl had uttered no word, on being caught, but had struggled and got free from Nora's arms, and had vanished.

Reggie gave a low whistle, and Dick exclaimed: 'That's a rum go, if you like. What did she feel like, Nora?'

'What do you mean?'

'Well, was she solid, I mean, or was she just air?'

'She felt just like Muriel,' replied Nora, with some dignity. She did not feel pleased that the boys should think she had been dreaming.

'Oh, sorry!' said Dick, at once. 'I know what I suggested was all rot. But, seriously, what do you think about it?'

'I think there is a girl of Muriel's age in these grounds, somewhere,' said Reggie, who was the first to make a reply.

'Of course there was some girl; the question is, who is she?' said Muriel.

'And it was she whom we saw entering the house just a moment or two before you came back,' added Dick.

"'Now I've caught you!'"

'I know; don't you remember the girl that we saw looking out of a window one day?' said Reggie. 'I expect that it is the same one. The funny thing is, that no one in the house seems to know anything about her; and, if you remember, we did ask Maggie, and she either would not, or could not, tell us anything.'

'Yes, I remember it quite well,' said Dick, and to this the others assented, Nora adding: 'Perhaps Maggie does know something about it, only she

has been told that she is not to say anything to us.'

'Oh, I don't think she knew. It didn't sound as if she did,' said Muriel. 'I wonder if we could ask Mrs. Thompson?'

'Would you do it?' asked Reggie.

For a moment Muriel did not reply. They were walking in the direction of the house, and just as she opened her mouth to answer the question, Martha called to them, saying that it was high time they were all in bed. They quickened their pace to a run then, and there was no further opportunity for talk between themselves till they had finished their supper, for either Martha or Mrs. Thompson was in the room all the time that they were eating.

(Continued on page 366.)

A SIMPLE METHOD OF ENLARGING DRAWINGS AND MAPS.

IT is very often necessary to enlarge drawings, diagrams, maps, &c., and the following is a very handy method which can be made very accurate if sufficient care be taken.

Get a piece of tracing paper, rule parallel lines across it at equal distances, then cross these by lines also parallel and at the same distance apart—forming a sort of chess-board of ruled squares. Letter and number these as shown in fig. 1. Next prepare your drawing paper by lightly ruling with a pencil, squares in a similar manner, lettering and figuring as on the tracing paper, but the squares must bear such proportion to the squares on the tracing paper as the enlarged drawing or map will bear to the original. Thus, if it is decided to enlarge a map, say, of the Isle of Wight to twice the linear size of the original, and the squares on the tracing paper have sides one quarter-inch long, the squares on the drawing paper must have sides half an inch long: this will be an enlargement of two times in length but four times in area. For an enlargement of three times, the squares on the drawing must have sides three times in length of those on the tracing paper, and so on.

Now place the tracing paper over the map to be enlarged (see fig. 1), and the positions where the lines of the map will at once give the location of those points on the drawing paper: A 5 in one must correspond exactly with A 5 in the other. It will be seen that the smaller the squares we use, the more accurate we can make the drawing. Fig. 2 shows the drawing made, and the lines we have used after completion; these latter being very lightly drawn can be rubbed out. The tracing paper will do for many such enlargements, and should be kept from moving on the original by weights or drawing-pins.

C. G. K.

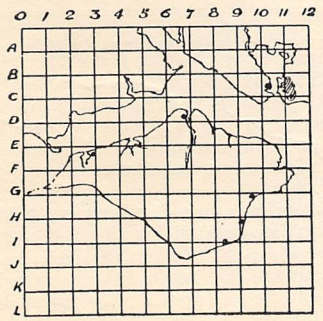


Fig. 1

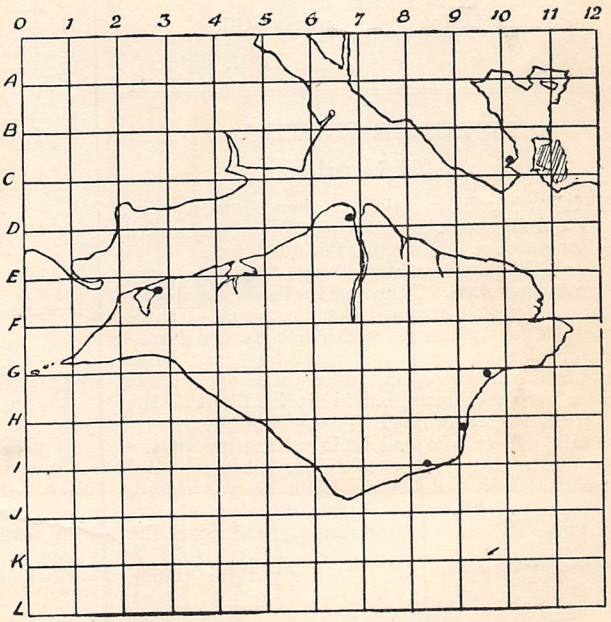


Fig. 2

THE BROKEN LEG.

DOCTOR GEORGE BERKELEY, who was born at Kilerin, near Thomas-town, in the March of 1684, and died in January, 1753, made some notable and useful discoveries. It is said, however, that shortly after he had published a book on the medical virtues of tar-water, he was badly hoaxed by a certain Doctor Hill, who, nettled by the Royal Society's refusal to admit him as a member, took his revenge in the following manner:

Writing under a false name, in the assumed character of a country doctor, Hill thus described a marvellous cure: 'A sailor,' he wrote, 'had broken his leg, and I, being by chance on the spot, attended to the case. After joining the two parts of the leg, and fastening them securely together with string, I poured tar-water over the whole limb, with the result that the sailor was almost immediately able to use it as well as ever.'

This story was read by Berkeley, and seriously listened to at a public meeting of the Royal Society. Learned men excitedly discussed the marvellous cure, some seeing in it a striking testimony to the virtues of tar-water, others declaring that the leg could not

have been really broken, or otherwise such a rapid cure would have been impossible.

But their arguments were cut short by the arrival of another letter from the supposed country doctor. 'In my last letter,' he wrote to the Society, 'I omitted to state that the sailor's broken leg was a wooden one.'

The tale of this practical joke spread abroad, and amused many Londoners at the expense of the Royal Society.

TREES OF THE HOMELAND.

IX.—THE MOUNTAIN ASH.

WHEN the Spring-time brings her message,
Tells the flowers to open wide,
Then a wealth of snowy blossom
Shows upon the mountain-side.

Mountain Ash, we wrongly name it—
'Tis no Ash, this Rowan-tree;
Sister to the Pear and Apple,
Cousin to the Rose is she.

Summer comes with all her splendour,
Every tree is clothed in green:
In amongst her woodland brothers,
Mountain Ash is hardly seen.

But when autumn fruits are ripening,
Changing colour ere they fall,
With her wealth of scarlet clusters
Rowan-tree outshines them all.

Long ago 'twas thought the Rowan
Kept away the powers of ill:
Welshmen, true to ancient legend,
Plant it in their churchyards still.

E. M. Haines.

THE THREE TRUTHS.

An Old Legend.

THE following little tale is taken from a very, very old story-book, written in Latin, and called Gesta Romanorum, 'Deeds of the Romans.'

A certain king, whose name was Asmodeus, once framed a curious law. This was that every evil-doer taken and brought before a judge should make three absolutely true statements which nobody could contradict, or else be hanged. Should he speak three truths, his life and property were to be spared. It was not a very wise law; but in stories like this the laws were not always wise.

A certain soldier who had broken some law of the country fled to the forest, where for a time he did many wild and wicked deeds. Then he was seized, bound, and brought to the court of judgment.

'You know the law of King Asmodeus?' asked the judge.

'I do,' replied the other. 'If I say three things which nobody can deny to be true, I shall be set at liberty; otherwise, I must die.'

'Right!' said the judge. 'Go ahead!'

'Kindly cause silence to be kept,' said the soldier.

'Silence in the court!' ordered the judge.

Then, when you could have heard a pin drop, the soldier began. 'Truth Number One,' he said, 'is this: From my youth up I have been a very bad man.'

'Is that true?' asked the judge of the bystanders, who knew the prisoner better than he did.

'Yes!' they said, and one added, 'or he would not be here.'

'Go on!' said the judge to the soldier. 'What is your second truth?'

'I do not enjoy the dangerous position in which I stand.'

'I can well believe that!' said the judge. 'Now, tell us a third truth, and you will be all right.'

'If ever I get out of this detestable place,' declared the soldier, 'I will never willingly enter it again.'

'Very good,' said the judge. 'Your wit has saved your neck. Now go!'

The soldier needed no second bidding: he went. His three statements were facts rather than truths —but so runs the story. E. D.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

12.—LITERARY ACROSTIC.

A poet whose blank verse, as well as rhyme,
Has borne the searching test of passing time;
One who in darkness lived, yet often brought
A light to others by the hope he taught,

1. Another poet who, with rugged strength,
   Told how poor lives drag out their weary length.
2. A lady author whose unflagging pen
   Wrote history, tales, and lives of famous men.
3. A clergyman who loved the country well,
   And of birds, beasts, and flowers knew how to tell.
4. A man who kept a diary well known,
   Told other people's failings and his own.
5. An essayist, philosopher, and sage,
   Who wrote to give new thoughts to a new age,
6. And one by constant love of Art inspired
   To warks of eloquence that never tired.

C. J. B.

(Answer on page 391.)

ANSWER TO CHARADE ON PAGE 323.

Pan-cake.

KINDNESS REWARDED.

KINDNESS is not always rewarded in this world; in fact, people sometimes suffer by their kindness to others. While kindness shown with a view to present or future reward is no kindness, all the same, it is pleasant to come across such a story as the following:

A hair-dresser was one day busy with his customers when a soldier entered his shop. The poor fellow was in great distress. Unless, he said, he could get a lift on the coach, he would have exceeded his leave of absence, an offence for which he would be severely punished. But he had not the money to pay the coach-fare, and so he asked the hair-dresser if he

would be kind enough to lend him sufficient for the purpose.

The hair-dresser listened with sympathy to the soldier's story: then he gave him a guinea.

The man poured forth his gratitude. 'How earnestly I wish, sir,' he said, 'that I could give you something in return for your great kindness to me. But I have only this.'

So saying, he took from his pocket a soiled piece of paper, on which was some writing.

'It is a recipe for blacking,' explained the soldier, 'the best blacking ever seen. Many bottles of it have I sold to my officers, who think very highly of it, and I hope, sir, it may be of some use to you.'

The kind hair-dresser took the recipe and used it, with the gratifying result that he became very rich, for the blacking became famous in all parts of the world wherever there were boots to be blacked.

E. D.

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 351.)

TRAMP went Ganesh through the forest. This world, which was so strange to Mary and John, was to him the world he best knew. He thought, perhaps, of the cool pools of the river; of the delicious feel of the water against his skin, still scorched by the hot sun of the day just passed. On he went through the forest as steadily as some great railway engine, until presently the track came to an abrupt end on the very bank of the river.

Ganesh stood still for a moment and snuffed the air before he ventured into the open. He wished to judge which way the wind blew, that he might decide if he should go up-stream or down-stream. It did not please him to be disturbed when he bathed, and so he made the wind his sentinel. He chose always a position in which he could scent an intruder before that intruder reached him. And, as he stood thus, he felt Tarm's hand on his forehead; he heard Tarm's voice repeating a new, a most puzzling direction.

To cross the river—that was what Tarm commanded. Ganesh supposed that there was some mistake at first, but again the command came. And, at that, Ganesh gave an angry shake. He knew well what lay on the further bank. He clearly remembered his experience of the previous night. He had not forgotten those men who made unpleasant noises, and carried burning pieces of wood from which came an intolerable and fearful light. As Ganesh thought of these things he lifted one foot and then the other, and stamped heavily on the ground in token that he would not obey.

'Cross the river,' Tarm repeated, and then Ganesh lifted his trunk and trumpeted a protest. And, as he did so, something winged its way through the air from a bush near by: something slim and dark which struck the foreleg of Ganesh just below the massive knee, and then fluttered to the ground. And, next, there was the sound of feet swiftly running along the edge of the forest from bush to bush, from tree to tree, until the sound became one with all the other sounds of the night.

'What was it, Tarm?' John whispered, but Tarm only stared at the thing on the ground, and did not answer. Then he placed Arnold on Mary's lap, and slipped from the neck of Ganesh. And Ganesh no longer trumpeted or stamped; but, instead, he stood very still, and, every little while, a shiver ran through him.

Tarm laid his hand gently on the elephant's trunk; then he stooped and picked up the small dark object which had hit the foreleg of Ganesh. It was an arrow, and its point was dark, not only with the blood of the elephant, but with some other substance also. And Tarm, who dipped his own arrows in poison, knew what this dark substance must be.

'This arrow was poisoned,' said Tarm. 'I think, perhaps, one of the seekers of gold hid here that he might slay some small creature for food as it came to the water to drink. I think he had other arrows that were not poisoned, and with those he meant to shoot. And I think that when he saw Ganesh he said: "Now will I avenge me of mine enemy. If this be no spirit, indeed, but an elephant only, then will I slay him with my poison!"'

And, at this, again a shiver ran through Ganesh as though he heard and understood, and knew that his doom was pronounced. He looked at Tarm for a moment, very sorrowfully it seemed. He looked at the river with its cool and pleasant pools. He waited until Tarm had clambered once more to his neck, and then Ganesh turned again to the forest and the forest tracks. He moved no longer with a stately majesty, but with a feverish haste as though the time were very short.

'It is to the death valley he is taking us,' John whispered. 'It is to the death valley. Ganesh has guessed that he must die.'

CHAPTER XXXI.

If it was indeed the death valley towards which Ganesh marched, very certainly he knew the way thither. He strode forward as though he were impelled by some strong purpose, as though he had a definite end in view. He walked with no uncertain steps, for as yet the poison had not sapped his strength.

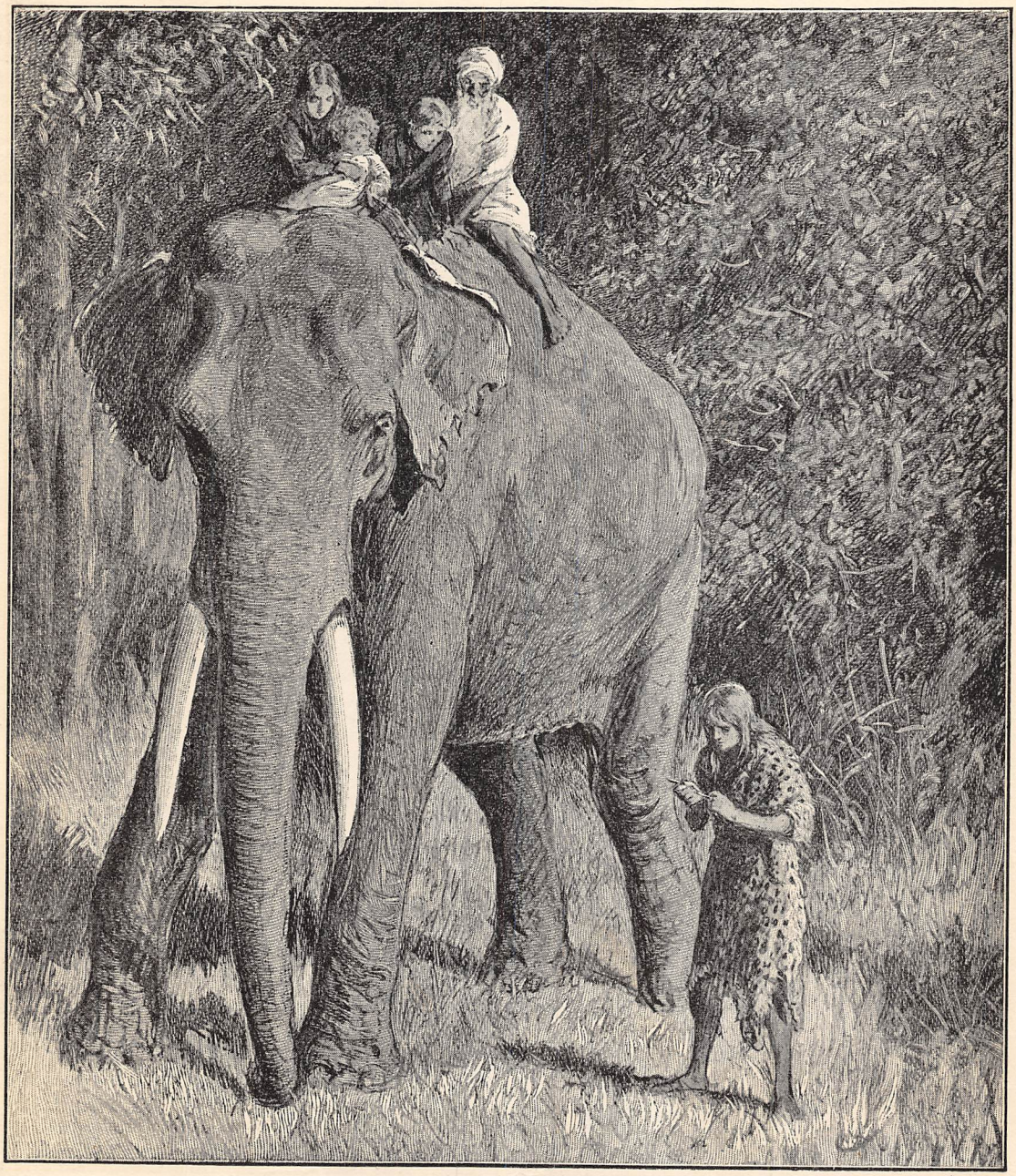
'Will he die soon?' Mary asked Tarm. She did not try to check the tears which ran down her cheeks, so sorry was she for Ganesh. It seemed so dreadful a thing that one so splendid should die so suddenly.

'I do not think he will die immediately,' said Tarm. 'There was so little poison, and he is so big. But with this poison it is ever the same. He in whose veins it creeps must walk until he drops. It will not let him rest.'

'Perhaps we can find something to cure Ganesh,' said John. 'Is there no forest plant that he could eat?'

John, too, was very sorry for the stricken elephant. So sorry that he was ready to give up his hope of finding the death valley and the ivory if, by thus doing, Ganesh might be saved. But Tarm knew of no remedy. He had only used the poison when he wished to kill, and had never tried to find an antidote. And Buddha, roused from sleep, could give no assistance. 'It is a sure poison,' he said. 'I have seen many die of it.' And then he slept again. The fate of Ganesh did not disturb him greatly since the elephant was no friend of his.

(Continued on page 362.)



"'This arrow was poisoned,' said Tarm."

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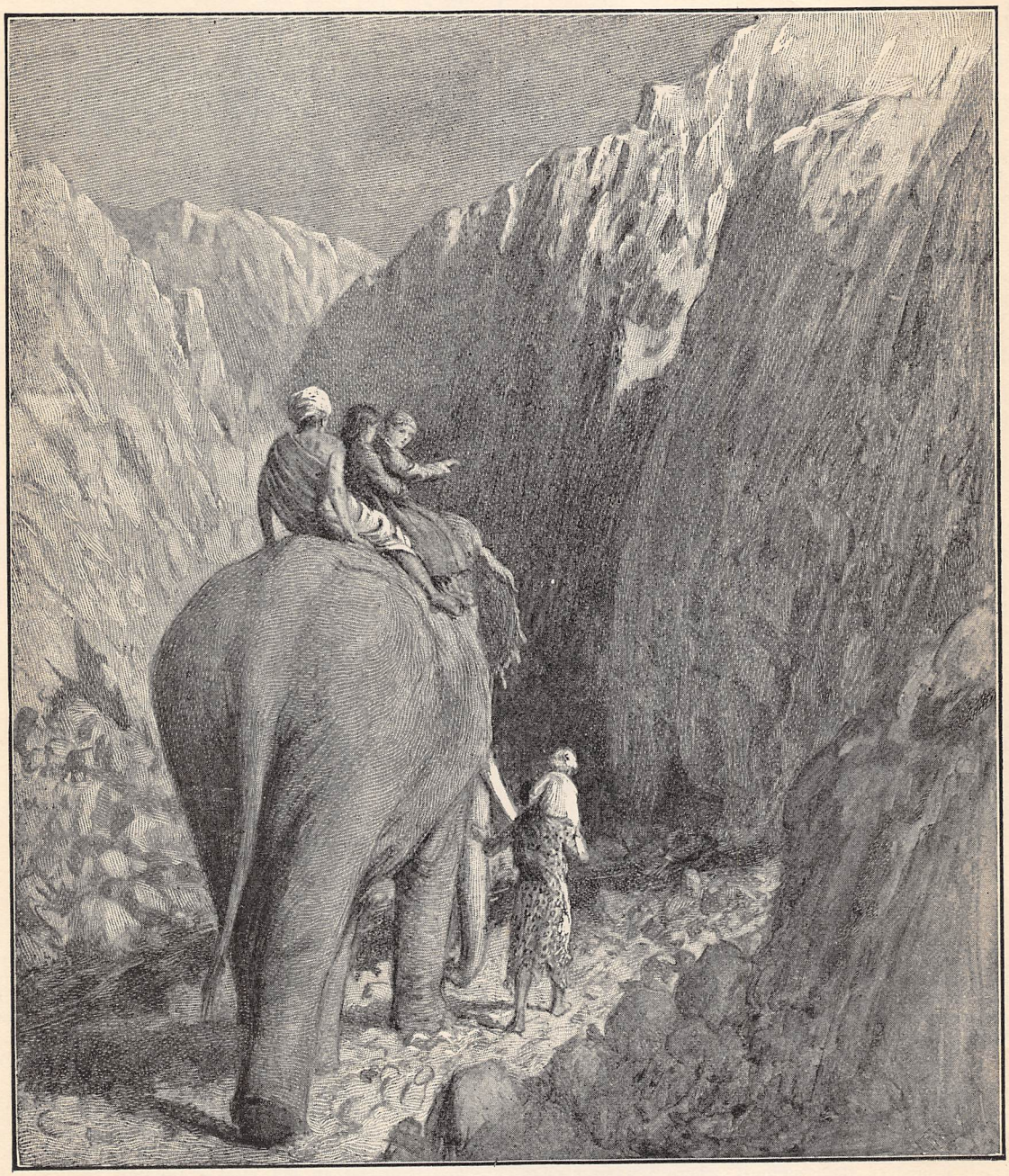


"'That is the way to the elephant valley.'"

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 359.)

THROUGH the forest Ganesh hurried. He left the water highway and chose another track. It was a track seldom used, and now Mary and John saw no deer nor pig, nor others of their sort. Once a leopard crossed from shadow to shadow, lithe and sinewy, intent on the night's kill; and once Ganesh stepped aside that he might not tread upon a snake, slipping noiselessly through the thick undergrowth. John began to talk presently in a low voice. He was very sorry for Ganesh, but he could not but be glad that, at last, they were to find the valley they had sought so eagerly.

'I wonder if the elephant valley will look as Chotun said it would look,' he said. 'Just grey rocks and white bones, and black, silent water. I am sure we shall not go blind when we see it, because it is an elephant who brings us to it, and so no one can be angry with us.'

And Mary dried her tears, and began to be interested in the elephant valley also, because she really could not help it. 'I think it would look rather frightening in the moonlight, all white and black and grey,' she said. 'I hope it will be day when we get there. Sunlight is so much more friendly.'

Tarm took no share in the conversation, but sat miserably silent. Since he loved Ganesh more, far more than did Mary and John, his sorrow for the elephant's fate was of an infinitely deeper quality than theirs. He felt angry with the children because they talked now of the ivory, since that ivory must be purchased at the cost of the life of Ganesh. For a moment Tarm was minded to push Mary and John, Arnold and Buddha, from the elephant's back. He wished to be alone with his friend at this unhappy moment. He thought of the many joyous nights they had spent together, and of a future empty of Ganesh. And Tarm bent until he could whisper in the elephant's ear. 'True friend has thou been to me,' he said; 'and now hast thou given thy life for mine. Never, never will I forget.' And Ganesh listened and shivered again, as though his mind also dwelt on that approaching doom.

He still tramped steadily on, his strength unabated. He pushed his way through the tree-trunks; he uprooted the trailing creepers, which hung from branch to branch, and tried jealously to bar his progress. He made a new road for himself where road there was none. So steadily, so swiftly he moved, that Mary and John were lullel to a half-sleep, and the forest seemed to walk past them in an endless procession through the moonlit night. Trees and creepers, creepers and trees. And then they were aware that there was no more forest, and that the moonlight was giving place to the beginnings of day.

Ganesh stood, swaying a little, at the foot of a low range of hills: hills very similar to that hill on which stood the temple. But these hills were not clothed with forest—they were bare and rocky, and there was something stern in their aspect. A stony track wound to their summit, where a narrow pass gave entrance to some unseen spot beyond.

John looked at the pass, and then he whispered to Mary. 'That is the way to the elephant valley,' he said. 'We have found it. Oh, Mary, we have found it!'

Mary did not answer, but she pointed to the ground. The rocks were thinly covered with a layer of crumbling earth, and every inch of that earth was stamped with the marks of the footprints of elephants. Who could doubt longer that this was, indeed, their hidden place?

And now Ganesh set his feet upon the upward track. He went forward slowly, but with a certain noble pride. And Tarm slipped to the ground, and walked beside his friend, his hand on the elephant's trunk, that he might thus better help Ganesh to bear the burden of his doom. And on Tarm's shoulder sat Arnold, newly awake, and laughing with pleasure to find a fresh morning inviting him to play.

It was not far to the top of the hill, but Ganesh moved with such obvious reluctance that the way seemed long. He stopped once or twice and sniffed the air, as though it held some scent he did not trust. But, at last, he stood within the narrow pass; and now he was through it, and looking down on the valley to which it gave entrance. And Mary and John looked down also with eager, expectant eyes. Just such a place it was as Chotun had described. Rocks hemmed it in, and, between the rocks, ran a river, dark and swift. And the rocks were grey and bare, clothed with neither grass nor bushes. Only the sky was blue, and the cheerful sunlight made the valley cheerful also.

And one other thing there was which seemed to prove beyond doubt the truth of Chotun's tale. On the bank of the river, close to the water, lay a heap of great bones; and, stretched close to the heap, were two curving ivory tusks—just such tusks as jutted forth one on each side of the head of Ganesh. Down from the pass moved Ganesh—down the valley towards the heap of bones on the river-bank. And now he stood beside them, with head down-bent in an attitude of patient waiting. It was as though he said: 'I have come hither that my bones also may lie where these, my people, rest.'

And, as he stood thus, from higher up the valley came a loud and deafening report. It was followed by another, and yet another, in rapid succession.

(Continued on page 375.)

MR. SMITH—AT HOME.

'HE isn't due for nearly two hours,' said Douglas, with a dismal face raised to the schoolroom clock, 'so we may as well enjoy the last afternoon without the old brute.'

'Yes, we really will have a lark,' responded Graham, and his expression brightened as he slid from the window-sill to the floor. 'Let's do something thoroughly sporting, even if it is for the last time this holiday.'

'He may not be an old brute—you never know,' suggested Eva, encouragingly.

'Of course he will be! Holiday tutors always are,' snapped Douglas. 'It's all very well for you to talk, as you won't have anything to do with him. How would you like to have your whole time at the seaside spoilt by an old idiot cramming Latin down your throat?'

'I know!' broke in Graham, with sudden eagerness. 'We will go along Marine Parade and ring the front-door bells at the houses, then hide in the bushes and watch the servants come out in a wax.'

'Sounds rotten!' said Douglas.

'It isn't. It's awful sport. Robinson and his sister used to do it,

'Well, anyhow, let's start out,' said Graham, 'or the two hours will have gone, and the old brute will be here before we have done anything.'

He pushed back his chair, and moved towards the door as he spoke, and a moment later there was a clatter of footsteps on the uncarpeted schoolroom staircase, as Eva and Douglas followed him in the direction of the garden door.

The first three experiments in bell-ringing yielded little amusement, and Douglas was getting distinctly cross. 'I told you it was rot,' he said, as the trio emerged from the bushes behind the railings.

'We nearly had an advanture then,' returned Graham, cheerfully. 'There was an old lady sitting with her back to the window. If she had turned round——'

'But she didn't,' retorted Douglas.

'Well, anyhow, here's a house with steps up to the door. That's frightfully exciting, because we shall have to get down the steps without making a row before any one comes.'

It was Eva's turn to ring the bell, and her eyes sparkled with excitement as she pulled the heavy handle, and heard the echo resounding through the hall. 'Hurry up!' she urged, as she turned to escape, and then, darting forward, she heard the sound of a long rent, and felt herself held suddenly back. Looking round, she gave a cry of dismay: 'Graham, look, I have caught my dress in the railings! Do come!'

In an instant the two boys had retraced their steps, and with a series of jerks and further rents freed the entangled skirt; but as Eva turned to escape she saw it was too late.

The retreating steps of Douglas and Graham came to a standstill, and as they turned and met the agonised entreaty of Eva's eyes, Douglas's wits came hurriedly to the rescue. 'Er—is Mr. Smith at home?' he asked, with a sudden inspiration.

It was a random shot, and for an instant Graham and Eva glowed with admiration of his presence of mind. Then, as the maid stepped backward into the hall, opening the door to its full extent, the three stood paralysed with horror. 'Yes, sir,' was all she said.

(Concluded on page 374.)

BRITANNIA'S BULWARKS.

II.—AEROPLANES.

(Concluded from page 342.)

WHEN completed, the planes of an aeroplane are tested by turning the machine upside-down and loading them with sandbags carefully distributed till every square foot is bearing its share of a load much heavier than would be imposed by air-pressure during flight: this last ranges from three pounds per square foot in biplanes to nine pounds in monoplanes. The planes are then tested the other way up, since on occasions heavy pressure falls upon their upper surfaces.

The pilot's seat is of light material, suitably sprung to deaden shocks. The edges of its cockpit are padded for a similar reason. At hand level is a wheel mounted on a standard jointed at the bottom to swing fore and aft. The wheel spindle is attached to the cables for wing-warping or operating the balancing flaps, or ailerons: the standard to arms from which cables run to the elevator. A transverse lever—a stretcher pivoted at the centre—is connected to the rudder arms. Convenient to his hand are the throttle control, the ignition switch, petrol cock, and lubricating sight feed. In front are fixed the compass (of special design) by which he steers when laying a course, the aneroid barometer which tell him how high up he is, a revolution counter indicating the engine speed, a map-holder and an 'inclinometer,' showing whether the aeroplane is level or tilted. Overhead, or tucked away in the body, are the petrol and oil tanks, holding enough for a journey of perhaps five hundred to six hundred miles. If a second seat is included it is so placed that the extra weight of the passenger does not affect the general balance of the machine.

Willing helpers grip the wings and body while the engine is started up by turning the propeller. The engine, having no silencer, emits a continuous roar, which can be heard at a great distance. The terrific back-draught from the propeller has astonishing effects on all light movable objects in its path—they are blown about wildly. At the signal the holders-on let go, and the machine runs along the ground, gathering speed rapidly. The pilot keeps his elevator downwards until he considers the speed sufficient, and then he turns it gently upwards. Imperceptibly the aeroplane quits mother earth, air-borne, and climbs to the heavens, things below rushing past at express speed—at least they seem to do so. Up over the trees, across fields which rapidly dwindle till they look like squares on a chess-board—alone with the drone of the engine. A gust strikes the machine and checks it. Down goes the elevator a trifle, and the aeroplane rushes earthwards, picking up its speed again till another movement restores the original direction. A sideways puff—the machine heels over. A slight turn of the wheel and she is level again. The throttle is open full; the engine's note rises, and so does the aeroplane, now making use of her reserve power. We are soon high enough, so the elevator is worked to keep her level, and we travel at full speed—relatively to the air. . . . Put her helm about. Round she comes, tilting gently, and is off down-wind at a terrific rate. Listen! the engine is quieter now. Our pilot has switched off, and we begin to climb down the invisible staircase of the air in corkscrew fashion, working towards our landing-place. As the aeroplane comes head to wind for the last time the elevator is dipped sharply and we shoot downwards in a terrifying manner. But some distance from the earth the head rises, and before we realise it we are on terra firma once more, highly delighted with our successful daring, and vowing that aviation is the finest sport in the world.

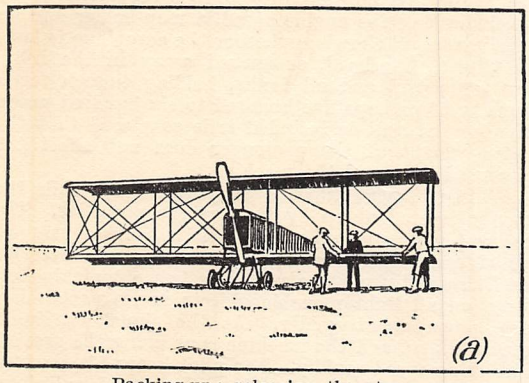
It only remains to pack up the machine; and that is a very simple matter nowadays. Our illustrations show the four stages.

And the cost of the trip? Well, reckoning petrol at 1s. 6d. and oil at 4s. 6d. per gallon, it comes to about threepence halfpenny per mile, or roughly the same as that of running a light motor-car over the road, wear of tyres included.

The hydro-aeroplane, sometimes incorrectly called a hydroplane—which is a boat, and quite incapable

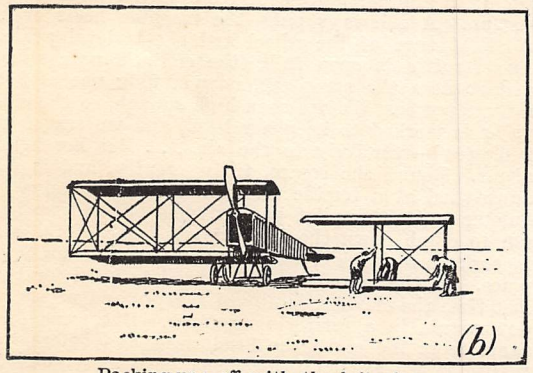
of rising into the air by its own power—is a very interesting development of the flying machine.

When aeroplanes had been in use for some years it occurred to somebody to replace the wheels of an aeroplane with floats large enough to support the machine on the water, and of such a shape as to exert a downward thrust on the surface when the aeroplane got under weigh. The floats were so distributed that the aeroplane would not be upset by the motion of the waves caused by the highest wind which an aviator might care to face.



Packing-up: releasing the stays.

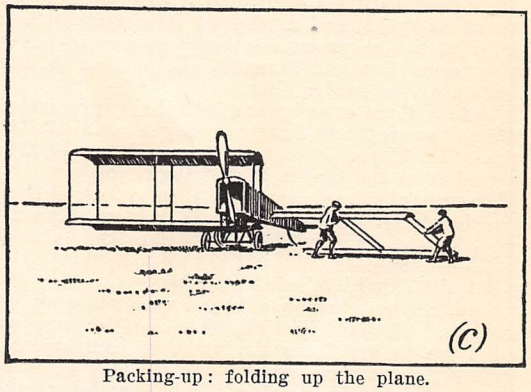
The idea has been followed out vigorously, since it was seen that an aeroplane would be as useful to a fleet as to an army for scouting purposes, and that aeroplanes fit to accompany a fleet must be able to rise from, and alight on, the sea. Except for its floats, the hydro-aeroplane is an ordinary-type machine with large planes, and having a sufficient range of velocity to allow it to settle at a comparatively



Packing-up: off with the left plane.

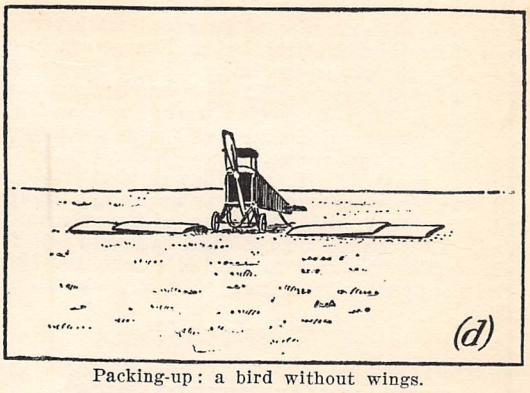
slow speed, and without excessive shock, on waves of considerable size.

The Floats.—One, two, or three floats are placed under the main planes, to carry the larger part of the weight, and there may be a small one under or near the tail. The bottom of a float is either flat with a general upward slope towards the front, or horizontal, with an upward curve at the prow. Its frame is of wood, strengthened at joints and points of greatest strain with steel, and the covering is mahogany. Great lightness in proportion to size is aimed at; and it is very necessary to have the shape correct, as otherwise the water will grip the float and prevent it rising from the surface. The holding power of water is remarkable. A certain hydro-aeroplane fitted with wheels as well as floats, the



Packing-up: folding up the plane.

wheels being partly immersed in the water and able to revolve in it, could not be got into the air, though, when the wheels had been removed, it rose with six passengers! The drag, not the weight, of the wheels had evidently been the trouble. As a sport, hydro-aeroplaning has decided advantages. Over water the wind is much more steady than over land. The rea-



Packing-up: a bird without wings.

son for this may be found in the fact that a water surface gives out its heat more evenly all over, and causes less local disturbance by up-currents. Again, a fall into water is not nearly so likely to be fatal as a fall on to land—as has been proved over and over again; and the hydro-aeroplaneist is not obliged to fly at a great height to be certain of getting a good choice of landing-places in case the engine should fail. An aeroplane flying over land is usually kept fifteen hundred to three thousand feet up, so that its pilot may pick out a suitable alighting-spot anywhere within a radius of nine thousand to eighteen thousand feet. In such circumstances height makes for safety; but over the sea there is no reason why one should not skim just above the surface.

Archibald Williams.

A FRIENDLY CHAT.

'GOOD morning, Mr. Ponto, you are looking rather blue—
I wish that you would tell me what's the matter, sir, with you.

"The times are bad," you say? Ah, yes, there's not a single doubt:
They have cut off all my luxuries—I have to do without.

'But still, I do not grumble, I am far too wise for that;
Come now, forget your grievances; let's have a friendly chat.
Let's talk of all the latest news, if you are so inclined,
Plain living and high thinking go together you will find.

'My master calls me clever—that's the reason, I suppose,
He fixed his grannie's spectacles upon my classic nose;
Intelligence like mine is rare, I have often heard him say,
So now for my opinion on the topics of the day!

"You do not wish to hear it!" Well, I am surprised at you;
You think me "vain" and "boastful"—what! and "empty-headed" too?
If that is your opinion, I had better say Good-day,
Or else maybe, we shall not part in quite a friendly way.

Marian Isabel Hurrell.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MANOR.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 357.)

AS they were going upstairs Muriel found time to say, 'I will ask Mrs. Thompson, if you like.'

'Good for you! I didn't think you would dare, she looks so fierce,' said Reggie in an undertone. 'Let us know what she says. When will you do it?'

'To-morrow morning, perhaps. I forgot that it would be Sunday when I said we would go to see that secret room. We shall all have to wait till Monday.'

At the door of the girls' room the children said good-night, and when Dick and Reggie were once more alone, with the door closed, Reggie stepped back again and turned the key in the lock.

'What is that for?' asked Dick, with some surprise.

'I didn't want any one to come in, that's all,' said Reggie. 'One of the girls might have forgotten to say something, and come in suddenly; and I have found something that I want to look at now, and that I don't altogether want them to see.'

As he spoke he thrust a hand into the inside pocket of his jacket, and, after fumbling for a moment or two, drew out a piece of paper, rather crumpled and dirty looking. This he carried to the dressing-table and unfolded. Looking over his cousin's shoulder, Dick saw that there was writing on the paper, and the words written there were: 'Sunday. Cave entrance. All clear. Beetle.'

'Where did you get that, and what does it mean now that you have got it?' asked Dick with interest, when he had read all the words that were written on the paper.

'Well, as to what it means, we shall have to wait and see, I expect,' replied Reggie. 'I found it in rather a queer way. You remember that I went to hide before it got quite dark?'

'You mean that time that you went towards the summer-house?'

'Yes.'

'Well, what then?'

'I went, as you know, in the direction of the summer-house. But, as it chanced, I did not get there. I saw Clegg coming along that path, close to the wall, that brings you to the entrance gates, and something made me hide in the bushes and watch him. I really don't know why I did it, but as things turned out I am glad that I did so. He stopped not far from where I was, and after looking round to see that no one was about, he stepped up to the wall and began to fidget the stones about. I could not think for a moment or two what he was up to, but all at once it came to me in a flash. He was trying to find a certain stone. This guess was the right one, for a second or so later he took a large stone out of the wall, and put something under it, then stuck it back in its place once more. The wall looked exactly as it had done before he moved the stone, but I knew that he had left something under that stone, and I knew too that the something could not be very large, seeing that the stone would fit back into the hole once more.'

'What a good thing you saw him,' broke in Dick at this point.'

'Yes, I thought it rather fortunate, all things considered. I might so easily have missed him, or I might have shown myself, and then he would have gone away, I expect. I waited till the coast was clear, and then I went up to the wall—I had marked the spot, you see—and easily found the stone. I took it out and found this paper under it. It could be removed just as easily from the other side of the wall, so that evidently the paper was put there for some one who does not live in the house, and who would be looking for it after dark. I don't see why Clegg could not have gone out and given it to whoever it is intended for, myself; but I suppose there is some reason. Now, what shall we do about it?'

'I don't see what we can do,' said Dick, thoughtfully, sitting on the side of his bed and winding his watch. 'To-morrow is Sunday, of course, but I do not know that that helps us very much.'

'The caves, you remember,' said Reggie, slowly.

'Yes, where are they?'

'They must be somewhere along the shore. I rather think that they are at the base of the cliffs that this place is built on.'

'That is probable, of course. But we cannot get round there to see for ourselves.'

'We must keep our ears and our eyes open, and trust to discovering more to-morrow,' said Reggie, yawning. 'I say, that was queer, too, about Nora's catching that girl.'

'Yes, it must have been the one that we saw looking out of the window the other day. I wonder who she is, and why she is here, and if she does live in the house, or if she is only a visitor of Mrs. Thompson's, or Clegg's,' said Dick.

The next morning the boys reminded Muriel of her promise, as they met at the breakfast table, although in accordance with Reggie's suggestion they did not say anything of the paper that Reggie had found under the stone in the wall.

'I have not forgotten. I am going to ask her after breakfast. She is often out in the garden at that time,' said Muriel, and with this the boys were satisfied.

But whatever hope the children had had of finding

out something about the mysterious little girl whom they had seen, and whom Nora had caught in mistake for Muriel the night before—the hope was not realised. Mrs. Thompson would tell Muriel nothing, although the question was put politely enough to satisfy the most exacting.

'Little girls should ask no questions, my dear,' said the housekeeper. 'That was the rule in my young days, and it is a good rule still.'

Who could say any more after that? Not Muriel Compton, certainly, and rather crestfallen at the failure of her efforts, she returned to the others in the breakfast room. The two boys were there, but Nora had gone out into the garden, to look for a pencil that she had lost the night before.

'Well, never mind. I suppose the old lady thinks it is not our concern,' said Reggie. 'We shall know all about it in good time, never fear. Just wait till Mother and Father get here. Things will be cleared up then. Hullo! what's the matter with Nora?' he added, at that moment catching sight of his younger sister running at full speed towards the house, waving something white in her hand. A second later she burst into the room.

'Just look! I found this in the box-hedge. It isn't ours. It must belong to that girl I caught last night,' she panted, breathless with her run. 'See, in the corner are some letters, "J. A." Who can she be?'

CHAPTER VIII.

As Nora spoke she held up a white handkerchief, so that the other three might see it. It had, as she said, some initials in one corner, and on looking more closely at these, the children found them to be 'J. A.,' even as Nora had told them.

'It may belong to Maggie,' suggested Dick.

'Or to Mrs. Thompson,' put in Muriel.

'Perhaps it is Martha's,' added Reggie; but Nora pointed out that the handkerchief could not possibly belong to either of these persons, seeing that they had not the letters, 'J. A.' in their initials.

'Still, people sometimes get a handkerchief that belongs to some one else,' said Muriel. 'Of course it may not be that, but we might ask, don't you think so?' she added, turning to the two boys.

'Yes, that would be the best way. Let's ask Maggie. I can hear her coming now to clear the table,' said Dick.

This guess was a correct one, for a second later the maid entered the room, and Nora, taking the handkerchief from Muriel, went up to her at once.

'Have you lost this, Maggie?' she asked, holding it up for the girl to see.

'Why, no, Miss Nora. Those are not my letters,' replied Maggie, examining the handkerchief closely. 'Where did you get it?'

'I found it in the garden a moment or two ago,' answered Nora. 'If it isn't yours I suppose I had better take it to Martha,' she added, and with that she went out of the room, closely followed by Muriel.

'Don't ask Mrs. Thompson till you have asked Martha,' whispered the older girl, and to this Nora nodded her head in token that she understood. Martha was upstairs in the girls' bedroom, putting their dresses ready for going to church with Mrs. Thompson, and they were greeted with an injunction to 'make haste and get ready.'

But Nora had to settle the matter of the lost handkerchief first, so she said, 'Is this yours, Martha?' and held it up for inspection once more.

Martha left off what she was doing, and came close to the little girl, taking the handkerchief from her and turning it over for a moment without answering. Then she handed it back to Nora. 'No, it isn't mine,' she said. 'Where did you find it?'

Muriel explained, and Nora went off again, this time in search of the housekeeper, whom she found in the breakfast-room talking to the two boys. They stopped speaking when Nora entered the room, and all three turned to look at her.

'Have you lost this, Mrs. Thompson?' asked the little girl, going up to the housekeeper and handing her the handkerchief.

The old lady did not reply, but, taking it in her hand, turned it over in very much the same way that Martha had done only a few seconds before.

She came at last to a corner in which were the initials, 'J. A.,' and when she saw them her expression changed. Dick, who was watching her face intently, noticed this change, and wondered not a little at the look of annoyance that came over it.

'I think that I had one like this,' said Mrs. Thompson, after a little pause. 'You had better leave it with me. Where did you find it, my dear?'

Nora told her that she had discovered the handkerchief in the path that led between the box-hedge.

'Were you playing there last night?' inquired the housekeeper quickly.

'Yes, we were playing hide-and-seek. Oh, and I was looking for Muriel, and——' began Nora excitedly, but she got no further than the word, 'and,' for at that moment Muriel exclaimed, 'Oh, Nora, I think Martha must be waiting for us! We must run. You see Mrs. Thompson is ready for church. Come on.'

So saying she caught hold of her sister's hand, and fairly dragged her out of the room, although Dick and Reggie, who were standing close to Muriel, had neither of them heard any summons from Martha.

Mrs. Thompson took the handkerchief and went off down one of the narrow passages in which that old house abounded, her face still clouded and her manner rather severe.

When the boys were left alone, Dick said, 'That was cute of Muriel. I was afraid that Nora was going to tell the old lady about having caught that girl in the box-hedge path last night.'

'Yes, so was I. Muriel did ask her if there was a girl in this house, you know. She asked her this morning just after breakfast, and you remember what she said. She does not know why Muriel asked her, and I for one don't want her to know.'

'She is upset about that handkerchief, any way,' said Dick, thoughtfully.

'There is some mystery about that girl, whoever she may turn out to be,' affirmed Reggie. 'And there is another mystery about Clegg, too. Well, we shall get to the bottom of it all some day, I suppose, and till then—oh, here they come!' he added, as at that moment the two sisters were heard coming downstairs, and Martha's voice summoned them to the entrance hall.

The rest of that day was uneventful. The children went to church with Martha and Mrs. Thompson in the morning, and at their own request they went again, this time by themselves, in the evening.

(Continued on page 370.)

"Dick saw that there was writing on the paper."

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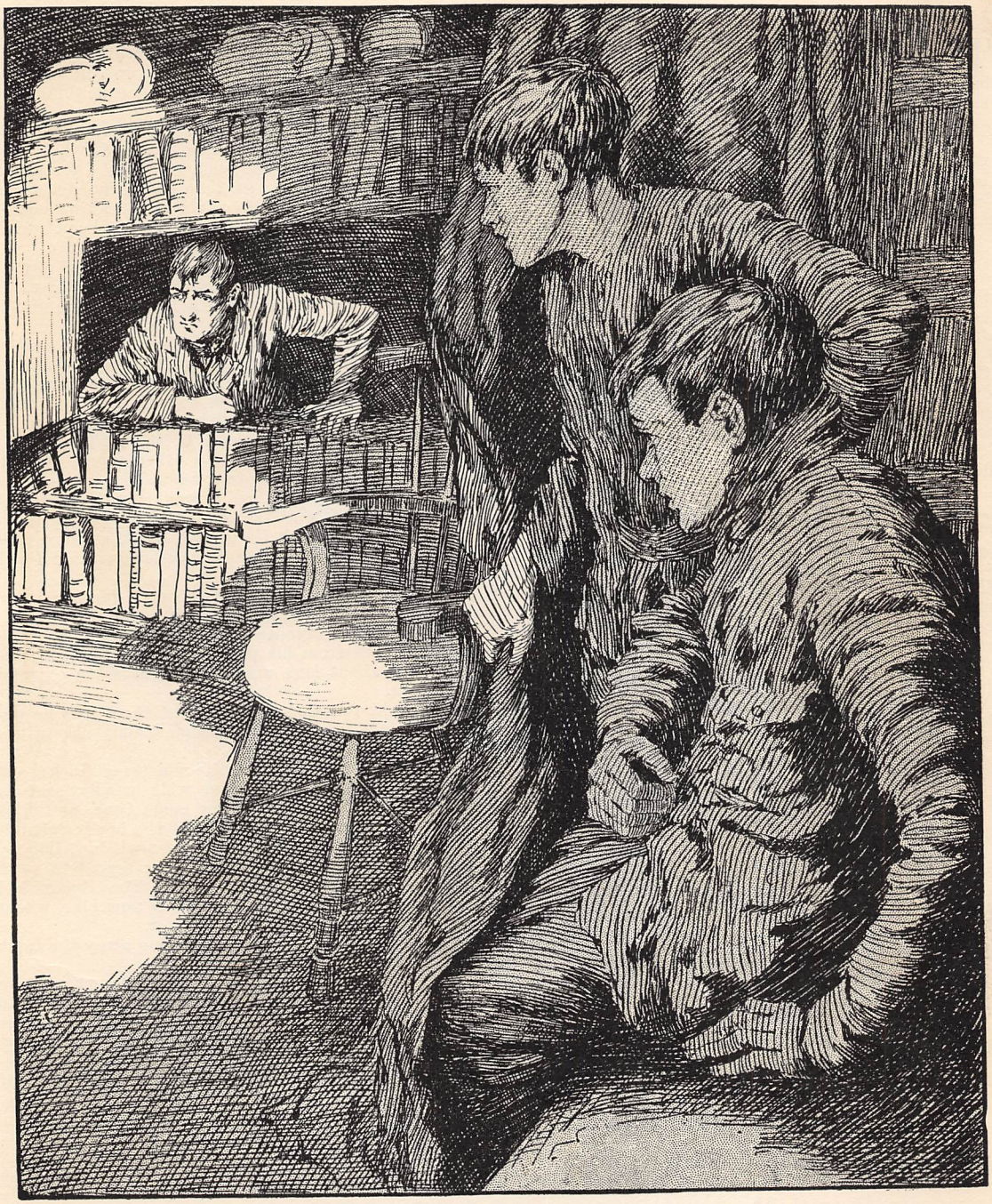


"The head and shoulders of a man appeared."

THE MYSTERY OF THE MANOR.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 367.)

THAT night, as they were getting to bed, Dick suddenly remembered the message that Reggie had found under the stone in the wall. 'I declare I had forgotten all about it—that is since this morning,' he said.

'Well, I thought of it this afternoon,' said Reggie. 'But there was nothing that we could do, and I have not seen Clegg all day. Maggie told me that he is often not here on Sundays—there is nothing for him to do.'

'But the paper said "Sunday,"' objected Dick. 'Where did you put it?' he added.

For answer Reggie went to a drawer of the chest that had been given them for their clothes, and pulling it open fumbled about for some time, finally drawing out the piece of paper.

'I wonder if Martha was looking here for something this morning. I meant to have locked this drawer,' he said. 'See, here is the message. It does say "Sunday," but not at what time, nor is there anything that will explain what was meant. All we know is that the person for whom this was intended did not get a sight of it.'

For a little while the two boys discussed this message, and tried, without success, to find out what it meant. Failing to come to any decision about it, they finished undressing, and very soon were fast asleep.

It must have been between one and two o'clock that Dick first wakened. He lay for a little time wondering sleepily why he was awake, and in truth he was on the point of dropping off to sleep again, when a slight noise reached him which served to rouse him completely, and drove any thought of sleep from his mind for the time being.

He sat up in bed, and, straining every nerve, listened. Once again the sound reached him, a little scratching noise that seemed to come from a corner of the bedroom. The second time that he heard it he sprang quietly out of bed, and going to the other side of the room roused Reggie.

'S-sh! Don't make a row, but just listen,' he whispered urgently.

In a moment or two the sound came again—a slight scratching noise from one corner of the room.

By this time Reggie was as wide awake as Dick himself. 'What shall we do?' he asked.

'I think we will get dressed,' said Dick, lighting their lamp, and beginning to put on his clothes with considerable haste.

'Supposing that it is only rats?' suggested Reggie, in the intervals of dressing.

'Well, we won't tell any one if it is; but the chances are that it isn't,' rejoined the other. 'I say, I'm going to put this lamp out—it shows a lot too much light. There is a candle in the room, thank goodness.'

In a very short time both of the boys were fully dressed. The summer night was warm, and there was a moon, although the sky was rather cloudy.

When they were ready to leave the room, Reggie spoke again: 'Where shall we go first?'

'Which room is underneath this one?' asked Dick.

Reggie thought for a moment. After this he went towards the open window and thrust his head out. 'It is over the library,' he said a moment later. 'I remember thinking the other day that it must be, but in a house like this it is easy to get wrong in such matters. I think now that this is only partly over that room. Part of it is over another, but I am not sure which. At all events, we had better go to the library first, and after that we can see what we will do. We may have found out something more by that time.'

With this determination the two boys left the room, and, walking very quietly, made their way downstairs. Reggie had suggested that they should wear their sandshoes, as these made no noise, and so, by walking slowly to avoid the creaking boards, they reached the door of the library at length without noise.

Dick was a little in front of Reggie, and now he paused, with his hand on the handle of the door.

'Go on,' whispered his cousin, from behind. 'Softly does it.'

With this, Dick 'went on,' to the extent of opening the library door. As luck would have it, this door creaked a little on its hinges, and when the first sound fell on the ears of the boys their hearts stood still in alarm. The noise, although so slight, sounded dreadfully loud in the silence of the night.

But nothing happened. No other sound came to break the stillness; there was no light inside the library to show that it had a tenant at that moment.

'Come on; it's all serene,' said Reggie, and together they entered the room, walking slowly to avoid knocking against any of the books or furniture.

Once inside the room, they stopped for a moment or two to listen again. There was no sound either inside the room or outside it, and Reggie, taking his electric torch from his pocket, put the light on, and turned it about here and there in order to examine the room.

The light revealed the fact that there was no one in the place, and the knowledge made both of the boys feel decidedly relieved.

'We will wait a moment,' whispered Dick; and then they sat down in the wide window-seat to listen. Nothing happened for some time, and Dick at last rose and drew back one of the heavy curtains that was drawn over the shutterless window, thereby letting in a flood of moonlight that served to show up all the details of the room. The clouds had cleared away, and the night sky was now blue, whilst the moon shone with unusual power.

'That's better,' said Reggie, putting away the torch as he spoke.

The words had scarcely left his lips when there was a slight rasping sound which caused the boys to start, and hold their breath. A second later the noise came again, and at the same moment the row of dummy books that Nora and Muriel had discovered swung outwards, and the head and shoulders of a man appeared through the opening.

CHAPTER IX.

The two boys drew back into the shadow of the window curtains, and both held their breath for fear that the sound of breathing should reach the man who had so suddenly appeared in the library.

To say that Dick and Reggie was surprised is to state the case far too mildly. They had expected,

when they entered the room a few minutes before, to see some one or something; but that the room should be empty and then that a man should enter it in this manner, was more than they had ever dreamed of. As has been already stated, the clouds had left the sky, and the moon was shining brightly. Its light flooded the room, but, fortunately for them, it left the two boys in the shadow, whilst it served to show up their visitor very plainly.

This man was not pleased with what he saw, for he muttered something, at the same time raising himself so that he was able to take a good look round the room. Dick shrank back closer to his cousin, for now it seemed that they must be discovered.

Suddenly the man spoke, although neither of the boys could see the person to whom he addressed his remarks: 'This is the wrong room now. The gardener is a silly old fool. Martin Allardyce hid his secret a great deal more cleverly than we thought.'

Dick laid a hand on his cousin's shoulder, for at that moment it seemed as though Reggie was opening his mouth to reply to the man. 'S-sh!' breathed Dick, so softly that no one but his cousin could have heard him. 'S-s-h!'

They had not much longer to wait. The head and shoulders of the intruder were withdrawn, and soon after he had disappeared the row of dummy books swung back into its place again, and the listening boys knew, by the sharp click that reached their ears, that the spring fastening had acted that kept the books in position, and the opening hidden from sight.

For a few seconds neither stirred, for they knew that it was quite possible that their visitor would return, and if they spoke they would stand a good chance of being discovered.

At last, when he could keep silent no longer, Dick said: 'I say, you jolly nearly gave the show away when that chap spoke. What were you going to say?'

'Why, I knew his voice, and yet I can't think where I have heard it,' said Reggie. 'I know it was silly, but I quite forgot, just for the second, and I verily believe that I should have spoken if you hadn't stopped me. And then we should have been in a fix if you like.'

'That we certainly should,' agreed Dick. 'Well, what do you make of it?'

'We are fortunate, that's what I think,' answered Reggie. 'You see, this fellow must be the one for whom Clegg left that message under the stone in the wall, and we know now that he is after the secret of Martin Allardyce's that we came upon the other day.'

'You mean he knows about that model aeroplane?'

'Yes. How he got to know of it, and what use he thinks he can make of it, are beyond me, at present, but of course there is always something to be made out of a good invention, and you said that you thought that aeroplane was something out of the common.'

'Yes,' agreed Dick, thoughtfully. 'I am certain of that. I see now what he is after. The question is, how are we going to put a stop to the little game?'

'I wish that Father was here. We should know what to do then,' said Reggie. 'We might tell the police, but they would only laugh at us, so what would be the good of that? No one would believe such a tale as we have to tell. I suppose the only thing for us to do is to wait, and keep as good a watch as possible. I do wonder if there is any other way of getting into that secret room, other than by the false bottom of that old chest in the attic?'

For a short time longer the two boys sat there discussing what they had seen and heard. It was almost three o'clock when Dick at last suggested that this was scarcely the proper place in which to spend the remainder of the night, and that it would not do for them to be found there by Maggie when she was sweeping in the morning. There had been no more noises that the boys could not understand, and it seemed probable that the man whom they had seen had gone away again. Dick would have been ready to enter the passage or room that the row of books gave access to, but Reggie, thinking of the two girls asleep upstairs, would not allow this to be thought of.

'You see,' he said, 'if anything happened to prevent us coming back, they would be awfully frightened in the morning, when we could not be found. I promised Mother and Father that I would look after them, and I am going to do it. We can try all the tricks of that kind when there is some one here to look after the girls. I should like to go, well enough, but you see how it is.'

Dick did see, and he agreed that they must leave the exploration of that part of the Manor until the return of Mr. and Mrs. Compton.

(Continued on page 382.)

KINDNESS TO A THIEF.

THOMAS CHITTENDEN, the first Governor of Vermont, was a man of great ability. He had, too, a kind heart. He lived in a generous way, befitting his office. According to the custom of those days, his cellar was well stocked every autumn with provisions. There were boxes of vegetables, tubs of butter, barrels of pork.

One winter night, the Governor was disturbed by sounds which seemed to come from his cellar. He got out of bed very quietly, and with a candle in his hand ready to light, went down the stairs. Upon reaching the cellar, he struck a light and saw a man, who was taking large pieces of pork out of the meat-barrel and putting them in a bag.

The Governor stepped forward. The thief saw him, and stood still.

'Go on, sir!' ordered the Governor. 'Fill that bag, and be off! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, disturbing honest folk at this time of night!'

The thief shrank back, frightened.

'Be quick!' said Governor Chittenden. 'Fill up your bag. This is not a fit time to keep me shivering here!'

Trembling, the thief obeyed.

'Now go!' said the Governor. 'The next time you are in need of food come to me and say so, and I will give you what you want. But do not pillage my house at night. If I catch you at this sort of thing again, you will be punished according to the law.'

So the man slunk away, but it is pleasant to record that the next day he came to the Governor asking for employment, in order that he might pay for what he had taken, and that when work was found for him, he did it steadily and well. E. Dyke.

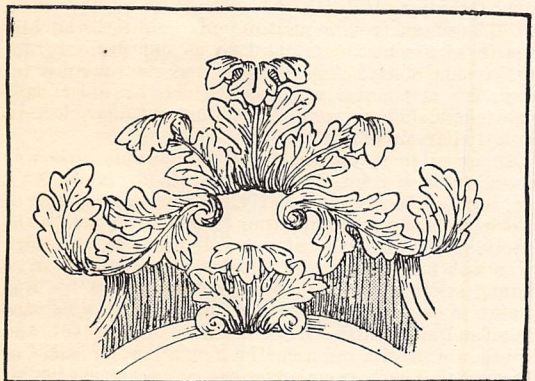
THE ROMANCE OF OLD FURNITURE

XI.—THE ADAM BROTHERS AND SHERATON.

I HAVE not mentioned bedsteads lately; but all I really need say is that many were still very elaborate, with embroideries and heavy draperies of velvet, cords, fringes, and so on; but the middle-class bedsteads had become much lighter in design. The bed-posts (supporting a roof or canopy) were much more slender, and many of them are now seen converted into pedestals for plants or ornaments.

Now, you will remember that Chippendale in his later years had to work to other people's designs. Chief among these other employers were the brothers Adam (Robert and James). They were great men of their time, though not in the same way as Chippendale, who made his own position by sheer hard work and genius. The brothers Adam came of a wealthy family and moved in the best society; so of course they started life with considerable advantages. They were architects, and they travelled and studied much abroad, especially in Italy. It was therefore natural that they should be inclined to introduce classical features in their work, because they had developed a taste for it in Italy. The houses and other buildings for which Robert was architect were solid in style, with porticoes, broad cornices, niches, and festoons. James is said to have designed their furniture, and he naturally did it to match the houses.

In London there are still many houses designed by the brothers Adam. The Adelphi streets, near Charing Cross, were all built by them, and the name ('Adelphi' is Greek for 'brother') comes from them.

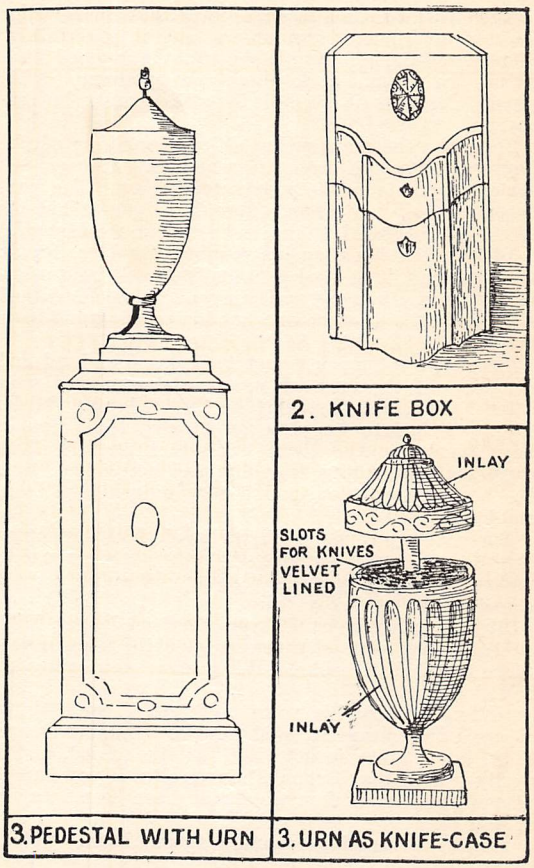


1. AN ADAM ORNAMENT OF COMPOSITION

These houses often contain wonderful mantelpieces and overmantels made to their designs; these are of great value, and several times within the last few years burglars have broken into empty houses where such mantels were to be found, and have carried them off, most likely shipping them to America, where great prices would be obtained for them.

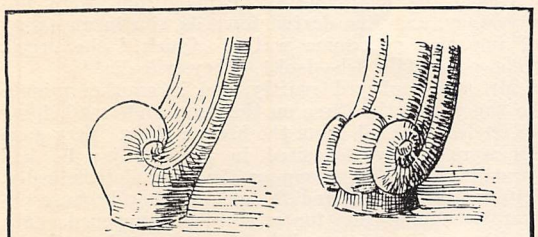
The Adams invented a method of producing wonderful detached 'swags' (festoons), scrolls, trails of flowers, fruit, &c., for the decoration of furniture, made of a composition (or plaster) and wire (fig. 1). In many old family residences you now see gilt-framed lookingglasses over the mantel-shelves in this style, decorated with cupids, scrolls, and sprays of flowers; all these decorations are of this composition and wire. It was of course clever, but it prentended to be wood, and pretence in any form is undesirable, to say the least of it.

The Adams also delighted in marqueterie of intricate patterns and all kinds of decorations, including elaborate mounts of brass and ormolu after the French style, of which I have spoken earlier (see p. 149).



Towards the end of the life of Robert Adam (1728-1792), another great cabinet-maker appeared—Thomas Sheraton (1751-1806); and these two worked together in many ways. I will tell you something of Sheraton's life later, but now I want to speak only of the work these two did together. Up to the time of the Adam brothers, a sideboard was just a table with a rail at the back on which stood a knife-box (fig. 2), and on each side of the table, quite separate from the table, were pedestals on which were urn-shaped arrangements (fig. 3). These were ornaments, or else were knife-boxes (fig. 4 shows one open for knives), or held rose water. Now, Sheraton and Adam between them invented a sideboard which was a table with a rail at the back, and deep drawers on either side to contain the cutlery. Thus, the pedestals and urns were done away with. There are quite a good number of these sideboards about, with and without the drawers, and when you meet them you will know somewhat their period.

There is not much known about the chairs of the Adam period; of course we know that they were gilded and very elaborate in the houses of the nobility, but there do not seem to be many left from middle-class households; in fact, I do not think the Adams bothered about middle-class people! We do know that they used a foot known as French. Fig. 5 shows two examples of it; it is a sort of outward scroll. They also invented a form of window-seat—a piece of furniture which fitted into the square windows of the time. Fig. 6 shows one; it is certainly

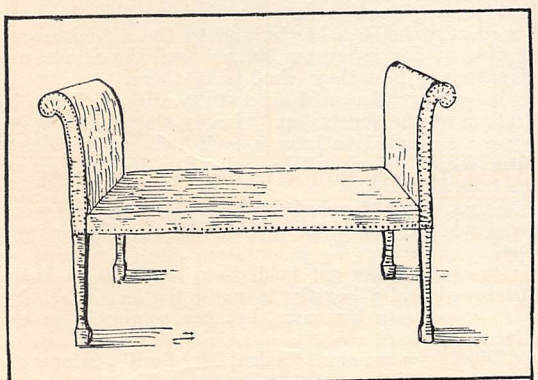


5. TWO EXAMPLES OF FRENCH SCROLL FEET

meant very clearly for use—it has no wasteful ornament!

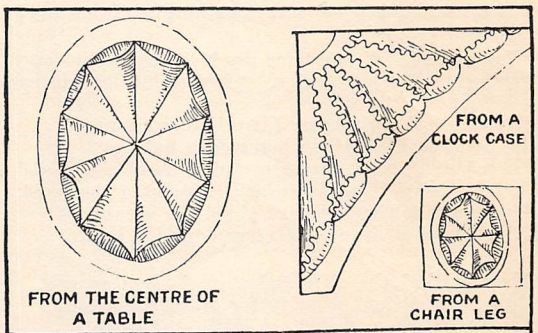
I have said enough about the Adam brothers. (By the way, their name was 'Adam,' not 'Adams,' as it is sometimes wrongly spelt. No doubt this mistake has come about because there were two brothers, or rather, to be quite correct, four, but only two concern us.) I will finish for the present with a few details of the life of Thomas Sheraton, which was certainly a curious one.

He was born at Stockton-on-Tees, and when about forty years of age he came to London as a Baptist



6. AN ADAM WINDOW-SEAT

preacher. He had a decided taste for drawing and design, but wished earnestly to devote himself to religious work. After a long and hard struggle to live by his preaching and tract-writing, he took up furniture designing and making. As far as we can find out, he never seems to have come really to the front; he evidently was not a pushing man. As I have told you, he worked with Adam, but I do not think his work was recognised then—it was largely mixed up and lost in the great firm of Adam Brothers. Anyhow, he cannot have received much pay, for he never seems to have been even comfortably off. We find that at odd times, of sheer necessity, he even taught drawing in a night-school. He wrote a book (something like Chippendale's) called The Cabinet Maker's and Upholsterer's Drawing Book. It is of great



7. VARIOUS USES OF SHERATON'S FAN ORNAMENT

value now, but I fear he did not make much, or anything, by it then!

After fifteen years of hard struggle to get a living in London, he died in great poverty in 1806. One wonders how this could have been, because his style is now much sought out, and genuine pieces of his work (which are few, because he does not seem ever to have been able to engage workmen to work under him) fetch huge prices. But, like many another man, he did not succeed in making his genius bring him wealth in his lifetime, and he was not properly appreciated till after his death. Here is romance indeed, for the hopes and fears which he must have endured during his work give the specimens left to us a double value.

He loved light and graceful productions, and was much influenced by the French style of Louis XVI. He used satinwood, tulip, holly, rosewood, all of which are more dainty than mahogany, which he rarely used. He introduced painted panels, the work of noted artists, and also some marqueterie of a dainty kind. A very favourite ornament of his was a sort of fan arrangement. Sometimes it was used as an angular ornament, sometimes in the oval, and often in a square or oblong. Fig. 7 shows some of its uses. This ornament appears on much of his work, and also on that of Heppelwhite, of whom I shall speak next. Another very favourite ornament which Sheraton used in his pieces of furniture which had cornices is called the pear-drop ornament.

E. M. Barlow.

THE SURPRISE.

A Poem for Recitation.

A HUSH in the nursery: three pairs of eyes
At work to give Mother a birthday surprise.
Rosy-cheeks stitched—the quaint little elf,
With a thread in her needle as long as herself—
A wonderful pin-cushion ever so full
Of her dearest doll's sawdust, embroidered with wool.
Stitching on muslin with arm-aching thread
She did her wee best: 'It's for Mother,' she said.

Pen in her hand, all spluttered with ink,
Cried sweet little Winifred: 'Do let me think
Of something that no one has thought of before.'
So she pulled at her curls, and she rolled on the floor,
And stared at the ceiling, her dimpled fists tight,
Cried all of a sudden. 'I'm sure I can write.'
At last, in her copy-book what should there be
But a real birthday poem: 'For Mother, from me!'

'Her portrait I'll paint for my birthday surprise;
Watch me,' cried Dicky. 'I've sketched Mother's eyes.
Sky blue I'll tint them; I'll take good care
To paint bright yellow her golden hair.
There's a flush on her pretty pink cheeks,' he said;
So he painted them white and he painted them red.
The portrait when finished stood the great test
Of a labour of love—Dick had done his best.

They finished the gifts and stowed them away;
Brought them out proudly for Mother next day.
Breathless, they waited. A critic walked in,
An Artist, a Poet, soon following him.
'What's this?' gasped the critic. 'A horror in wool,
Brown muslin, how ugly!—with sawdust brimful.'
Cried the Poet, 'A poem, let me read it, I pray.'
He did, and, alas for him! fainted away.

'A daub!' shrieked the Artist, the portrait in view.
'Just look,' raged the Critic, 'what sewing they do!'
Gasped the Poet, reviving: 'Worst poem I knew.'
Then Mother ran in, all breathless, bright-eyed,
Laughingly pushed all three critics aside,
Glanced at the presents. 'How lovely!' she cried.
'Why, the muslin's like silk, and the yellow wool's gold—
I value each stitch more than money untold.

'A birthday poem! I couldn't wish more,
For no one has written like this before.
My portrait in colours; red-cheeked, blue-eyed,
Curly hair golden—no artist who tried
Could paint anything like it. Birthday gifts three,
You rank with Earth's beautiful things, you see—
Love made you: Love gave you. Then who could have said:
You were ugly?' Dead silence—the Critics had fled!

Olive Chandler.

MR. SMITH AT HOME.

(Concluded from page 363.)

THERE was no possibility of retreat, and before she had realised what had happened Eva felt herself being pushed into the hall by the two boys. A moment later the trio were ushered into a large room that looked like a library, and as the door shut behind the maid, they started at each other in speechless dismay.

'Idiot!—why didn't you say Jones?' blurted out Graham, at last. 'Every one's called Smith.'

'What are you going to say to him?' faltered Eva, her voice lowered to a terrified whisper.

Douglas's eyes were round with excitement. 'You leave it to me,' he said, trying to assume a calmness that he was inwardly far from feeling. 'I will see it through—Graham!' He darted suddenly towards the window: 'A peacock butterfly! Look!'

In an instant Graham had jumped to his feet, his cap in his extended hand—and then two things happened. A violent crash from the direction of the window, and the little table, which had supported a bowl of goldfish, lay overturned on the floor, the bowl shattered to a thousand fragments, and its poor little inmates wriggling helplessly about. And at the other end of the room the door opened. On the threshold stood Mr. Smith.

Under the circumstances explanations were unnecessary, and Eva darted towards him in an agony of impatience. 'Some water! Quick!' she urged. 'The poor little fish—look! They will die!'

Mr. Smith obeyed swiftly, and in another minute he had joined the three on the floor, and was helping to retrieve the fish from the broken glass. Very soon all were safely deposited in the jam-jar he had brought, and Eva, mopping the floor determinedly, listened to Graham and Douglas as they began awkwardly apologising for what had happened. Mr. Smith soon put an end to their flow of words by leaning back in his chair and laughing heartily, and the only comment he made afterwards was about the peacock butterfly. He was a keen collector himself, he told the boys, and in another minute he had crossed over to a tall cabinet at the other side of the room, and was showing drawer after drawer filled with moths and butterflies to an engrossed audience.

The minutes flew by, and it was not until the last section had been returned to its place that Mr. Smith took out his watch, and looked with sudden recollection at the trio.

'Why, I have never asked what you came about, or who you are!' he laughed. 'First the goldfish, and then my old moths——'

There was a sudden embarrassed silence. Douglas felt the blood rush to his cheeks as he remembered that the explanation rested with him; then he took his courage in both hands, and to the astonishment of two of his listeners, blurted out the whole explanation of how they came to be there.

'It was my idea, and an awfully silly one,' put in Graham at the conclusion. 'I only thought of it because we wanted to have a lark before our holiday tutor came. We shan't have any fun for the rest of the time here.'

'What tutor?' asked Mr. Smith, and Eva wondered whether he spoke to hide the twitching of his lips.

'One father has got hold of to coach us in Latin and be generally beastly to us in the holidays. We don't even know his name, but he's coming after tea this afternoon.'

'What's your name?' asked Mr. Smith, interrupting him suddenly.

'Randolph.'

The eyes that looked down into Douglas's were twinkling, and the brown moustache did not attempt to hide a smile.

'Well, I can tell you the tutor's,' said Mr. Smith. 'It's very simple because it's the same as my own.'

* * * * *

'I told you we'd have a sporting afternoon,' said Graham triumphantly an hour later when the trio met for a council of war on the edge of the bath. 'We should have hated him if he had come in an ordinary way.'

'Bosh! We couldn't have,' retorted Douglas. 'He's much too much of a sportsman. He's going to help me set my butterflies to-morrow.'

'And he's promised to let me try his motor bicyle!' broke in Graham eagerly. 'He certainly is a ripper—and he never said a word to Dad about what happened this afternoon.'

'I told you he mightn't be an old brute,' remarked Eva, a veiled triumph in her voice.

And this time no one attempted to contradict her.

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 362.)

CHAPTER XXXII.

GANESH looked up as the reports rang out. He was a little startled, and a little angry also. Again he snuffed the air, and seemed ill-pleased with the message it brought him; and his rising anger made him forget his wound, and that he had come to this lonely place to die. He swung his head to and fro; he stamped once or twice. He made a curious noise through his trunk, as though he rapped it sharply against a piece of hollow wood. And Tarm, as he heard this sound, clambered to his place again on the elephant's neck. He knew it for a danger-signal—that it expressed fear as well as anger.

Again came a loud report, a volley of reports, indeed; and the sides of the valley echoed and re-echoed the sound, until the air was so thick with noise it seemed to beat against the ears of those who listened. And mingled with the reports were now faint but distant shouts—the shouts of men very greatly excited. And Mary and John and Tarm had one thought only: 'It is the gold-seekers. They have tracked us and found us.'

'They will not dare to attack us while Ganesh is still with us,' Tarm said aloud.

'But Ganesh may die at any moment of the poison, and then they will no longer be afraid,' John answered.

And Mary just looked at the tusks and did not speak. There lay the treasure. At last they had found it, and found it too late if they must die beside it. Once Ganesh had saved them, but how could he save them now? He must be weary with the long journey to the valley; sick with the pain of his poisoned wound. Very near to death himself.

But with each moment that passed Ganesh seemed to grow less weary, less weak, and less resigned. There was no doubt now of the strength of his anger. He looked defiantly in the direction from which the reports proceeded. He moved a pace or two as though to challenge them. But there came a new report, more deafening than any other, and Ganesh swung round impetuously, and began to stride down the valley. Noise and fire were the two things he was least able to face. Only his love for Tarm had conquered his dislike of the drums and torches which had formed part of the attack on the temple.

And, as he moved down the valley, the reports followed. The shouts came closer, quite close. From behind a bush, a hundred yards away, drifted the smoke of a gun, newly discharged. And Mary and John, watching carefully, could see men running swiftly from bush to bush behind them, taking advantage of every inch of cover. And Buddha, thoroughly awake now, saw the men also. He clutched Arnold close and wrapped the blanket round him as though he would thus shied the child from any harm. But those who pursued came no nearer; they still kept at a respectful distance; and all the time they shouted as beaters shout who drive game before them.

Ganesh did not look behind him. He desired only to get away from this horrible noise. He hurried forward at a pace which made it increasingly difficult for those upon his back to keep their position. His great shoulders worked like the piston-rods of engines; to ride him was like riding a mountain shaken by an earthquake. He placed his feet so carelessly that sometimes he stumbled over a stone. And Mary fell against John, and John fell against Mary, and Buddha clutched at them both as well as at Arnold, and slipped and slithered also. Tarm alone sat easily in his place on the neck of Ganesh.

The valley was not straight, but turned and twisted constantly. Round one turn after another swung Ganesh; and behind him, always, the noise followed. Those who made it gave the elephant no rest; they would not permit him to break back. He stormed on, seeking the peace which had been stolen from him, and which he could not find again.

And then, all at once, he stopped. The valley turned sharply immediately in front of him, and a rocky point, jutting out, hid what lay beyond. Ganesh stopped and listened intently, as though above that following din he could distinguish some new sound which warned him of a new difficulty; and Tarm leaned forward and listened carefully also. And because his senses were very fully trained by the nights he had spent in the forest, he too heard what Ganesh heard, and guessed its meaning.

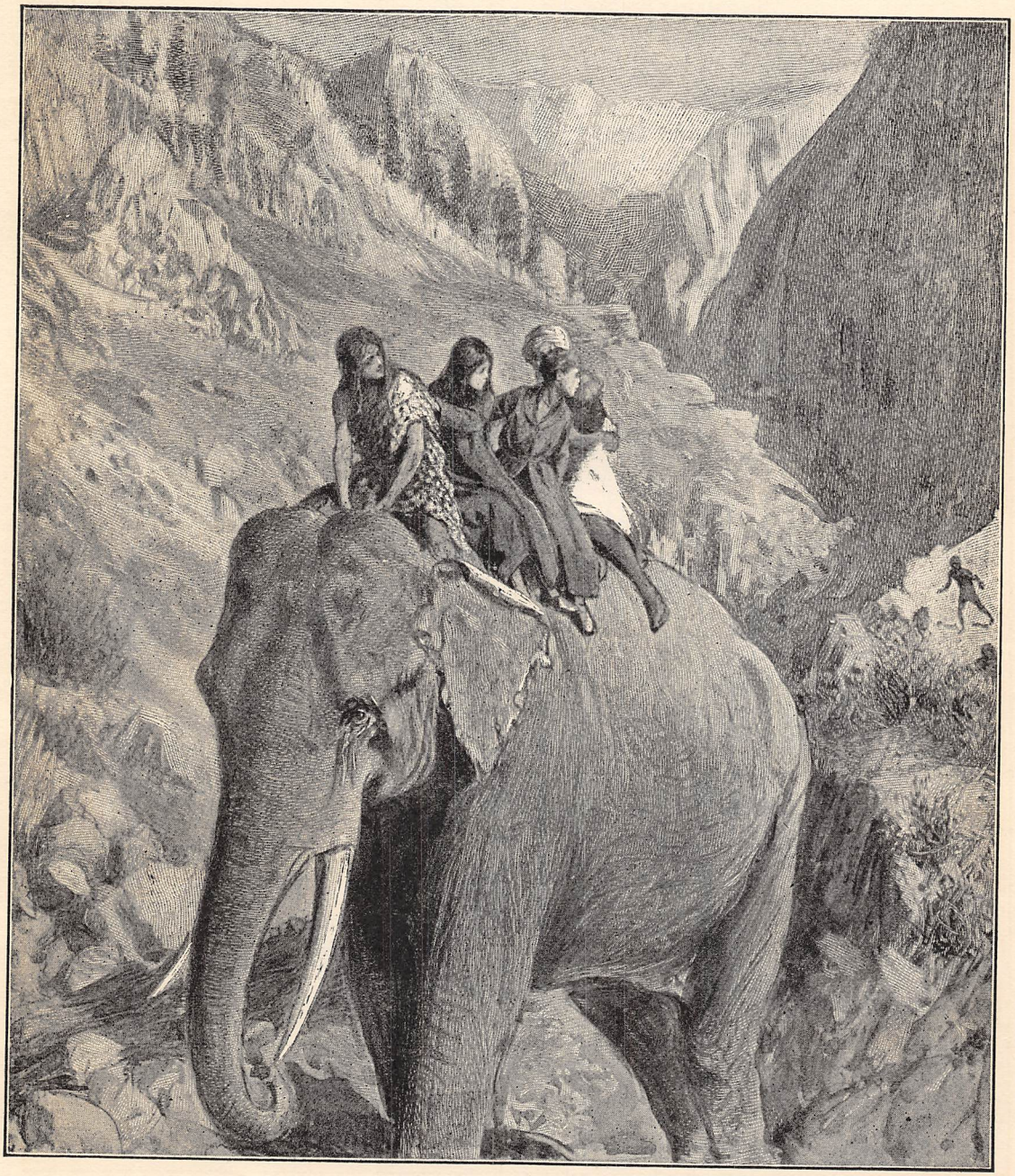
'There are elephants in front of us,' said Tarm. 'Many elephants. And they are enemies to Ganesh. He is the solitary elephant. All herds fear him, yet cast him forth.'

And Mary and John remembered the footprints on the rocky path, which they had supposed to be the footprints of those whose chosen death-place was this valley. It was plain now that a herd was here assembled for some other purpose. What that purpose might be, Mary and John could not guess, for there was nothing on which the elephants could graze, nor any other attraction.

Ganesh moved slowly forward, very ill at ease. He was no coward, but he was too tired to wish to fight; uncertain what the issue of that fight might be. He could not decide which was best, to go forward or to retreat. He stopped again, swung round, eyed the road by which he had come, and took one step along it. And as he did so he was met by such a battery of noise that he was undecided no longer. Better any odds in a battle than these terrible sounds which drove him near to madness. Once more he turned and hurried forward, bent only on escape from his tormentors.

It was Tarm who first saw from his high position on the elephant's neck what the rocky point concealed. 'All the tuskers of all the world,' Mary and John heard him mutter. There was a great awe in his voice, and the children, peeping over Tarm's shoulder, saw spread before them a most strange, a most awe-inspiring spectacle.

(Continued on page 378.)



"Mary and John could see men running swiftly behind them."

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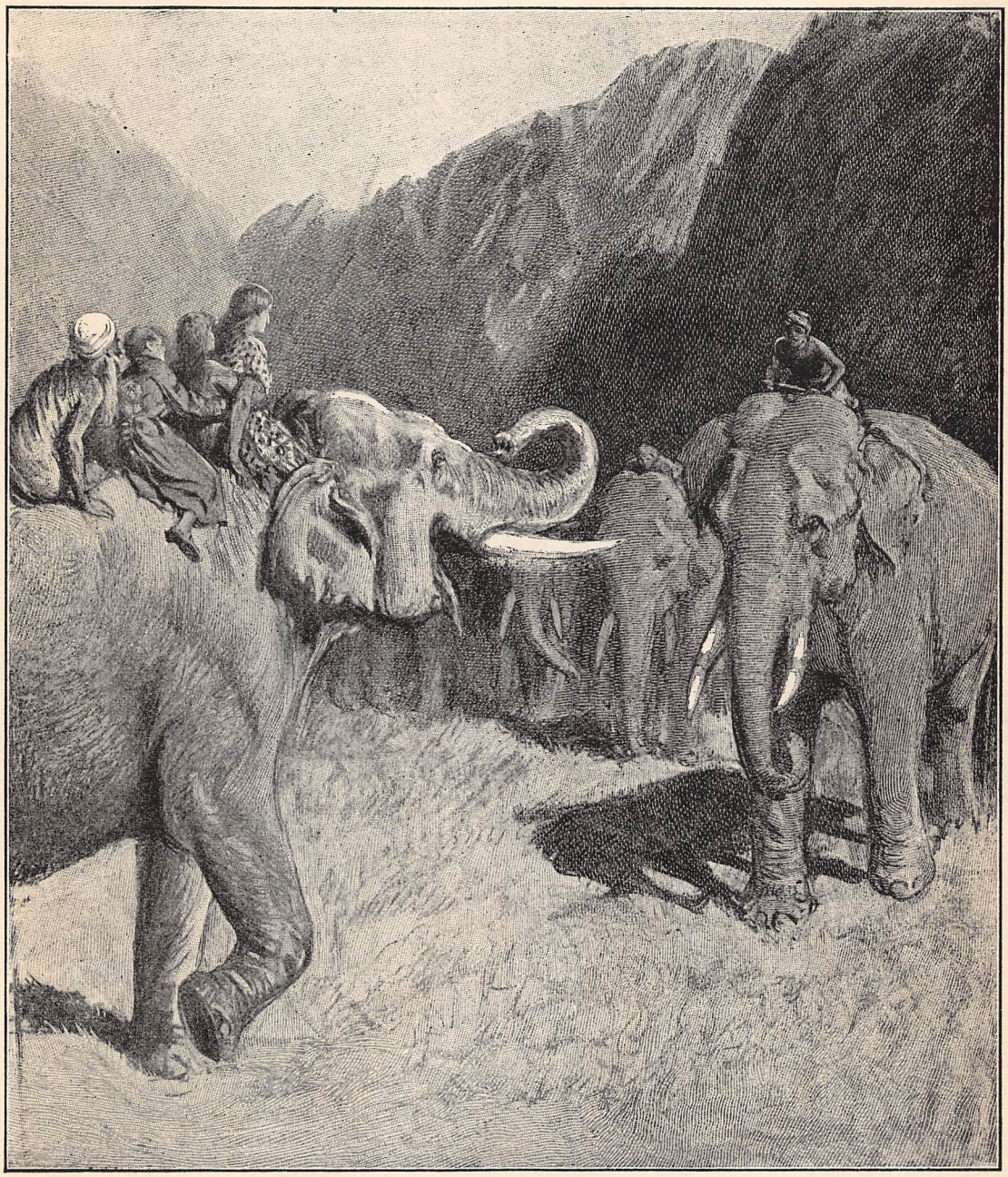


"Slowly this great beast stepped forward."

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 375.)

ON the other side of the point the valley widened. The walls of rock receded, and left space for a grassy plain, a couple of hundred yards across, perhaps. Then the rocks drew in again, and shut off the plain from the further valley.

And around the plain, set in the circumference of its circle as jewels are set in a ring, was a chain of elephants. The line stretched without a break from the river to the rocks; and every elephant in the line was a male elephant, splendid in size and shape; not a blemish was there amongst them.

'Are they ghost elephants?' John whispered to Mary. 'Or, perhaps, they live forever when once they reach the Secret Valley?'

And now Ganesh saw the chain of elephants also; and at the sight his courage and his pride returned. This was something he understood. This was a danger whose strength he could calculate; no strange, uncertain thing. This he could bravely face, since to face it was necessary. He went forward no longer in an unconsidered, hurried fashion, but with a measured, stately majesty. And in all that line of splendid creatures, was none so splendid as Ganesh.

And as he stepped forward, high challenge in his look, the line of tuskers parted in the centre, and through the ranks came an elephant which had been concealed behind them. And this elephant was larger than Ganesh, though not so beautiful. His legs were very short, his body huge and heavy; his small eyes deep set; and his long white tusks each bore at the end a wide ring of gold.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Slowly this great beast stepped forward, and, as he did so, a sudden outcry arose, louder than the noise which still came in gusts from the valley behind. And on the neck of each waiting elephant a man seemed suddenly to spring to life; on the back of each a second man appeared, and these men held ropes coiled in their hands. And with one voice they shouted 'Victory, victory to Bira Guj! Victory to the champion of the kheddah!' And as John looked at the men, and as he listened, he understood what these things meant. These elephants were no ghost elephants, nor elephants endowed with endless life. They were the elephants of the kheddah of which his father had spoken; the big elephant in front, whom the men saluted as Bira Guj, was doubtless the fighting champion. And, looking closely, John saw that the mahout of Bira Guj was strapped firmly to his elephant's neck, so that if a fight should ensue, he might not be shaken from his place.

'It is the kheddah,' said John. 'The kheddah of which Father and Chotun told us. These elephants of the line will help to capture Ganesh when he is all weak from the fight. Look at the coils of rope in the men's hands, stiff with newness, as Chotun said.'

And as John spoke, the outcry died down; there was a very great silence. Hitherto the men of the kheddah had been intent only on the fact that a wild elephant, a tusker of great size, had turned the corner in front of them. They had lain flat along the backs of their elephants that the new-comer might not be aware of their presence too soon, and so find safety in flight. But now, as they sat upright, they became conscious all at once that on the back of the wild, solitary tusker there rode a most strange company.

They stared and stared again, while silence hung over the valley like a cloud, and still they stared and did not speak. They stared at the white man with his yellow hair, at the leopard-skins which clothed him. They stared at the two English children in their brown dressing-gowns; at the old Indian priest who held in his arms a little white child wrapped in a blanket, and it seemed to those men of the kheddah that they did not see aright. Most surely their eyes deceived them. This thing could not be. And as they stared thus and thought thus, the two huge elephants stood facing each other, Ganesh and the fighting monarch of the kheddah. And in the breast of each pride and wrath surged high, as they prepared to test their strength one against the other.

'If they fight, who shall save us?' said Tarm, very low. He could tell by the very feel of Ganesh beneath him that soon would come the moment of attack. Ganesh knew and respected the rights of the herd, but this gathering of tuskers was another matter. It deliberately disputed his supremacy. He did not intend to be lightly deposed from his rightful position of king of his forests by this stranger. He made ready for the charge, for the moment which should bring his huge forehead crashing against the forhead of his adversary. And when that moment came, what of the company who rode upon his back? They must surely be flung to the ground—stunned, perhaps, by the fall. And there they must lie at the mercy of the furious trampling beasts, whose rage would make them blind to any other consideration. 'Who shall save us?' Tarm repeated, as Ganesh shifted a little and drew himself together.

It was Mary who answered; Mary, who remembered that somewhere near, perhaps somewhere within hearing, were wise Chotun and Moti. Behind the line of tuskers it might be that they were concealed.

'Chotun will save us,' said Mary, 'if Chotun is here.'

(Continued on page 391.)

MARKET DAY.

GOODNESS! here's a change indeed,
For our sleepy little town—
Noise and bustle at every turn
And the whole place upside down!

Yelping collies and bleating sheep
Scurrying here and there,
And drovers running to head them off
As hard as they can tear!

And there's an impatient motorist
'Honking' with might and main,
As he slowly steers through a herd of pigs
To catch the London train.

And here some bullocks have gone astray
And come to a sudden stop,
Though the leading one seems half inclined
To visit that draper's shop.

And stalls of flowers, fish, and fruit
Line either side of the way,
Whilst on ev'ry hand the sign prevails
Of a busy Market Day.

G. Baird.

LITTLE KINGS AND QUEENS.

VI.—KING MATTHIAS OF HUNGARY.

TOWARDS the middle of the fifteenth century, the death of King Ladislaus of Hungary left that kingdom in a very unsettled state. It was invaded on the west by the Emperor of Germany, who claimed the crown, and on its other frontiers by Mahomet of Turkey, whilst besides this, the country itself was in a most disturbed state, owing to the weak rule of the late King. Ladislaus had been incapable of controlling or leading his subjects, and, in consequence, the Hungarians had come to rely entirely upon the guidance of a very great soldier, John Hunyadi, or, as he was called in the Magyar or Hungarian language, 'Hunyadi Janos.'

After leading the Hungarians to victory again and again, this great general had died, leaving two sons, Ladislaus and Matthias Corvinus. The weak and wicked king feared that his namesake, Ladislaus Hunyadi, would conspire to seize the throne from him, and therefore he threw him into prison and caused him to be beheaded on a false charge of treason.

But the people of Hungary had loved and revered their great leader, and this murder of his brave young son only increased their enthusiasm. Accordingly, when King Ladislaus died, Matthias, the younger son of Hunyadi Janos, was elected to the throne.

The boy was scarcely fourteen years old, yet, young as he was, he took the government into his own hands at once. Almost from babyhood he had been trained to think and act for himself. His father had taken him into battle from his earliest youth, dressed in a tiny complete suit of armour, and he had been fortunate in having a wonderfully brave and strong mother, Elizabeth Szilagi. For hours at a time she would tell little Matthias stories of the mighty heroes of old—of Charlemagne and his Paladins, of Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. These stories so fascinated him that we are told he forgot everything else in listening; once, we hear, he sat absorbed from sunrise to sunset, without a thought of food or drink.

It was this extraordinary power of concentration, this habit of doing everything with all his might, which made Matthias a great King even from boyhood.

The young monarch wasted no time. The Emperor of Germany, contemptuous of his youth, was invading Hungary, but he was beaten back by Matthias and his troops, who then turned to attack the Turks.

The boy-king had seen that fresh armies were necessary, and he had given orders that every twenty Hungarian families must at once provide a fully equipped horseman. These regiments were called 'Hussars,' from Magyar word meaning 'twentieth,' and this word is now used everywhere for a certain kind of cavalry.

Many of these new soldiers were quite boys, but the young King, at the head of his young troops, set forth fearlessly against the Turkish invaders. In the campaign which followed, Matthias showed himself a most wonderful general for his years. He had great bodily strength and seemed never to be tired. His soldiers were devoted to him since he refused to fare any better than the lowest private, sharing their rough food, and sleeping, like them, upon the bare ground.

The Turks had not expected that so young a boy would be a formidable opponent, and they were preparing to overrun Hungary when Matthias attacked them. But bit by bit he forced them back, until at the Battle of Temesvar the Moslems were entirely routed.

Mahomet being vanquished, Matthias returned as a conqueror to his own kingdom. Then, and not till then, he consented to be crowned at Weissenburg, after entering his capital of Buda-Pesth in triumph.

Many old writers tell us just what the boy-king looked like at this time, and the picture is a very pleasant one. He was not very tall, but big and strongly made, with limbs like steel. His body, we read, was rather long in comparison with his legs, so that, when he rode upon horseback, he appeared to be of a great height. Matthias had a clear, rosy complexion, and dark curly hair. His eyes were black, and bright and quick as those of a falcon, whilst his smile was wonderfully sweet and winning. He had a great charm of manner, we hear too, so that everybody loved him.

The young King was absolutely fearless, but beyond this he deserves the name afterwards given to him of 'Matthias the Just,' for his wisdom and honesty in ruling. Yet he could be very stern and even merciless, when it was necessary to punish wrongdoing, and especially cruelty or cowardice.

If there was one thing which the boy-monarch hated and despised, it was boasting and bragging, as the following story will show. There came to the court at Buda-Pesth a German knight, named Holubar, who was of huge stature and enormously strong. He boasted that no one could overcome him, and indeed he vanquished knight after knight in the tournaments.

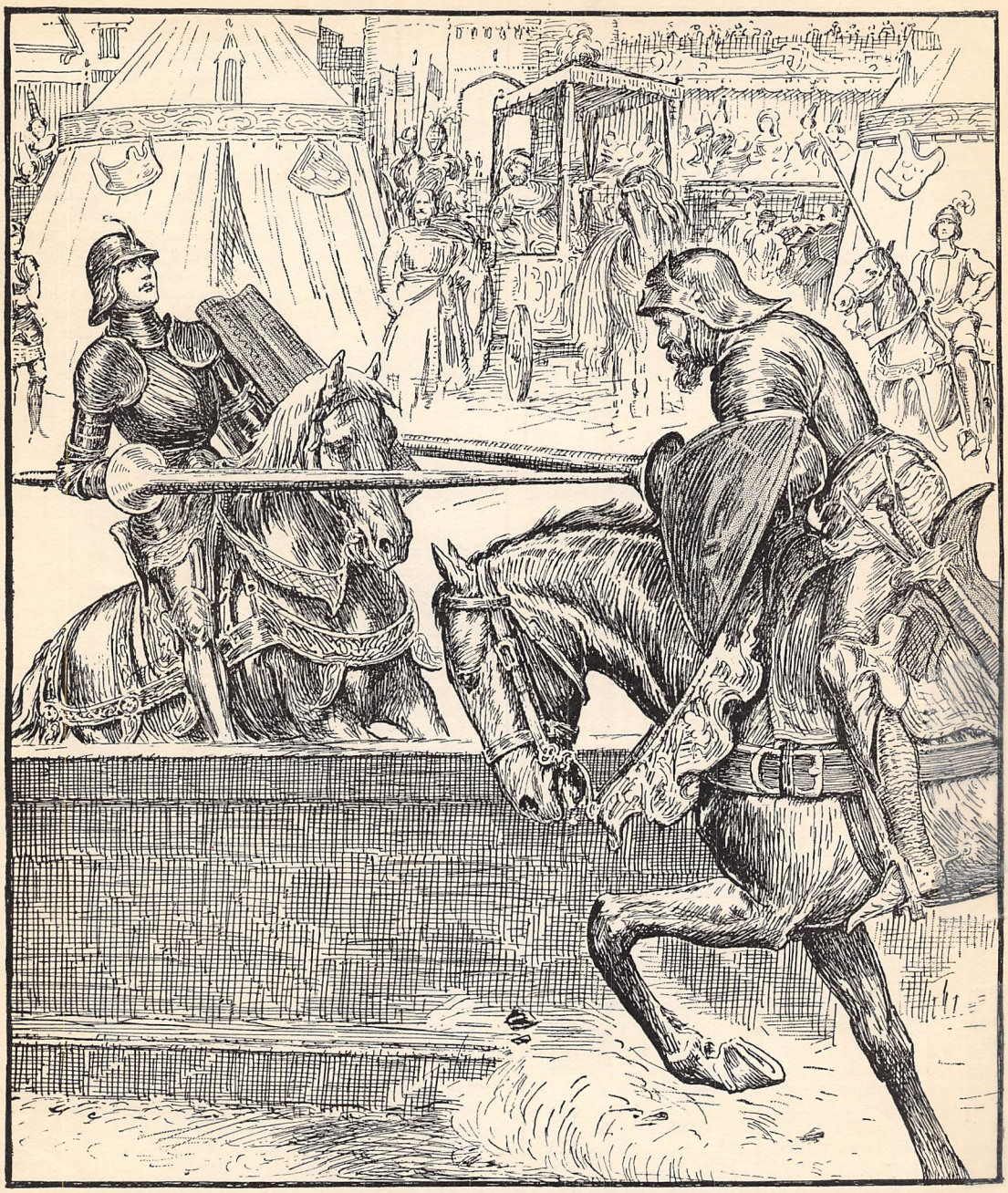
King Matthias, although scarcely fifteen years old, challenged the huge knight to single combat, but at first Holubar refused, saying that he feared to hurt the young King. The gallant boy would not accept this answer, and at last he compelled the German to accept his challenge. But Holubar could not refrain from bragging to his friends that he determined not to fight really at all. He meant to slide out of the saddle at the first touch of the King's lance, so that the boy might foolishly believe himself to be victorious.

This scornful boast came somehow to the ears of Matthias, and, furious at the slight, he summoned Holubar into his presence. Then, before all the court, the young King swore that if the German dared to feign defeat, or failed to exert his full strength in the fight, he should be executed forthwith.

The contest took place next day, before thousands of spectators. Again and again the huge German hurled himself and his enormous steed against his youthful opponent, so that it seemed as though Matthias must be borne down by sheer weight. But by means of his quickness and skill the King always managed to escape, and at last Holubar himself was flung heavily to the ground and lay there unconscious, vanquished, for all his boasting, by the lad whom he had so despised.

But, as conqueror, the young King showed no meanness or malice. On the contrary, he treated the German with every consideration, and sent him back to his native land, loaded with magnificent presents.

It was by deeds such as this, and by his wise rule, that King Matthias won the love and respect of his



"Again and again the huge German hurled himself against his youthful opponent."

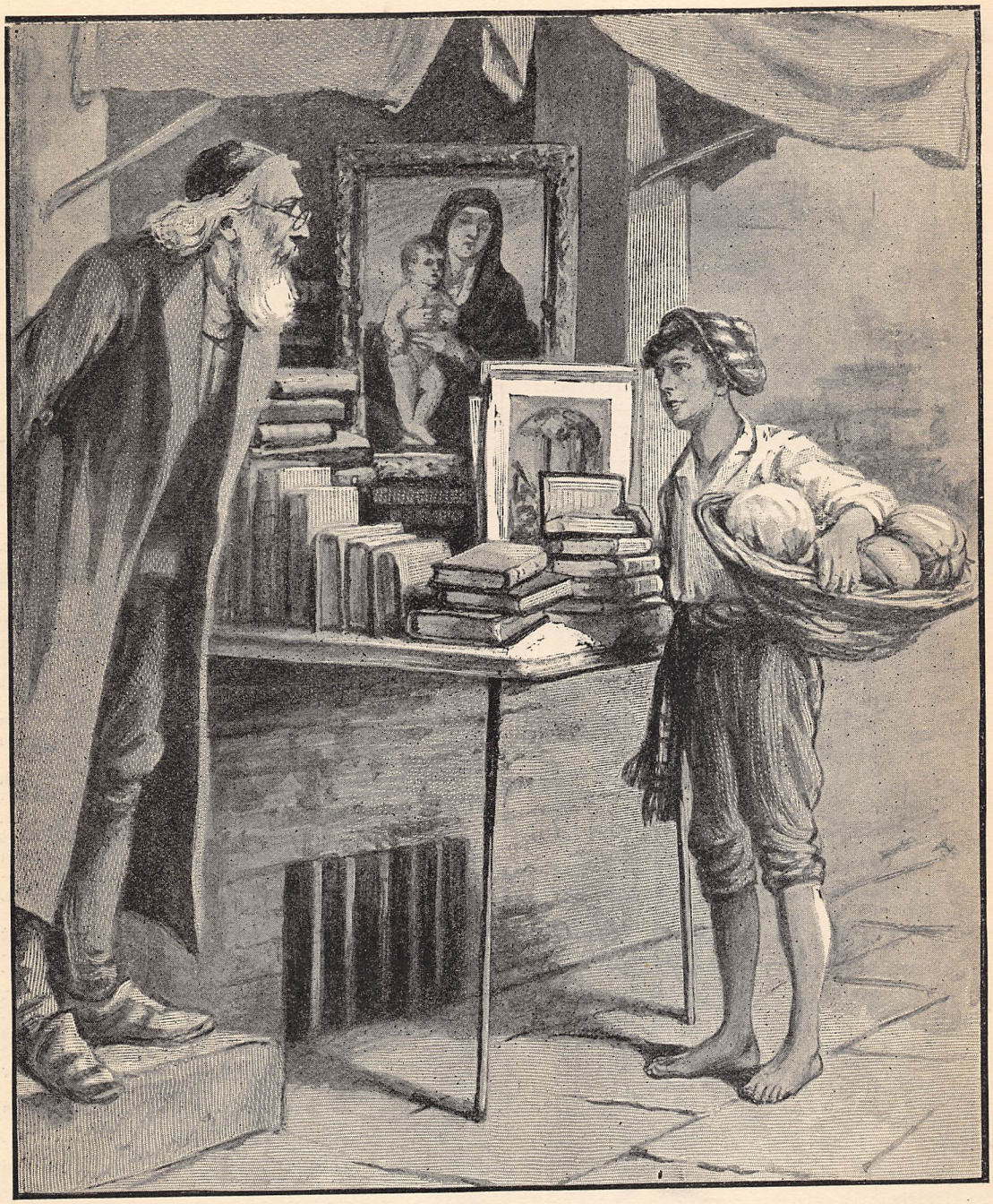
subjects. During his reign Hungary was happy and prosperous, and her arms everywhere victorious.

In the words of an old chronicler: 'Never was Prince more beloved and respected by his people and his soldiers than he, but everybody feared him as they would a savage lion.' V. M. Methley

A FAMOUS ITALIAN BOOKWORM.

A GOOD many years ago, a ragged lad, serving in a fruiterer's shop in Florence, attracted the attention of a bookseller living near. He knew the boy could not read: boys of his class seldom received any

THE WATER-FINDER AND THE DIVINING ROD.



"'What makes you look at these books so earnestly?'"

education in those days. Yet over any piece of printed paper that came into his hands young Antonio would pore, as if, by staring at it, he could at length arrive at its meaning. His master often bought up old books to wrap the fruit in, and the pages of these were studied by the boy at every spare moment.

The bookseller, at last, out of curiosity, questioned

Antonio on the subject. 'You cannot read,' he said. 'What makes you look at these books so earnestly? You must be a strange fellow!'

Antonio turned red. 'I know not why it is,' he answered; 'but it is the truth that I love anything printed. Oh, how happy I should be if I were in your service! You have so many books.'

The other looked at him, considering. 'Is that your bent, lad?' said he. 'Faith! 'tis a pity it should not be followed. We will see what can be done.'

Perhaps the fruit-seller was not sorry to part with a lad who took no interest in his business. At any rate Antonio, soon after this was transferred to the service of the friendly bookseller. As can be imagined, he very quickly learned to read; and when that was accomplished, the boy read day and night. There was nothing else in the wide world that he wanted to do; nothing in the gay streets of Florence that attracted him; the bright Italian sun might shine; the meadows outside the city beckon to him; but he did not care. He only wanted a quiet corner and a book.

Gradually it became known that a bookseller in the town had a really remarkable young assistant, a lad with an extraordinary memory. Probably his master was proud of him, and related stories of Antonio's knowledge of books, and finally some of these may have reached the ears of the librarian of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, for the latter paid him a visit.

Antonio was questioned minutely, and came off with flying colours. This did much to establish his reputation, and, no doubt, brought an increase of custom to his master's shop. It occurred to some of Antonio's new patrons to test his wonderful memory. They arranged that one of them should ask him to read a certain manuscript. Antonio did so, and returned it to its owner. Shortly afterwards the gentleman called upon him again, bewailing the loss of it; he asked the young assistant if he would favour him by writing out what he could remember of the work.

'I will do so,' was the answer; 'return, sir, in a few days.'

When the owner of the manuscript came again, he found that Antonio had written the whole of it out word for word.

As years went by the young bookworm's fortunes improved, and finally he attained to the high position of Court librarian. By this time he had a house of his own, and he had to leave this in order to reside in the palace. But after a very short stay he was back again in his own nest; he could not bear to be parted from his own stacks of books.

The Grand Duke laughed when he heard that his librarian had slipped away. He was proud of Annonio's learning, and so he allowed him to keep the pots, and lived where he liked.

One day the Grand Duke asked him whether it would be possible to procure a certain rare book. Quick as thought the reply came: 'No, your Highness; for there is only one copy in the world, and that is in the Court library at Constantinople. It is the seventh book on the second shelf on the right hand as you go in.'

Antonio lived to be eighty; no one could say that he cared either for comfort or good living, since an old straw chair served him for seat and for bed, and his food was chiefly hard-boiled eggs and water. He ate when it occurred to him that he was hungry, and slept in his chair when he could no longer keep awake.

This extraordinary man wrote nothing; but he was a living dictionary, and quite willing to give any one who wanted help the benefit of his knowledge. It seemed as if he never forgot anything he had ever read, or the very page on which a certain paragraph might be found; and, although his books filled every room in his house, he knew exactly where each one was. This library, a valuable one of thirty thousand volumes, he bequeathed to his native city, and so the name of the seventeenth-century lad, who began life in a fruit-shop, is still preserved in the Florence where he lived and died among his spiders!

S. Braine.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MANOR.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 371.)

'I CAN begin to see the reason for that letter I told you about,' said Reggie, when, having once more reached their own room, the two boys were undressing for the second time that night.

'Can you? What is it?' asked Dick.

'Well, you see, this fellow, whoever he may be, got to know that Martin Allardyce had an invention of a rather valuable sort hidden up somewhere in this old house. He naturally thought that if the place was untenanted it would be a simple matter to get hold of it. When he heard the house was let I expect he was in an awful rage, and hit on that means of frightening Father away—only it didn't act.'

'That may be the reason,' agreed Dick. 'It seems as if Clegg is a friend of his, for it is clear that he is helping him.'

'And I expect he is getting jolly well paid for it, too,' said Reggie. 'Of course, he may have an interest in it, but I hardly think that it is likely. But, even if we settle that problem, there is still that girl. She is a mystery, if you like! I am certain that her initials are "J. A.," and that Mrs. Thompson does not mean us to know anything about it. But why not?—that's the question.'

There was much to keep the boys awake that night, or rather morning. So many things had occurred since their coming to the Manor, only a few days ago, and now it seemed as though the mystery, instead of becoming clear, was growing still darker. Even supposing that they found this man who was trying to get at the late owner's secret, there was still the little girl about whom they could discover nothing.

As a result of their adventures, both of the boys slept till late in the morning.

Reggie and Dick had decided to say nothing of what they had heard and seen in the night, for the news would only serve to alarm the girls needlessly, and the boys determined to go on just as though nothing out of the common had happened.

This was not so difficult as they had at first thought it would be, for the simple reason that nothing at all extraordinary did occur for some days. They were out of doors most of the time each day, for the weather had improved, and was now beautifully fine and dry. There was pretty country sur-

rounding the Manor, and there was also the shore to claim a good deal of their time and attention.

At last, on the Friday, Martha said that she and Mrs. Thompson were going to a neighbouring town for the day, as they both had some shopping to do, and they offered to take the two girls with them.

Muriel and Nora were delighted with this invitation, and the boys were equally well pleased to have a day to themselves at home. Although nothing further had occurred to arouse their suspicions, still they did not forget that there was much that they would like to have explained, and whilst Dick was particularly anxious to explore the passage or room that could be entered by means of that door in the library, Reggie was equally eager to sail or row round the rocky cliffs and see whether there were in truth any caves in the cliffs upon which the Manor House was built. Since they each wanted a different thing, the boys decided that the only fair way to settle the question would be to toss up for it.

This was done as soon as the two girls, with Martha and Mrs. Thompson, had been seen off at the station for their day's outing.

Dick lost, and Reggie, greatly elated to think that his plan was the one that was to be tried, said that he knew of a rowing-boat that they could go in, and added that as the sea was as smooth as a pond, there could not be the least danger. 'I can row all right,' he said. 'We can both swim, and really I suppose it might be possible to swim round there, only perhaps the currents would be awkward. At any rate we need not try that, seeing that there is the old boat down there. I don't know whose it is, but it has been there for some days now. We shall only borrow it for a little while. You can steer, and if I need any help with the oars you can give it, can't you?'

'Oh, yes, I can row a bit,' answered Dick. He did not feel so keen on exploring caves as Reggie, but all the same the adventure appealed to him, and he was eager to make a start.

They returned to the house before setting out, to provide themselves with some food, matches, and one or two other things that they might need; and then, telling Maggie that they would not be in for any dinner, they went at once to the shore.

Here they found the boat lying. The two boys launched her, and sprang in. The sea was certainly rather like a pond, and it was not at all a difficult matter even for two inexperienced oarsmen like Dick and Reggie to make good progress towards their destination.

They rounded the cliffs, standing a good way out to sea, for fear of the currents round the rocks. As soon as they were round the bend, Dick cried out in excitement, 'You are right, Reg, there are caves. Look!'

Reggie looked, and promptly caught a crab. When he had righted himself he said, 'This is something like. Turn her round, Dick. We are going to land. Why, it is quite a little bay now that the tide is out. I suppose at high tide the water is right inside the caves, though.'

The direction of the boat was altered, and it was rapidly rowed towards the sandy shore at the foot of the cliffs. The boys could see in front of them the dark entrance to a cave, or caves, and their excitement increased with every stroke of the oars. The caves might run under the Manor itself. Certainly it looked as if they were at last going to discover something!

CHAPTER X.

Reggie and Dick rowed steadily towards the sandy shore, and in a short time they were close enough to see that there was indeed a cave under the cliffs, and that it was a large one. A few minutes more of rowing brought them near enough to make a landing, and, springing out of the boat, the two boys pulled her up, high and dry, to the mouth of the cave.

'Now, supposing that there is some one inside?' suggested Dick at this moment.

'Bosh—there isn't!' said Reggie, stoutly.

'How can you be sure of that?'

'Well, if there was any one here they would have left a boat at the entrance to the cave, wouldn't they? And there is no boat, nor any sign of one; so that there can't be any one here.'

Dick did not reply to this argument, for he had something better to do at that moment in examining the entrance of the cave, and in calling Reggie's attention to a dark stain on the rocky walls, almost on a level with his head.

'See this,' he said. 'It looks as though the water reached up as far as this at high tide. That means that the opening to the cave is almost hidden, and also that the water must come inside for a considerable distance—that is, unless the floor of the cave rises pretty much. Come along, we must explore.'

The two boys were both eager to see the interior of the cave, and they only waited to make sure that their boat was in a place of safety, and that both the oars were shipped, before setting off.

'We shall be back here before the tide is high again,' said Reggie. 'Of course, if we were not the boat would be afloat, and go off without us; but it hasn't turned yet, and then it will be ages before it is right up here.'

There certainly seemed little reason to be nervous about the safety of the boat. They had drawn it well into the cave, and it was now many yards from the water. The tide was still going out, and even after it had turned it would take some hours to reach the boat.

'Suppose that some one was to come here, though? They would see the boat, and that there was some one in the cave,' suggested Dick, when the two had turned their backs on the cave entrance, and were setting out on their exploration.

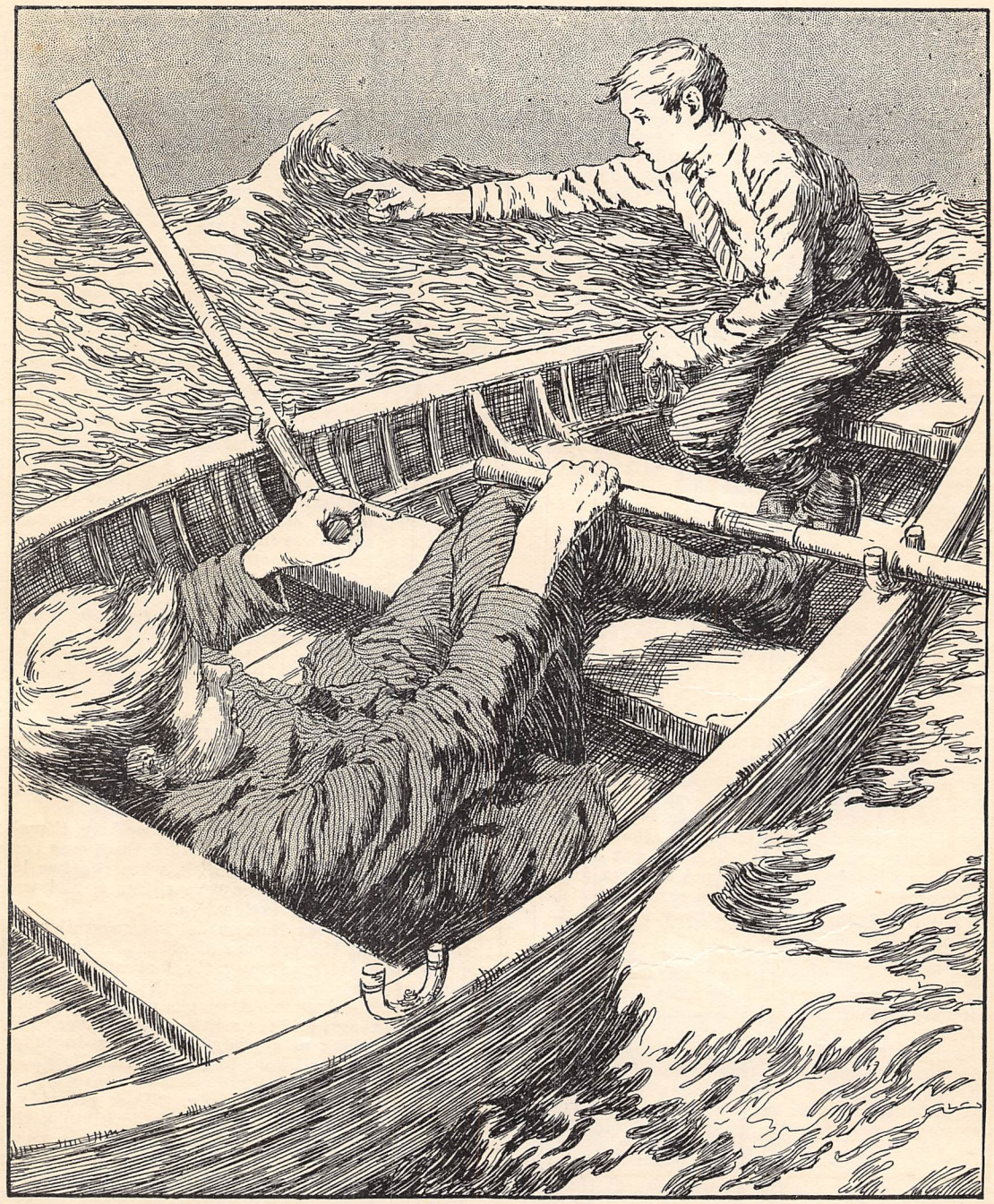
Reggie paused as Dick made this suggestion. It was true that the presence of a boat in the mouth of the cave did give away the fact of their being there, and this was something that they did not wish should be known. A boat is not an easy thing to hide, however, and for a little time neither of the boys could think of anyway out of this difficulty.

'I think we shall have to risk it,' said Reggie, at last.

'I don't,' said Dick, in reply. 'Look there.'

As he uttered these words, he pointed to a tiny speck, just visible away on the horizon. It was a boat of some sort, and unless the boy was mistaken, it was headed straight for the cave. Of course it might all be a mistake, but Dick's sight was unusually good, and he was quite sure that he was not wrong this time.

(Continued on page 386.)



"Reggie promptly caught a crab."

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"The two cousins got the boat out of the cave once more."

THE MYSTERY OF THE MANOR.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 383.)

'SOME one is coming here,' said Dick. 'We have got to hide the boat, and ourselves too, for the matter of that, unless we want to be discovered. If it should happen that Clegg's friend is coming here in that boat, we had much better not be seen. He might prove unpleasant to meet in a spot like this, and even if he was not, we should stand no chance at all of getting at the reason for his coming here, which is what we really want to find out. You remember that signalling that we saw. I think it proves that this fellow, whoever he may be, is often on the sea. Perhaps he lives at one of the villages along the coast, and comes by boat in order that he may not be noticed. Let's get to work.'

As he spoke, Dick went once more towards their boat, looking carefully about as he did so, to see if there was any possible hiding-place where it might be put for the time being.

But though both of the boys searched the entrance of the cave thoroughly, they could discover no corner in which they might leave their boat hidden, and Reggie was just saying that they would have to leave it where it was, when Dick, who had ventured outside the cave, came back to say that round the bend there was a second cave, very small it is true, but large enough to hold the boat.

Reggie eagerly accompanied him round the bend of the cliff, and discovered that there was in truth a second cave, small, but large enough for the boat, where they might leave it

'Come on, let's be quick!' said Dick, urgently, for that speck, far out at sea, which they took to be an approaching boat, was getting steadily nearer. Together the two cousins got the boat out of the cave once more, and pulling it round the bend of the cliff, drew it into the second cave.

'That's A 1,' said Dick. 'I'm jolly glad that I chanced to look round here. But come on. We have to hide now, and I don't know yet where. The only comfort is that it is rather dark if you go into the cave far enough, and that there ought to be a corner somewhere where we can crouch down and be safe.'

'Well, we will see if there is,' said Reggie, and together they once again entered the large cave.

The opening was eight feet or so in height, and the breadth was at least ten feet. The floor of smooth sand sloped gradually upwards, and the cave, for a time at least, did not become any narrower.

'We could keep close to the walls, and not be seen, I should think,' said Reggie, and to this Dick agreed.

'The only trouble would be if they chanced to have lanterns with them,' he said. 'You can never be sure where the light from a lantern is going to fall, and it might be decidedly unpleasant if we were spotted. I hope that there will be a little nook into which we can squeeze. Only I hope that we shall not be too far off to hear what is said if any one does come in here.'

Reggie laughed. 'You are making jolly sure that there are going to be two or three of them,' he said. 'Supposing there is only one man—that chap we saw in the library last Sunday night?'

'Oh, well, we shall have to wait and see,' answered Dick, and then there was silence for a little while.

By this time the two boys were some distance from the opening of the cave. They could see it still, but they had lost sight of the boat that had seemed to be approaching it, and they did not know now whether it was indeed coming nearer, or whether it had altered its course and gone away in some other direction.

This state of uncertainty was put an end to all at once by Reggie, who had chanced to turn round. They were now many yards from the cave-mouth, but he saw that there was something dark showing on the patch of sea that was visible to them, and this something was without doubt the very boat which they had seen so far out to sea.

'Look, Dick! You were right,' he said, touching his cousin's arm.

Dick turned, and the sight that met his eyes cause him to give a low whistle. 'They have made good time,' he said. 'There must be several of them—or at least two. One would not have covered that distance in this short time. We haven't found a hiding-place yet. Come on.'

The two adventurers walked on at this. They were now far beyond the high-tide mark on the sandy floor of the cave. The rocky walls were smooth, and at last the boys came to a spot where the cave branched—two tunnels leading away in opposite directions. It had been growing narrower for some distance, and now this appeared to be the end of the cave itself, for neither of these tunnels was more than four feet in width.

'The very thing!' exclaimed Dick. 'We can get into one of these, and be safely hidden from sight.'

'That may be, if we know which one to get into,' said Reggie. 'Supposing that we get into the one that they are coming along, though. What then?'

This was certainly a difficult question to answer, and Dick was at a loss for a reply to it. Of course what Reggie suggested might very easily happen, and if they were in the narrow passage, and the other visitors to the cave happened to wish to pass along it, they would be sure to be discovered.

'Well, the only thing for us to do is to wait out here, somewhere, and to hope that we are not seen,' said Dick, after a little pause, and to this Reggie agreed.

'It is a lot better than getting cooped up there, where we should be caught like rats in a trap,' he said, and with this they went back a little distance towards the entrance to the cave, in order to reach the wider part, where the danger of detection would be smaller.

They got near enough to see that the boat had been drawn up on the sand in the entrance to the cave, and that there were two men standing a little distance away from it, evidently talking, although the boys were too far off to hear what was being said.

'I hope they will not stand there to do all their gassing,' grumbled Dick, who was hot upon the scent of the mystery, and was ready to believe that some dreadful plot was being hatched down there in the cave's mouth.

'I say, what a sell it would be if they turned out to be nothing more than two fishermen,' said Reggie, who had an eye for the funny side of things, and was quite well able to see that they might be making a mistake in this matter.

'Oh, well, that's all in the day's work,' said Dick,

who had little doubt that Reggie would prove to be wrong in his suggestion.

To the satisfaction of both the boys, the two men did not stay in that place for long. They began to walk into the cave slowly, as though they were still talking, and as they drew nearer their voices became plainly audible, and Reggie affirmed that one of the men was certainly the same whom they had seen in the library.

Reggie was more concerned with their own safety. He drew Dick back closer to the wall, urging him in a whisper not to move or make any sound.

They were so near now that the listening boys could almost make out the words that were spoken. They strained their ears to hear, and at last the words, 'boys—home—prying—till night,' came to them.

Reggie laid a hand on Dick's arm to prevent him from leaning forward in his eagerness to hear what was said, and as he did so he felt his cousin's body seized with some violent convulsion. The next instant a badly suppressed sneeze sent strange sounds echoing through the cave.

CHAPTER XI.

At the sound of Dick's sneeze both of the men turned sharply, and peered in the direction whence the noise had come. The boys held their breath, and wondered what would happen next. There was no way for them to escape, and there was no telling how soon one or other of the two men might light a lantern, and thereby show where they were standing. Dick's heart was beating wildly, and he was for once quite taken aback, and in danger of losing his wits altogether.

Reggie was the calm one now that real danger threatened. He laid a hand on the other's sleeve, and said in a low whisper, 'This way.'

The men had not moved. They still stood where they had been when Dick sneezed, at a distance of about eighteen yards from the boys, nearer the cave entrance. Now Dick understood what Reggie intended doing. He saw, or rather felt, for it was too dark to see, that his cousin was creeping slowly along against the wall of the cave, further and further into the cave, and away from the men. Dick imitated the movement, and in this way the two boys put a considerable distance between themselves and the other occupants of the cave.

'What was that?' they heard one of the two men ask, but the reply did not reach them, for by the time that it was made they were out of earshot.

'Keep on a little longer; then, if they light a lantern, they won't be so likely to spot us,' whispered Reggie.

The boys were now close to the place where the cave proper ended, and the two passages began. Here they paused, for the same difficulty met them now as on their first coming to this spot. Which passage was the right one to take? They did not know which of the two the men might chance to enter later on. Nor did they know what lay at the other end of either passage, and so it was impossible for them to escape in this way. The only thing that they could do for the present was to wait patiently. They settled down on the floor of the cave close against the wall, and watched the two dark objects.

Suddenly Dick laid a hand on Reggie's arm. 'Look!' he said.

Reggie looked, and he saw that a light had been got, and that there was a search going on down there where they had been standing a few minutes before. 'That's rather awkward,' he said. 'If they come up here it will be all up with us, I'm afraid. Perhaps they won't do that, though. The funny thing about that sneeze of yours was that it might have come from any part of the cave. The sound seemed to hit the walls all round, and then it was thrown back. Their guilty consciences should make them nervous. They might even think it was Martin Allardyce's ghost come to visit them.'

Lower down in the cave, the two men were walking hither and thither searching for something, and the boys watched their movements eagerly enough, fearing that in time they would come higher up into the cave, and thus discover them.

But after a little while, and when Reggie and Dick were both considering the wisdom of getting into one of the narrow passages to explore it, they had the joy of seeing the two settle down as if for a talk. The lantern was put out, and although nothing reached the boys, they were certain that a long talk was going on.

It was rather weary work sitting there waiting and watching, and yet unable to hear anything that was said. Reggie yawned from time to time, and Dick more than once said that they might just as well be exploring those passages. And so indeed they might, had it not been for the fact that they could not tell how long the men would remain where they were then.

After a time the boys took out the provisions that they had brought with them, and Dick remarked that it must be getting rather late. 'I haven't the least idea what the time is,' he said. 'The only thing I do know is that I am jolly hungry, and we have been in this cave a long time. It was almost twelve o'clock when we got here. I hope these two chaps won't stop much longer.'

The boys made a good meal, and then, as there was nothing else to be done, they settled down to watch again. Dick suggested that he might as well go up one of the passages and see the time. He could strike a match there. But at first Reggie did not fall in with this suggestion. 'Wait a bit. They can't be going to stay there all day,' he said.

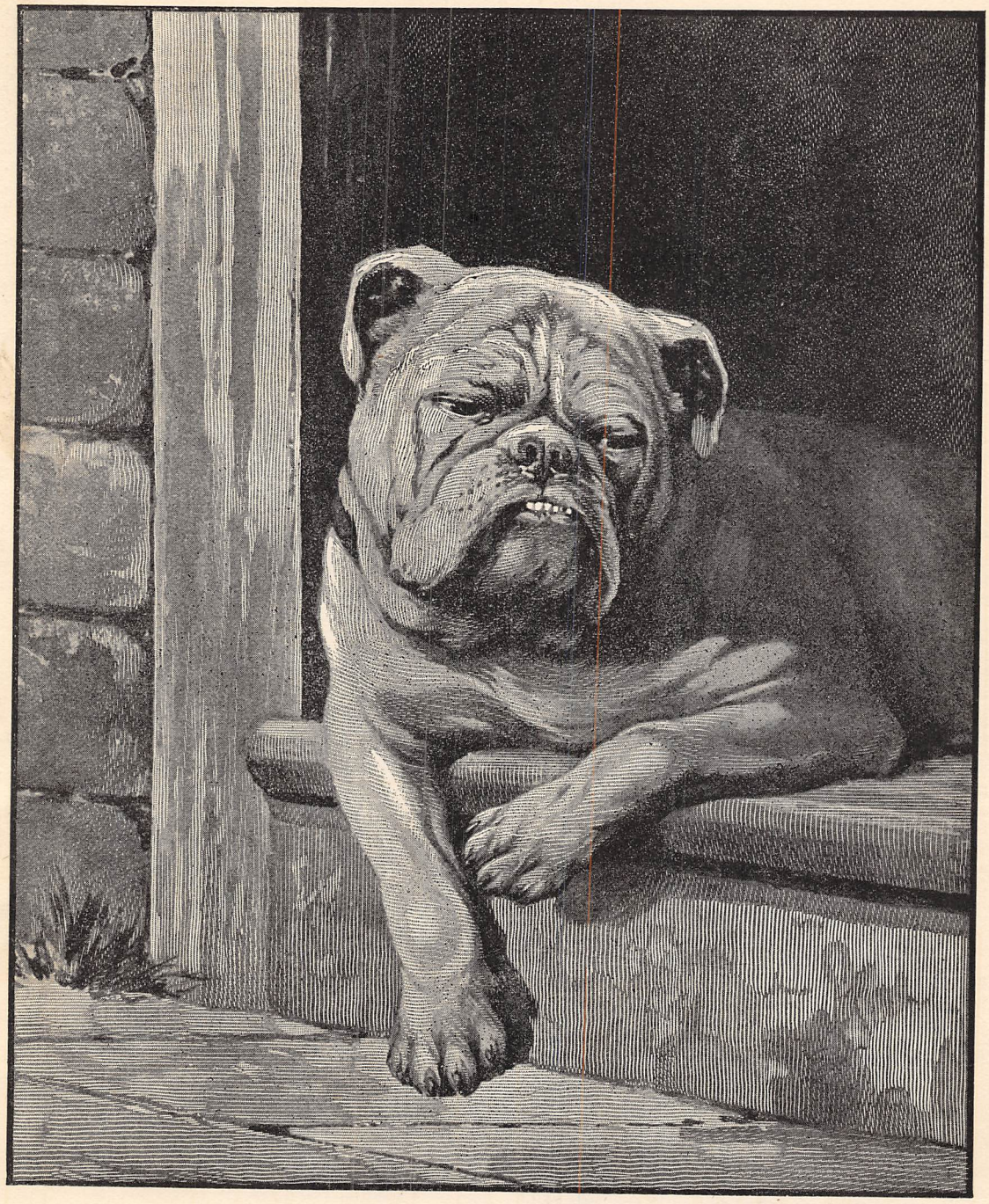
'Well, I will wait a little longer; but then if they are still there I'm going—we can't wait here for ever,' said Dick, who was by nature rather impatient, and disliked being kept waiting for anything.

(Continued on page 394.)

MY BULLDOG.

RETRIEVERS are clever, and spaniels are fine,
And a dainty and curled
Little lapdog is sweet:
Pomeranians are neat,
But no dog in the world
Can compare with that jolly old bulldog of mine.

It isn't his beauty, though that I'll defend
As long as you like.
Is he stiff in the joints?
Why, that's one of the points
Of this jolly old tyke,
My kindly companion and faithfullest friend.



"He's handy to frighten the burglars."

His nose may be snub, and his jaw underhung,
His legs may be bandy,
And bloodshot his eyes—
But look at his size!
I can tell you he's handy
To frighten the burglars, although he's so young!

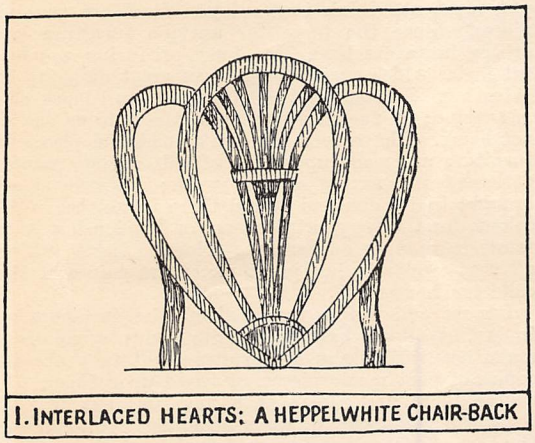
Yes, collies are handsome, and terriers smart;
Oh, all dogs are dears,
Without doubt, I agree:
But the best dog for me,
Though you argue for years,
Is this jolly old bulldog, the friend of my heart!

E. L. D.

THE ROMANCE OF OLD FURNITURE.

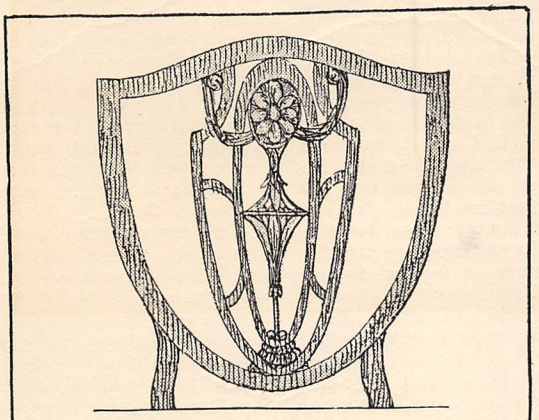
XII.—Heppelwhite.

THERE is one more eminent cabinet-maker whose work comes under the heading of 'old furniture,' and that is George Heppelwhite, of Cripplegate, London. He carried on his trade as a cabinet-maker between the years 1780-1792; we do not know much about his private life, or history, but we do know

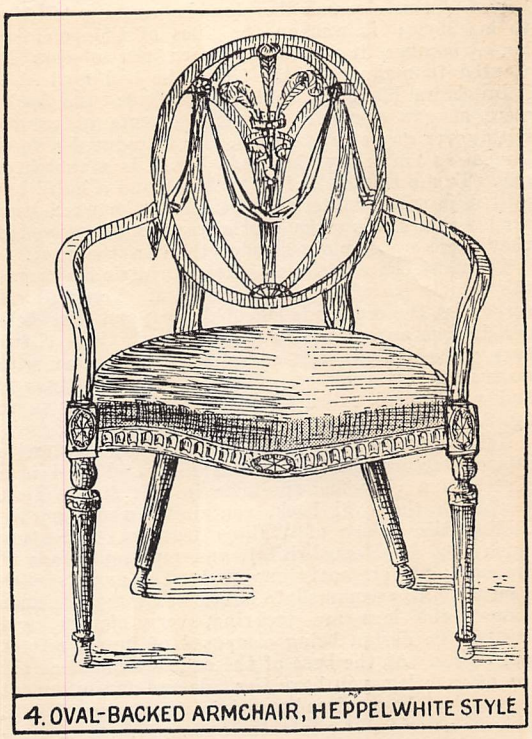


1. INTERLACED HEARTS: A HEPPELWHITE CHAIR-BACK

that he developed a very decided style of his own, which is now fully recognised and sought after. He seems to have studied the works of Chippendale, Sheraton, and Adam, and then, taking into consideration the fashions of dress in his time (that is, especially, the huge hoops of the ladies), he evolved his

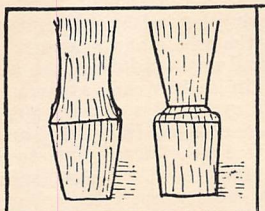


2. HEPPELWHITE SHIELD-SHAPED CHAIR-BACK.

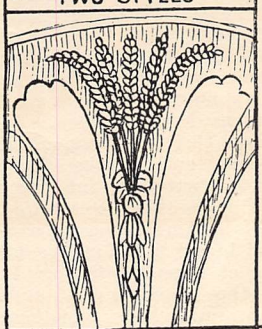


4. OVAL-BACKED ARMCHAIR, HEPPELWHITE STYLE

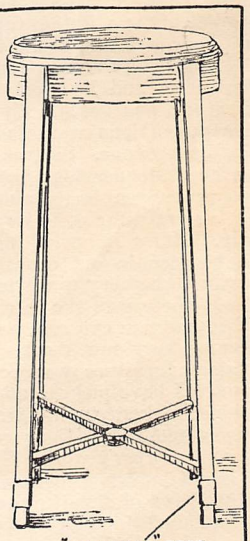
style, which has much of the grace of his brother cabinet-makers' work, combined with the light French style of the day, which was being cultivated and encouraged by the upper classes in England.



3. "COLLARED" CHAIR-FEET TWO STYLES



5. WHEAT-EAR ORNAMENT



6. OVAL TABLE HEPPELWHITE STYLE

Like Chippendale and Sheraton, he wrote a 'Guide' to his style; it was on the lines of Chippendale's book, because it contained more the objects he wanted to make than the things he had made.

In chairs his style is most marked; the backs were always composed of arrangements of curves, with never any straight lines. He introduced a form known as 'interlaced hearts.' Fig. 1 is a sketch of one. To me this looks like 'a heart and a half,' but still it is called 'interlaced hearts.' The wood used for his chairs was often (not always) mahogany, but they were much more slender than in the past.

The most characteristic of Heppelwhite's backs was the 'shield back,' as shown in fig. 2. You will observe that the outline is shield-shaped, and that slender designs are contained within. Both these chairs have quite straight legs, and stretchers—I mean with no carving to speak of. They tapered slightly, and had what were called 'collared feet,' as shown in fig. 3.

Next came an oval outline for a chair-back, with internal decorations of various kinds. Fig. 4 is a sketch of a very fine specimen in this style. Here you have the oval back, containing a design, including the Prince of Wales's feathers (a feature much used by Heppelwhite), and representations of drapery most elegantly executed. The arms stretch open wide, to accommodate ladies wearing those huge hoops; the legs are tapering, very slender, and dainty, the design being composed of flutes, scrolls, and leaves. At the base of the oval back, and at the top of each leg, you have the enlarged fan ornament of which I have already spoken (see pages 372-3). This is a decidedly comfortable chair; most of Heppelwhite's furniture aimed at comfort.

A very favourite ornament used frequently by Heppelwhite was a group of wheat-ears, either painted or carved. Fig. 5 is a sketch from a chair-back showing the kind of thing. A very dainty leg introduced by Heppelwhite, and appearing in some of his more elaborate pieces, is the 'ribbon-twisted leg.' This is a fluted, tapering leg, with, apparently, a ribbon twisting round it the whole of its length.

Heppelwhite also introduced much painting into his furniture, and he worked in satin-wood, sycamore, chestnut, and beech. Little oval tables of very slender proportions were fashionable at this time, and fig. 6 shows one. Settees were upholstered, but stood on such slender legs that they hardly looked safe. Corner cupboards for china came much into fashion, as the craze for collecting china was developing rapidly. Many Heppelwhite corner cupboards are still to be seen in old country houses. Bookcases, too, began to be very much in request; the chief feature about these was the intricate designs of the glazing. Of course you can easily recognise that the styles all became very much mixed up now, because a great deal of furniture was being made everywhere. Although I have picked out these three most important cabinet-makers to illustrate my articles, there were plenty more, and they were all naturally influenced by one another's work. So much is this the case that it is not known who were the makers of many beautiful pieces of furniture, and in our museums we see them labelled, 'In the style of Heppelwhite,' or 'In the style of Chippendale'—thus showing that even the greatest experts cannot trace the history of these pieces.

Now I must bring my series to a close. I have tried to interest you a little in the chief styles of furniture of all ages. When you have the chance, I hope you will go to the Victoria and Albert Museum, at South Kensington, and spend a little time in the wonderful galleries of furniture there. There you can start in a room containing the most ancient oak, and pass on from room to room, each one containing the styles, in order, of which I have told you.

Then I should like you to go round the rooms devoted to foreign furniture, and there you will recognise the styles which often gave rise to our changes. The whole collection is wonderful, and I have spent many hours among these galleries, sketching them. I have often thought, as I sat there drawing, how surprised the makers of all these pieces of furniture would be to see their handiwork cared for and treasured as it is in our museums,

Now the details I have given you will enable you to recognise the period represented, but of course you must not think that all you meet are genuine pieces. Since the taste for antique furniture has arisen, imitators have been busy producing wonderful copies which even experts have great difficulty in detecting. So you must not think that all black oak is antique; in fact, very much of the antique oak is not black. I have been told that wonderful pieces of furniture are made up partly of old carving (panels perhaps) and partly of new work; then it is all brought to London and stored there to get the right colour, for the foggy atmosphere of London has been found to produce an 'antique colour.' Fancy taking all that trouble! But great prices are gained if the collector is deceived.

I must add a few words about the furniture of to-day. Well, we have no definite style; great firms make beautiful pieces of furniture, but they are all copies of past masterpieces, or based upon them. Of course there are efforts at a new art, but few of these are yet really worth mentioning; you can see the best new work and the old models at the Geffrye Museum, in Shoreditch, which is used by and for the London County Council Craft Schools. No, there is little style now—the wisest of us borrow from the past. There is hope that this taste for the antique may bring a revival of beauty in furniture, but it is to be feared the desire for cheap things will be against such a revival. All the romance has gone from the subject: the human element has almost gone; nearly everything is now made by machinery, and thus nearly all individuality has disappeared.

Before closing I want to ask you to now look back at my first articles on Egyptian, Greek, and Roman furniture, for you will recognise that a sort of cycle has been completed. You will see that inlay was done then, chairs were much the same in structure then as now, and the idea of animals' hoofs as feet of chairs was not the original idea of those who first made the claw-and-ball feet.

As a last word I would urge all my readers always to respect the antiquity of an object, even though it does not appeal to your sense of what is beautiful. Remember that the man who made that object no doubt put into it the best design and work of which he was capable, and for that reason alone he commands respect. To me this romance always clings to an antique object, whatever it be, and for that reason alone I touch and care for it with reverence. It is a human being's thought put into a visible form.

E. M. Barlow.

A FABLE.

From the French of Victor Hugo.

THE little Stream fell from the rock
Into the mighty, surging sea;
The Ocean said: 'O little Stream!
Whatever do you want with me?

'So big, so strong, so deep, am I!
You are so very, very small!
I do not see how you can be
Of any worth or use at all.'

The Streamlet to the Sea replied:
'One use I have, I dare to think;
For I can give what you have not—
A drop of water sweet to drink.'

E. Dyke.

THE OLDEST STORY.

THE oldest work of fiction in existence—so far as is known—is 'The Tale of Two Brothers,' written 3200 years ago by a Theban scribe, librarian of the palace of King Menepthah, who is supposed to be the Pharaoh of the Exodus. It seems to have been written for the entertainment of the Crown Prince, who afterwards reigned as Seti II. His name appears on the manuscript in two places, and probably these are the only autograph signatures of an Egyptian king remaining in the world. The story is written in a bold hand on nineteen sheets of papyrus. It was bought in Italy by Madame d'Orbiney, who, in 1857, sold it to the authorities of the British Museum. Hence it is now known as the 'd'Orbiney papyrus.'

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

Answer to Literary Acrostic on Page 359.

Cowper.

1. C rabbe.
2. O liphant (Mrs.)
3. W hite (Gilbert).
4. P epys.
5. E merson.
6. R uskin.

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 378.)

MARY scrambled to her feet as she spoke. She stood on the back of Ganesh, one hand on each of Tarm's shoulders, that thus she might steady herself; and she called across that silent valley, which was so still it seemed that every bush and tree, as well as every living creature within it, listened to Mary's voice. 'Chotun!' she called, and then again 'Chotun!'

And, as she called, something flung itself against the line of tuskers from the rear; to right and left they parted, bewildered, amazed. And through the gap came Moti hurrying, and on Moti's neck sat Chotun, and behind Chotun a strange Englishman whom the children did not know. Straight towards Ganesh came Moti; then halted in sudden fright. And Chotun stared and gaped, as had the men of the kheddah before him, unable also to believe the evidence of his eyes. Could these, indeed, be the children of his master? It was surely Mary's voice that he had heard—Mary's voice to which he had answered so promptly: yet now Chotun was almost afraid.

'Chotun!' called Mary. 'It is really us. Explain to every one, Chotun, that it is only us.'

But before Chotun could answer, a new difficulty arose. Moti began to back away from the near neighborhood of the fighting elephant of the kheddah, from that of Ganesh. This was no fit place, she felt, for a lady of a peaceful mind. She backed and squealed, and would not go forward, though Chotun, very angry, hit her with his iron goad. She knew better than he did, she tried to tell him plainly.

'Come down from thine elephant, honoured one,' Chotun called, not quite certain if it were indeed Mary who spoke to him, or some forest spirit tricked out in her likeness. He turned angrily on the mahout of Bira Guj next. 'Take thy beast away,' Chotun ordered. 'Make place for the children of my master.'

And slowly Bira Guj moved his great bulk aside, and Mary and John, Tarm, Buddha, and Arnold slipped from the back of Ganesh, and walked towards Moti. They stood in a semi-circle, looking up at Chotun and at the Englishman who sat on Moti's back. And, behind, at a little distance, Ganesh waited. He believed now that the enemy's champion was afraid to face him, and in his scorn and triumph he was ready to fight the line of tuskers, one by one.

'It is indeed the children,' said Chotun, as he searched the upturned faces.

'Where do you come from?' he questioned. 'How is it that you ride thus on the back of a wild elephant—a creature wholly untamed?'

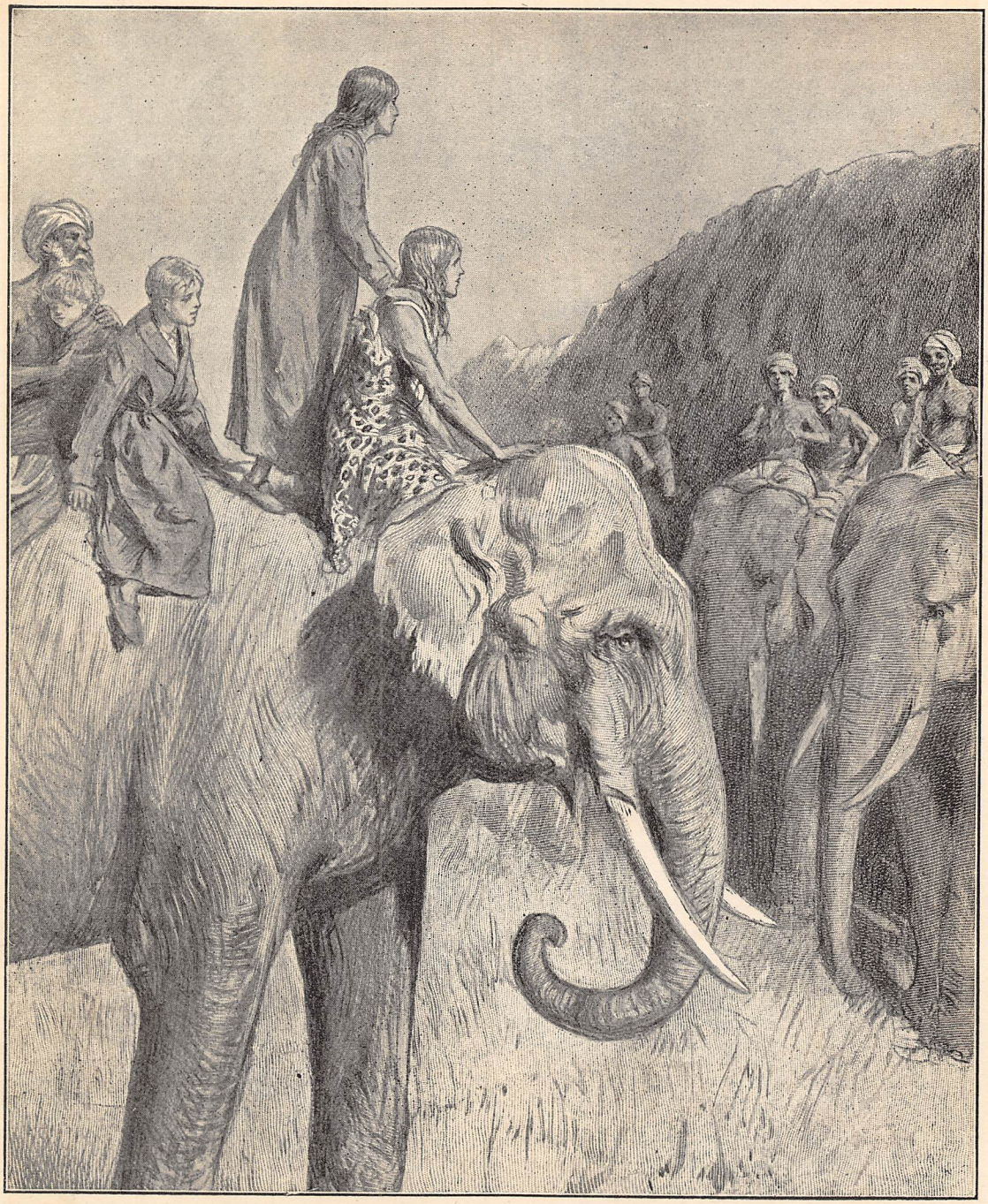
'It is his elephant,' said John, pointing to Tarm. And the Englishman, completely bewildered, looked at Tarm, with his yellow hair and his leopard-skins, and next he looked at Buddha carrying Arnold. And, all at once, Chotun burst into a loud laugh.

'John Sahib, John Sahib,' he said, 'this is thy doing, I am certain of it.' And he began to explain to the Englishman: 'They are indeed the children of my master,' he said, 'he who has gone across the black water. And the boy, as is the way of boys, is ever seeking some new and dangerous thing with which he may meddle. This time he has sought and found it in the forest: a wild white man and a wild elephant. His sister follows him always. But for what reason they have brought with them the baby and that old priest, I know not.'

And now a new voice joined in the conversation. 'What is this?' it questioned. 'What marvel have we here?'

And Mary and John looked round, to see a very fine elephant, painted gaily with patterns in red and blue and gold on its head and neck. On its back was a seat upholstered in velvet, and on the seat was a man, very stout and very grandly dressed. His coat was of blue silk, his turban of the finest muslin, and round his neck was a chain of uncut emeralds, so big that they scarcely seemed real. The colour of his skin was a pale brown, almost the colour of corn. His hair and eyes were black.

(Continued on page 399.)



"Mary scrambled to her feet, and stood on the back of Ganesh."

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"What are *You* doing for your Country?"

SILVER AND GOLD.

WHEN I look from out my window at the breaking of the day
The sun bids me good morning from the hill-tops far away;
I see the wakening flowers, petals decked with dew-drops bright,
Or maybe wet with summer rain that's fallen in the night.

Above the meadows fairies a silver mist have hung,
But the morning breeze comes merrily, and lo! the mist is gone:
Yes, all is silver, silver at the breaking of the day,
When I look from out my window to the hill-tops far away.

When I look from out my window when the day is growing old,
The sun smiles down in splendour from his bed of red and gold.
The flowers are nodding drowsily; the breezes, once so gay,
Scarce stir the leaves of the forest as they whisper on their way.

The sun on the river's surface is mirrored in ripples so bright
That the whole of the shadowed valley seems flooded with golden light.
Yes, all is golden, golden, while the great sun veils his sight,
And sinking to rest, leaves me alone with the stars above, and night.

Sylvia Burbridge.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MANOR.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 387.)

THE minutes dragged slowly by. Reggie wondered once or twice how their boat was faring, and whether the men had seen it, but he kept these thoughts to himself. The tide had turned by this time, and it was perhaps up to the mouth of the cave by now. The thought that they might not be able to get out to their boat came to Reggie more than once, but he put the troublesome idea aside, and determined not to worry about things until he was obliged.

'I'm going. It won't matter, for I shall not be more than a minute,' whispered Dick at last. His patience had been quite exhausted with the long waiting, and Reggie did not try to prevent him from carrying out his plan this time. 'I'll give the alarm if they seem inclined to come this way,' he said, and with this Dick went off, entering the passage that appeared to lead away to the right.

It seemed a long time to Reggie before he heard Dick's returning footsteps. The two men had not moved yet, and it was clear that they were waiting for something, or else that they had a great deal to arrange between themselves.

Dick sank down on the sand beside Reggie. 'Guess what the time is,' he said.

Reggie thought for a moment. 'Nearly three o'clock?' he hazarded.

'Wrong!' answered the other. 'It's half-past three. I should never have guessed that it was so late. What an age those two must have been here! Are they ever going?'

'I suppose they will go—I hope so,' said Reggie. 'If they are waiting for some one, or if they are going to stop till it is dark, it will be jolly awkward for us.'

'I have just been thinking——' began Dick, slowly, and then he paused.

'What?' asked his cousin.

'Well, I didn't want to worry you, but it has come into my mind that the tide must be pretty far in by now, and that we shall not be able to get the boat,' began Dick.

Reggie laughed softly. 'Have you just thought of that? My dear chap, the same thing occurred to me ages ago, only then it was too soon to worry about it. Now, of course, it is another matter. The water ought to be close up to the cave-mouth by this, but if those two clear off soon, it will be all right. We can wade, or if the worst comes, we could swim round the bend to that other cave, so as to get the boat. But look——' he broke off suddenly and pointed, although in the darkness of the cave Dick could not see his movement.

'Why, yes, they are getting up at last,' said Dick, in reply. 'Well, I should think that they would want to move if they are anything like as stiff with sitting still as we are. Ah, yes, they are going towards the sea! Perhaps they are going to get their boat. Hurrah, if they are! I only wish we knew what they have been talking about all this time.'

Eagerly the boys watched the movements of the men, who went down to the mouth of the cave, and then, returning to where their boat lay, started to drag it down to the water's edge. Reggie suggested that they should go a little nearer, and accordingly they made their way slowly towards the entrance to the cave, being careful to keep close to the wall, so that they should stand less chance of being seen did the men happen to look in that direction.

'That's far enough,' whispered Reggie at last, when only about twenty yards separated them from the men whom they were watching. They could not see who these two were, for their backs were towards the boys, and the light was not at all good. What they did see, however, was that the water was well up to the mouth of the cave, and that the sea, instead of being calm, as it had been on their journey to the cave, was very choppy. A wind had arisen, and clouds were scurrying to and fro across the sky. Altogether the weather did not look at all inviting, and there were more misgivings than ever in Reggie's mind about the wisdom of their enterprise, and the prospect of their safe return to the Manor. He did not mind for himself, but there were the two girls to be thought of—and Dick too. Supposing that they could not get back? He banished this idea once more from his mind, and gave all his attention to watching the movements of the two men.

At last a few words came to them, borne on the wind, which, as it happened, was blowing off the sea.

'Well, it will be all right for to-night, if it doesn't get worse than this.'

'Clegg will give the signal. I arranged that with him. He will be there to get us in——'

Some words were lost here, and the next thing that the boys heard was, 'saw him in Breakwater—yes-

terday—no good at all—girl in the way—give the alarm.'

At this point the boat was pushed out, and the two sprang in and began to row swiftly away from the cave.

'To-night,' said Dick. 'Well, that is something. And Clegg is to give the signal, and the rest of it is all a puzzle to me. What do you make of it?'

'I think we had better not try to make anything of it for the present,' said Reggie. 'The main thing for us is to get out of this place as soon as may be. Let's get the boat now, and then when we get back to the Manor we'll think it all over and see what we can do.'

There was sense in this suggestion, and the two boys made their way without more ado to the mouth of the cave. Here they found to their dismay that the water was quite deep already. They might wade round the bend to the spot where they had left the boat, but it would not be at all easy, and Reggie did not consider it very safe to make the attempt.

'I tell you what we will do,' he said. 'I will swim round there, and you can wait here for me. There is no sense in our both going, for one can bring the boat round easily enough. Here, look after these things.'

With these words he began to take off his clothes, and despite the protests made by Dick, he was soon ready to start.

'I shall not be long,' he said, and with that he waded out into the deep water and then, striking out with bold strokes, was quickly out of sight round the bend of the cliffs.

Dick watched him go with some misgivings. It was a rough sea, and who could tell what dangerous currents there might not be about those rocks? Reggie was a good swimmer, it was true, but all the same the time that Dick spent alone in the cave was not at all pleasant, and he watched eagerly for signs of the other's return with the boat.

After what seemed an hour, but was in reality only about ten minutes, Reggie reappeared, swimming, with no sign of the boat.

Dick waded into the water and helped his cousin to land, and then, when Reggie sank breathless on the sand, he helped him to get dry by rubbing him with the cloth that had held their lunch, and sundry articles of his own clothing that he had taken off for the purpose.

Reggie's face was gloomy, and even before he spoke Dick saw that the news he had to tell was not good.

At last, when he had recovered so far as to be able to speak, Reggie said: 'The boat has gone—there's not a sign of it anywhere.'

'Gone?' echoed Dick in amazement.

'Yes, gone, absolutely gone; and here we are, and here we shall have to stay—unless there is some other way out. What an ass I was to suggest our coming!'

CHAPTER XII.

For a few minutes the two boys were silent with dismay. Reggie finished putting on his clothes, and Dick helped him, without saying anything. Both were thinking rapidly, and both were trying, without much success, to think of a means of getting away from the cave, and safely home to the Manor.

At last Dick spoke. 'What can have happened to the boat?'

'The tide must have reached it and floated it,' returned Reggie. 'We were silly not to see that the water would be in that cave sooner than it was in this one—it is really farther out to sea, you know, only we didn't notice that when we left the boat there. I could not see a sign of it, so I should think that it had been gone some time. There's no telling where it is by now. It is an awful bother. We shall have to pay for it, and though it was neither a large one nor a new one, I guess the owner will not forget to charge a pretty stiff price for it, unless it happens by good luck to get washed up on the shore. But that's not the question we have to settle. We have to find some way out of this, for the tide won't be out till goodness knows when; and, in any case, we shall not be much better off then, for we can't wade ashore. What shall we do?'

Dick was silent for a moment. He was busily fumbling in his pockets, one after the other, and at last he drew out of the lining of his jacket two pieces of candle. 'Here, it's a good thing that I thought to bring these,' he said, showing them to Reggie with some pride. 'Now, the first thing for us to do is to explore those two passages. They must end somewhere, and why should they not take us to the Manor itself, seeing that it is certainly built over this cave?'

'Yes, I had thought of that,' agreed Reggie. 'The only trouble will be to find the way of entering the house—if there is any such way. It is sure to be shut off from this place by a secret door of some kind.'

'Don't let's meet trouble half-way,' said Dick. 'We might be a lot worse off. Even supposing that we canont get out that way, we might be able to swim ashore later on when the tide is out, or we might hail a passing boat. But tunnels first. Oh! what a ripping place this must have been in the old days—a regular smugglers' paradise!'

'Yes, it must have been that,' said Reggie. 'Well, I'm ready when you are. Shall we start?'

The two boys made their way with all speed into the cave. Dick had lit one of his pieces of candle, and now they were able to notice the gradual narrowing of the cave, which came to an end at the point where the two passages branched away—

'Which one?' asked Reggie, as they came to a standstill here.

'Right first,' said Dick, who had taken over the command of the expedition. 'If this end in nothing, we will try the other.'

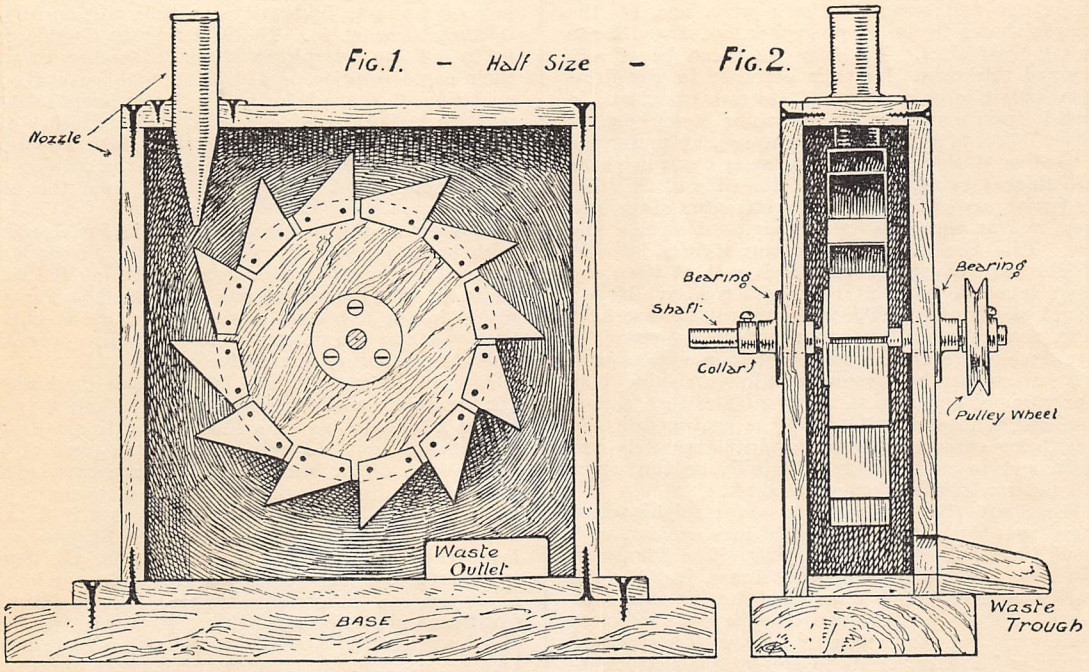
As he spoke, Dick entered the passage, closely followed by his cousin. There was nothing to alarm them in this part of the adventure, for they had seen the two men leave the cave, and from the few words that had reached them it did not seem probable that they would return to that place before nightfall. The passage had many a twist and turn to it, and as they came to each bend in turn, both of the boys wondered what they would see when they rounded it. All that they saw, however, was another stretch of passage.

But there was nothing to be seen on either side of them but the wall of rock, and beneath their feet more rock. Evidently that passage had been cut in the rock at some period, perhaps centuries ago, and

"'I will swim, and you can wait here for me.'"

Dick remarked that it must have been difficult and hard work. All at once the passage came to an end. There was nothing to be seen but the bare wall of rock. There was not the least hint of any sort of door, and the boys, after a careful examination, came to the conclusion that they would have to return to the cave and try the other passage.

(Concluded on page 404.)



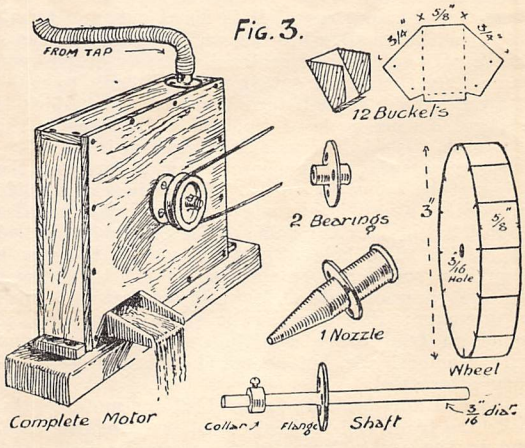
A SIMPLE WATER MOTOR.

PROBABLY the simplest motor we can build is a water motor, and it is quite trustworthy in performing its duty. The little motor boat to be described will be found very useful to drive small mechanical models, of which there are so many in the market just now, such as model lathes, drilling machines, circular saws, &c.; and also those structural models known by such fancy titles as 'Mucano,' 'Kliptiko,' 'Structator;' and so on; in fact, quite a factory of these models may be driven by using a small line of shafting.

To make our motor we must of course exercise a little care and patience; in fact, the more care and exactitude we use the more satisfactory the result, and we shall be amply repaid by the interest and power developed by the little machine.

First of all, let us see how it works. Figs. 1 and 2 are drawn to scale, being half full size, so that the dimensions can be obtained by multiplying the sizes of the illustration by two. Fig. 3 is not drawn to scale, but consists of details with dimensions marked, and an exterior view of the motor. As will be seen from the exterior view of the motor in fig. 3, the water from a tap is conducted by a rubber-pipe to a nozzle on top, through the narrow orifice of which it goes with considerable speed, and striking the buckets attached to the wheel (see fig. 1) causes that to go round with its shaft at a great rate. The water then flows through the opening at the base of the case as the buckets empty themselves, and is carried away by the trough. On the end of the shaft, outside the case (fig. 3), is a small pulley-wheel, which by means of a belt can drive our models. Fig. 1 shows the interior with the front of the case removed. Fig. 2 shows the interior with the right-hand side or end of the case removed.

We will begin the construction by obtaining the materials necessary. The Case is of wood one-quarter inch thick, except the base, which may be five-eighths or three-quarters of an inch thick. For the case, any one of the fret-woods stocked by wood-dealers will be best, as it is already smooth; bass or mahogany is as good as any, being pleasant to work. We shall require two pieces of this, five and one-eight inches by five and three-eight inches for the



back and front; for the sides, top and bottom, four pieces one and one-eighth inch wide, and of the lengths shown in fig. 1 (remember figs. 1 and 2 are exactly half size). The Base piece can be of any size and thickness. Its main object is to give firmness, and it is either screwed down or weighted, to keep it from moving when the motor is working.

The Wheel is a circular wooden disc, by preference of hard wood, three inches in diameter by five-eighths inch thick (see fig. 3). Round the edge of this disc are twelve saw-cuts, each three-sixteenths of an inch deep, and at equal distances apart, cut with a fine saw. This disc had better be turned in a lathe if possible, and a small hole drilled in it at the same time; this hole is to fit the Shaft tightly. If you cannot manage to get the wheel turned, however, get your piece of wood, and with compasses describe a three-inch circle on the face, and then with a narrow saw cut carefully round this line, finishing it as nearly round and smooth as possible with a file or rasp and sandpaper. Next, in the centre, drill the hole, being careful to keep the drill absolutely upright, and to make a straight hole, or the wheel will not run true when on the shaft.

The Shaft (fig. 3) is a piece of straight round brass rod three-sixteenths inch in diameter, and about three-and-a-half inches long. The Flange, a round (or square) piece of sheet brass, just fits the shaft, and has three countersunk holes for screws, as shown. This flange is soldered to the shaft later on. The Collar is a short piece of tube with a screw to keep it in its place, and is to prevent the shaft moving sideways: get a piece about three inches long and file off a piece for the purpose; the remainder will be of use for the Bearings.

The Buckets, of which we shall require twelve, are of thin tin, of the shape shown in fig. 3, and bent at the dotted lines. The buckets have four little holes in each where the dots are for pins to hold them to the wheel disc. Two Bearings will be required, as shown in fig. 3; the flange part of these may be round or square, and has three holes for screws, and about five-eighths inch length of the brass tube soldered in a centre hole; do not, however, solder this at present.

The next thing to prepare is the Nozzle. This is a piece of brass a half-inch in diameter, and two-and-a-quarter inches long. having a portion one inch long shaped like a cone. It is bored out, and terminates in the small orifice shown in fig. 1. It has a flange with screw-holes soldered squarely on. If you cannot get this bored out, it is not difficult to make it from a piece of half-inch brass tube, to which is soldered a cone made of tin, and a flange as in the first case. The thickness at the top rim is not absolutely necessary, its purpose being to prevent the rubber tube being forced off. If the nozzle is made in a lathe, by all means add this rim, but otherwise do not trouble, for the rubber-tube can easily be tied on safely. The hole at the bottom of the nozzle should be round and smooth, so as not to obstruct the even flow of water. Make it one-sixteenth inch in diameter; it can easily be slightly enlarged, if found on trial to be a little small, by shortening with a smooth file, but do not do this unless necessary after trial.

We will now begin to 'assemble' our motor parts. Take the front and back pieces of wood off the case, and in the centre laterally (sideways or flat), and two-and-a-half inches from the top, drill in each a hole of a size to fit tightly the tube portion of the bearings (see fig. 2). The best way to do this will be to put the two pieces of wood together, so that their edges coincide, and drill through both at one operation, then the holes will be in the same relative position in both front and back pieces, which is important in enabling the wheel to rotate smoothly. At the bottom of the back piece cut the opening for the 'waste outlet' one-quarter-inch from the edge (fig. 1).

Now frame up the case as shown in figs. 1 and 2, with brass screws. Trim the edges and smooth up generally, take to pieces again, numbering the sides to know their positions, and drill the hole for the nozzle in the exact position shown. This is important, as the nozzle must be centrally over the buckets when they are horizontal (fig. 1).

Next take the wheel, and having made the buckets (be careful to make the buckets all alike), fix each to the wheel disc, as shown in fig. 1, with small pins (brass shoe-brads do well), getting the piece of tin at the base of the buckets into the saw-cuts on the edge of the disc. Having all the buckets fixed, put the wheel on its shaft in the centre (see if it runs truly, by spinning the shaft in the fingers), and bring the flange up to the disc, keeping the flange in contact with the wood. Solder the former to the shaft neatly; screws are then to be put through the flange into the disc, holding all firmly together. Use brass screws throughout, and put a little paint on the wood under the flange and buckets to prevent the wood rotting.

Now put the case together, except the top and front, insert one piece of the bearing-tube in the hole in the back, and put the wheel and shaft in position (and right way round, so that the buckets are correctly under the nozzle). Put the front of the case on, with the other piece of bearing-tube in place on the shaft and in its hole in the front of the case (see fig. 2).

The shaft and wheel should now spin easily; adjust the pieces of tube till they do. Now place the flanges on the tubes, and, holding them firmly against the case, solder them to their respective pieces of tube neatly; the tubes should project slightly in the case, as shown in fig. 2. The flanges are next screwed, by means of brass screws, to the front and back of the case, putting a thin coat of paint on the wood first, and using screws short enough not to project inside. If the shaft is a little tight in its bearings, these may be eased with a rat-tail file.

Fix the nozzle in place, put paint in all the joints, and screw up the case, except the front. Give three good coats of paint or enamel to the interior, letting each dry thoroughly before applying the next; treat the wheel in the same manner, going all over it and the buckets, but not the shaft. The wheel is kept in the centre of the shaft by the collar on one side and the pulley-wheel on the other, a slight lateral or sideways movement being allowed to assist easy running. The shaft is long enough to have a pulley-wheel on both sides if required.

When the interior is thoroughly dry, put the front on, having of course given it three coats of paint or enamel. Next screw the base on, giving a coat of paint between, and give three coats of paint or enamel to the whole of the wood outside, using any

colour that suits your fancy. The front of the case should not be put on with wet paint between the joints (as it may have to come off for inspection or repairs) to keep it water-tight; if it leaks, use a smear of putty.

The 'Waste Trough' explains itself: it is made of three pieces of wood pinned together and made water-tight with putty, and painted.

If any difficulty is experienced in fixing the collar and pulley-wheel on the shaft by screws, they may be fixed with little wire wedges after filing flats on the shaft where they go. Very often such things as pulley-wheels can be improvised from domestic blind-rollers, or other fittings; even one made of hard wood, keyed on, will prove quite satisfactory.

This completes our little motor. The power it gives out depends on the pressure of water available, the size of the nozzle, and our carefulness of construction; it should afford us many hours' entertainment both in its building and in its use.

C. Grant King.

DOG-TAXES.

THERE is, or was before the Great War of 1914-1915, no uniform tax on dogs in Belgium. In Brussels, for example, dogs were taxed according to their value, and the various suburbs of the city had different tariffs which varied considerably, some districts being much higher than others.

In England the tax is at the uniform rate of seven-and-sixpence per dog, and the person with whom the dog is residing is deemed to be the owner whether such is actually the case or not. Licences are not transferable. Dogs used by blind people, shepherds' dogs, and packs of hounds actually engaged in hunting, are wholly or partially exempt from taxation.

G. D. Lynch.

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 391.)

'THIS is the Rajah,' said the Englishman who rode on Moti, 'the Rajah to whom belong all the elephants of the kheddah, and all the wild elephants the kheddah can capture.'

'And now my kheddah will capture the elephant which stands yonder,' said the Rajah, and he pointed to Ganesh. 'But the matter can wait while I hear the wonderful tale of those who rode upon the elephant's back.'

And, standing in front of the Rajah and of Moti, John, with Mary to help him, told the tale as best he might. He was conscious, as he told it, that it sounded like some fairy story; he scarcely expected to meet with belief. But, as his listeners looked first at Tarm and then at Buddha, and, lastly, at Ganesh, they could not doubt that John spoke the truth.

'And so Ganesh brought us to the elephant valley,' John ended, 'because the poisoned arrow hit him, and he thought that he was going to die. And we found the ivory tusks, and then the noise began. And we thought it was the seekers of gold coming after us, and Ganesh did not like the noise, and he ran down the valley—and the rest you know.'

'The rest we know in part,' said the Rajah. 'There was a herd we hoped to capture; doubtless it has crossed the valley in the other direction. It was for the herd we waited. And as for the ivory tusks and the heap of bones, it may be that thine elephant fought long since with him in whose head those tusks grew. I think he slew his adversary, and when he thought himself to die, he remembered the battle, and that here he had seen death.'

'But the death valley?' Mary asked. 'Is not this the death valley?'

The Rajah shook his head. 'I have heard of that valley,' he said. 'All we who deal with the elephant folk have heard of it; but it is still to find. This is a place like any other place.'

And, as he finished speaking, there came a shout from the mahouts of the kheddah, for Ganesh had moved forward a few steps with trunk upcurled, as though he would challenge all his enemies at once.

'Now we will capture this elephant of thine,' said the Rajah, 'and thou shalt see the sport.'

'No, no!' cried Mary. The words were out of her mouth before she knew that she was going to speak them. 'Oh, do not capture him! Oh, let him go! And he is sick. He will die soon from the poisoned arrow. And he could not bear to be captured, he who has always been free.'

The Rajah considered Ganesh thoughtfully. 'He is not sick,' he said. 'At first, the poison hurt him, but so little could not kill one who is so big. He is well again. He will not die.'

'Let him go,' John pleaded. 'He could not bear to be chained up. He saved our lives. It is not fair that he should be punished. It is through us that he came to this place.'

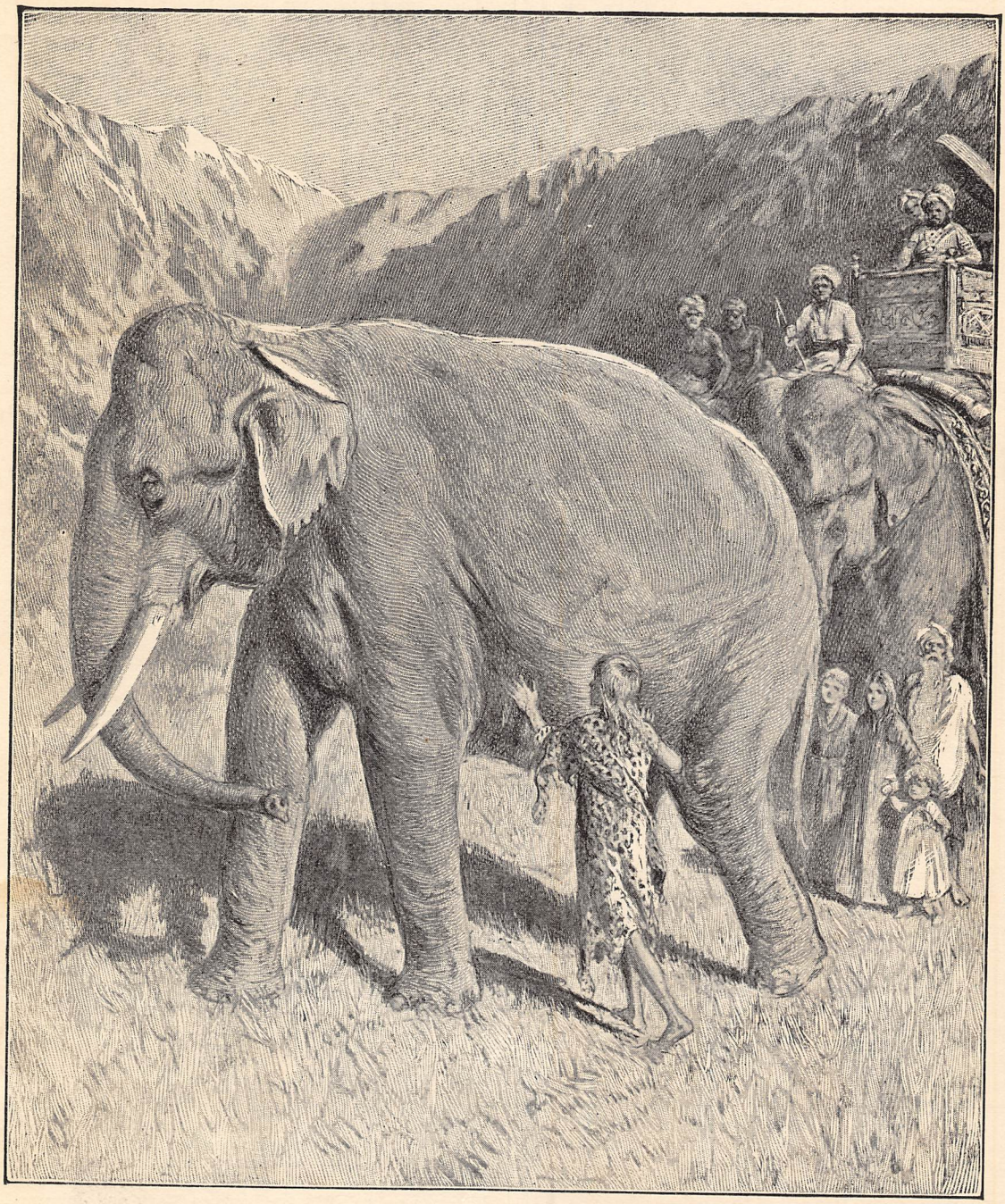
'Let him go, Rajah Sahib,' the Englishman said. 'It is good to be merciful. Surely he has earned his freedom.'

And the Rajah looked again at Ganesh. A male elephant is always valuable. One so fine as Ganesh is very valuable indeed. The Rajah thought of this, but he thought also of other tuskers his kheddah had captured, and of how some among them had died of broken hearts because their natures, proud and sensitive, could not brook captivity. And because his own nature was generous, and quick to appreciate all things fine, the Rajah smiled, and gave an order. 'So be it,' he said. 'The elephant shall go free.'

And all this time Tarm had stood silent. But now, as he listened to the Rajah's order, he ran towards Ganesh and stood close by his side. And as Ganesh moved forward slowly, Tarm moved with him. Reluctantly the tuskers gave way, wheeled to right and left, obedient to the pressure of their mahouts' feet, to low words of command. And through the gap in the line with slow footsteps paced Ganesh. He would not hasten lest thus he should seem to show fear. And by his side walked Tarm, one hand on the elephant's trunk, as was his custom.

Ganesh stood beyond the line now. He halted for a moment, and Tarm laid his cheek against the elephant's side; he murmured little, loving words. Then all at once he pushed Ganesh from him with his open palms. He ran back to Mary and John and to the new life for which they stood, and up the valley paced Ganesh, back to the life of the forests.

(Continued on page 402.)



"Tarm pushed Ganesh from him with his open palms."

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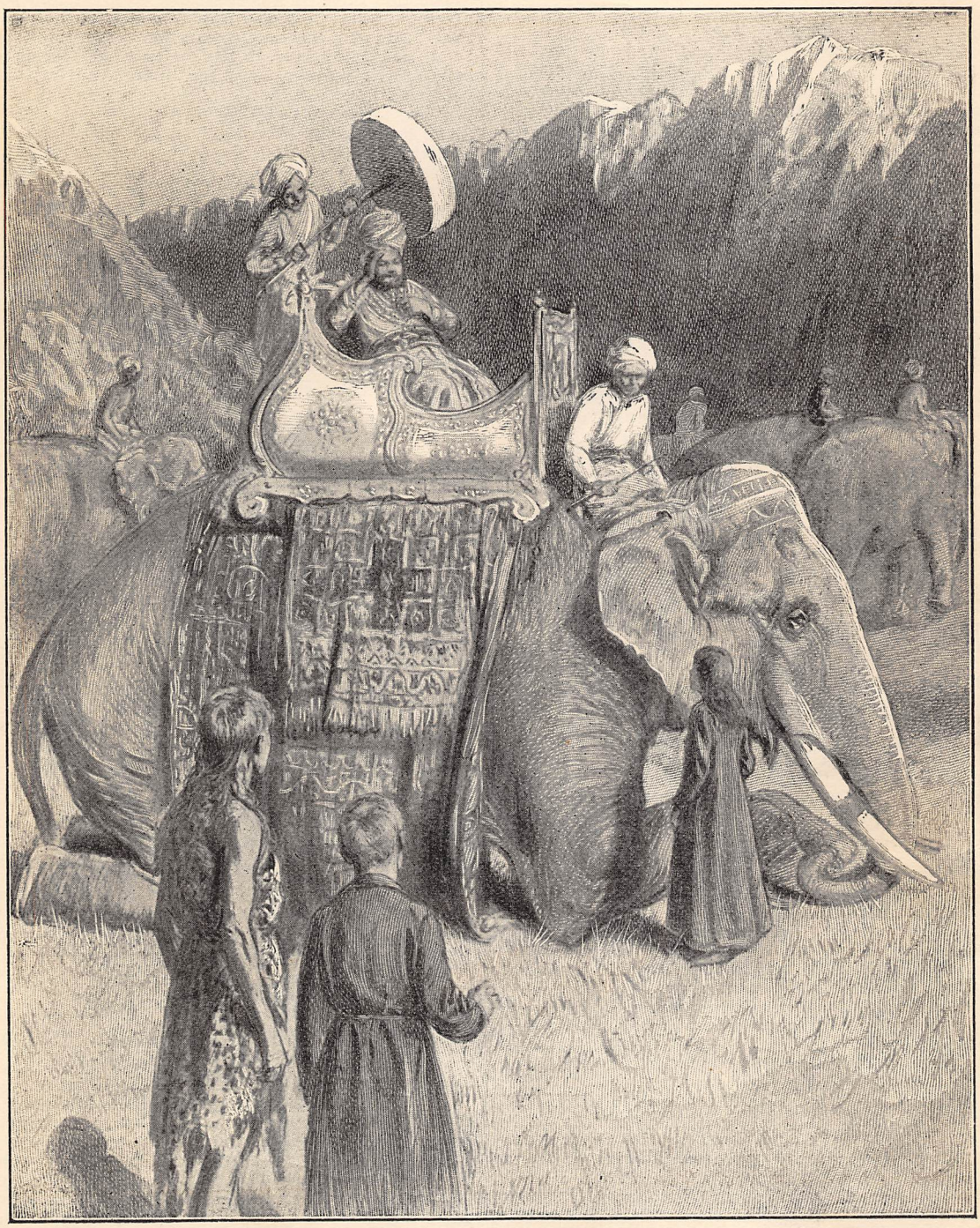


"As the Rajah received the crystal ball, he salaamed."

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

(Continued from page 399.)

CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN silence the people of the kheddah and the friends of Ganesh watched until a twist of the valley hid the solitary elephant completely. And then the Englishman who rode on Moti turned to the Rajah. 'And now, Rajah Sahib, I will take these people to my tent,' he said. 'They need food, and the children need rest; also I must make inquiries with regard to the servants who had them in charge, and find out the history of this wild white man who is with them.'

Mary and John listened, and as they listened were filled with a very deep dismay. No word was said of the ivory they had found. Were they not then to be allowed to keep it? Was their treasure to be taken from them—the treasure that was surely theirs alone?

'The ivory,' said Mary. 'The ivory, please.' She looked very anxiously from the Rajah to the Englishman. 'May we have the ivory to give to Father and Mother? It was we who found it, and I think Ganesh meant us to have it.'

The Englishman did not answer immediately, and he looked worried and perplexed, as though he hardly knew what answer to make. When he spoke at last, his voice was very kind. 'I cannot give you the ivory,' he said, 'because it is not mine to give. It is the property of the Government since it was found in these forests, and all things that the forests contain belong to the Government. I am very sorry. I would give it you if I could do so. I should like you to have it.'

Mary looked at the ground, but she could not see it, because of the tears with which her eyes were blurred. It was so sad that the treasure-hunt should thus end. Ganesh was gone, dear Ganesh! And now the ivory must go too. The tears overflowed, and ran down Mary's cheeks, and John squeezed her hand, miserable himself; and Arnold, watching from Buddha's arms, whimpered a little because the others were unhappy.

Some one else was watching also. The Rajah's eyes were on the little group; and as Mary gulped hard and tried to check her tears, the Rajah leant forward and spoke to the Englishman. 'See,' he said, 'I would make a bargain with the Government. The elephants that I catch they are mine, are they not? Have I not paid a price that so it may be?'

'You have paid the price, Rajah Sahib. They are yours,' said the Englishman.

'And to-day there was delivered into my hands an elephant of more value than any other. In his head were tusks of great length and weight. He was mine to take, and I let him go free. Is not this the truth that I speak?'

'It is the truth, Rajah Sahib,' said the Englishman.

'I have given the elephant to the Government again. Still he roams these forests, the property of the Government. Now I ask a gift in return. Give me the ivory tusks,' said the Rajah.

Again the Englishman hesitated. He was not certain it was within his power to grant this gift. Yet it was true that Ganesh alive was more valuable than the tusks which lay beside the heap of bones on the riverbank. And if the Rajah's heart was set upon this thing, if it pleased him so greatly to possess the ivory, he might surely be allowed his pleasure. And also the Englishman, who knew the Rajah well and liked him greatly, guessed something of the other's purpose. He, too, smiled at Mary and John as he answered.

'The tusks are yours, Rajah Sahib.'

'Through your kindness they are mine,' said the Rajah, politely. 'But soon they will be mine no longer.' He turned as he spoke towards Mary and John, their anxious faces lifted to his. 'O little ones!' he said, 'ye who are friends of the wild things of the forests, take the gift that I offer—the ivory is yours.'

He did not wait for gratitude. He made a sign to his mahout, and the gaily-painted elephant, second only in size to the kheddah champion, swung round with its royal burden and strode away. And, as she watched it go, Mary, speechless at first from sheer happiness, remembered that she had said no word of thanks, nor offered a gift in exchange, as is the custom of India. And Mary ran after the elephant of the Rajah, calling as she went.

'Stop, Rajah Sahib, please stop!' she cried.

Round Mary's neck was hung a thin gold chain, and from this was suspended a crystal ball inside of which was a piece of white heather. Mary tugged at the clasp of the chain until it came unfastened. She slipped the crystal ball from it, and held this towards the Rajah.

'There is white heather inside,' she said. 'It is "for luck." It is for you, Rajah Sahib, because you are so kind.'

And now, at a word of command, in front of Mary knelt the gaily-painted elephant with its velvet trappings, and into the brown hand of the Rajah was dropped the crystal ball which Mary had passed up to him. And as the Rajah received it, he salaamed with his other hand as he would salaam to an equal.

'I will wear it among my emeralds,' said the Rajah. 'And my son, and my son's son, shall wear it after me.'

And should you chance to go to India, you who read this book, and should you chance to meet this very Rajah, then among those priceless emeralds he wears you will surely see hanging a little crystal ball with a piece of heather inside it.

The Rajah's elephant got on its feet again. It turned towards the tuskers of the kheddah. Their ranks closed around it, and the regiment of mighty beasts tramped up the valley in search of the herd that had escaped them.

(Concluded on page 410.)

THE ADVENTURES OF ARCHIBALD.

ARCHIBALD, with a sly look in his sleepy brown eyes, perched noiseless and erect on the smooth wooden stick in the centre of his cage, and Archibald's mistress, with flushed cheeks and anger in every line of her body, stood at the nursery window and gazed unseeingly into the garden beyond. The banging of a distant door, followed by the sound of scampering footsteps on the gravel below, made her turn suddenly away, and there were tears in the grey eyes as she walked towards the magpie's cage, and held her hand towards the bars.

'Archibald, you heard what Ralph said,' she whispered impressively. 'It isn't true. I'm not a sneak really—only I had to tell Nurse that he took the sugar out of the cupboard, because she asked me, and I couldn't say he didn't.'

The magpie did not appear greatly interested. He put his head first on one side and then on the other, and did not seem to mind when Ursula turned her back on him, and made her way across to the window again. He saw her open the casement, and lean her fair head out into the sunshine, but he did not hear the words that floated up to her ears from the voices on the terrace below.

'I'm jolly well going to pay her out!' Ralph was saying shrilly, 'and we couldn't think of a better way. She's as keen as anything on that rotten old Archibald, and if we leave the cage-door open she will think he has escaped, and get into an awful stew.'

'But won't he get out of the bicycle-shed?' asked Mabel, anxiously.

'Of course not, silly. How could he if we shut the window——'

Ursula slid suddenly to the floor, her face crimsoning at the thought of how she had intentionally played the part of eavesdropper after hearing Ralph's first words; then her eyes blazed, as the gradual meaning of the plan began to make itself clear to her mind. She started to her feet, meaning to go at once to tell the two in the garden what had happened; but on the threshold of the door she paused, and, after a moment's thought, began slowly retracing her steps towards the table. Why, after all, should she not have her revenge by spoiling the plot that her brother and sister were taking such a delight in planning? She looked with knitted brows at Archibald in his cage, as her brain worked quickly, and it was not until some minutes later that she turned suddenly away, an expression of fixed determination in her eyes as she ran hurriedly down the nursery stairs, and out into the garden beyond.

Before breakfast on the following morning Ursula was again making her way down the back staircase towards the garden door, but this time her steps were noiseless and stealthy, and her breath came quickly with excitement as she crept out into the sunshine on the gravel-path. A quarter of an hour before, from an upper window, she had watched Mabel and Ralph making the same adventurous journey, and with a pang she had seen the gathered-up pinafore in Mabel's arms, in which Archibald must have been travelling in some discomfort. It was the thought of this that quickened Ursula's footsteps as she neared the bicycle-shed, and a minute later the magpie was in her hands, for the second time being submitted to what seemed to him a very uncomfortable and unnecessary journey. It was a much longer one this time, too, and he hopped very willingly on to a table when Ursula freed him from his imprisonment, his sleepy eyes roving round the interior of the quaint little summer-house, then resting in wonderment on his mistress, as she carefully shut all the windows before disappearing through the door, which she fastened securely behind her.

Mabel and Ralph were having a hurried consultation as they washed their hands for lunch.

'I can't understand it,' Mabel said for the third time. 'She doesn't seem to mind a bit. When I told her he wasn't in his cage she hardly took any notice, and only said he couldn't have gone far, and he would return all right when he was hungry.'

'Wait till she sees he doesn't!' remarked Ralph, with a despairing hopefulness, as he kneaded his hands into the towel. 'Anyhow, I'm off now to the shed to take him some food, so keep Ursula out of the way!'

Some minutes went by before Mabel heard his returning footsteps, and as they met on the landing he seized her arm, his voice coming breathlessly. 'He's gone! Escaped out of the shed!' he gasped. 'The window must have swung open in the wind. What are we to do?'

A look of perfect horror came into Mabel's face, and she stared at her brother blankly. 'Ursula said he would return all right,' she faltered, after a pause, snatching at the only straw of hope. 'We will put the cage on the window-sill——'

She stopped as the dinner-gong boomed out its summons, and together the two made their way down-stairs with frightened faces and terror in their hearts.

It was not until half-way through the meal that their mother asked the question that came like a bombshell to the quiet little group at the table.

'Children, have any of you been in the bicycle-shed this morning?'

Mabel and Ralph were so occupied in exchanging frightened glances as they replied, that they did not hear Ursula's quiet little voice chiming in an affirmative with theirs.

'Aunt Katie took off her diamond ring when she was gardening last evening,' their mother continued, 'and put it in her bicycle-basket in the shed to save coming back to the house. She forgot about it afterwards, and only missed it this morning. The shed was locked all night, so no one could have got in, but now the ring is nowhere to be found.'

'I only went in for a minute,' said Mabel, hurriedly, and Ursula saw the fear in her eyes as she glanced across at Ralph. 'I didn't see a sign of the ring.'

'Nor did I,' put in Ralph. 'But we can go and look after dinner.'

And Ursula sat silent. Her revenge seemed to be working out more deeply than she had ever intended. She remembered the last time that Archibald had been allowed out of his cage, when he had stolen a silver matchbox from the dining-room and hidden it on the top of the kitchen dresser, and, looking at the two anxious faces beside her, she knew that Mabel and Ralph had not forgotten either. A sudden pang of pity made her rise hurriedly to her feet. 'May I go, Mother?' she asked. 'It's beginning to rain, and I left my books on the lawn.'

Mabel and Ralph watched the retreating figure with envy, and they would have been surprised if they could have seen her a minute later pushing her way into the bicycle-shed, and climbing on to a packing-case inside on a level with the dusty rafters.

Archibald must have stolen the ring—she felt certain of that—and it was undoubtedly hidden somewhere in the shed.

A quarter of an hour went by before the door burst open, and Mabel and Ralph rushed in breathlessly.

'We have found Archibald!' began Ralph, triumphantly. 'He's in the summer-house.'

Ursula looked down calmly. 'I know. I put him there,' she said; and as she climbed slowly and with some difficulty to the floor, she explained all that had happened from the time that she had overheard their conversation on the previous day.

The two in the doorway looked sheepishly at each other as they listened, and at the end Ralph's voice came very humbly. 'You have paid us out!' he said, 'and we jolly well deserved it. It was ripping of you not to say anything about it at lunch.'

'But we will tell Mother straight now!' put in Mabel, impetuously. 'It's through us that the ring's been lost, as Ursula could have told her—if she's been a sneak as we said she was. I'm so sorry, Ursula,' she added humbly.

A happy light came into the little girl's eyes, and her cheeks flushed with pleasure; then, as she saw the two move towards the door, she held out a quick restraining hand.

'You needn't tell. There's no need for any one to know. Look! I found it up on that beam—just before you came in!'

And on the grubby upturned palm that had dived into the pocket of her pinafore, she held towards them a glittering circlet of stones flashing a myriad colours as it sparkled in the sunlight. V.

HOW TO MAKE A SAFE FIRE BALLOON

A LARGE balloon, made of paper and carried up into the air by the hot air within it, makes an attractive addition to a firework display on Guy Fawkes night. Such a balloon is quite easily made, and will be an entire success if care is taken to make it perfectly sound in every part. A fire balloon does not need to be inflated with gas, like a silk or gold-beater's-skin balloon. A lamp is fixed just inside the mouth, and that is all that is needed to make it rise. For the lamp very soon makes the air inside

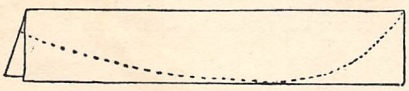


Fig. 1.—A strip for a fire balloon.

the balloon much hotter than the outside atmosphere, and, as hot air is lighter than cold, it naturally ascends.

Half-a-dozen pieces of tissue paper will be required, about three and a half feet long by fourteen inches wide. Hold each sheet up to the light separately, and make sure there are no holes or tears. Then place the six sheets together, fold them lengthwise, and cut as shown by a dotted line in fig. 1. The pieces cut off from the side can be thrown away, only the six cigar-shaped strips being required. The next operation is to paste these six pieces together. First spread a newspaper on the table, and have some good strong paste ready. Open out the folded strips of paper and lay two of them flat on the table, the lower sheet projecting an inch beyond the upper one along one side, as in fig. 2. Paste all along the projecting edge of the bottom sheet, A; turn the pasted edge over on to the top sheet, B, and press down firmly. Now turn these two sheets right over, so that the one that was on top comes below. Open them out, with the seam inside, lay another sheet on top of the one at the left hand, and, after pasting an inch of the margin round the lower sheet, turn it down as before. There are three more sheets remaining, and these must be pasted on one at a time in exactly the same way, finally joining the loose side of the last sheet to the remaining side of the first.

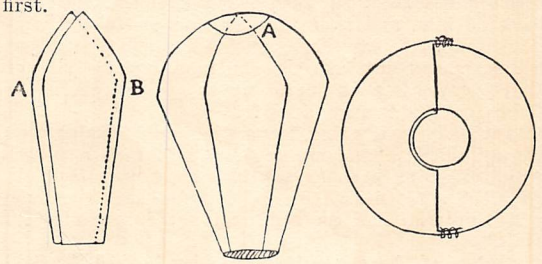


Fig. 2.—Pasting the strips together.
Fig. 3.—The open balloon.
Fig. 4.—The base (lamp-holder) of the balloon.

When the paste has had time to dry, the balloon can be carefully opened out to the shape shown in fig. 3. Cut a circular piece of tissue paper (A, fig. 3) six inches in diameter, and paste it to the top, or apex, where the separate segments meet. For the lamp and its attachment, an empty four-ounce tobacco-tin and a piece of rather thin copper wire will be needed. Bind the wire into the shape shown in fig. 4, the small circle in the centre being just large enough to hold the tin, and the outer circle being large enough to go round the mouth of the balloon. The ends can be bound round with fine florist's wire. After fixing the tin firmly in position, slip the wire over the open end of the balloon and fix by turning the edge of the paper round it and pasting down.

You will probably want two or three friends to help in holding the balloon open and steady when it is sent off. Some cotton-wool must be put into the tin—as loosely as possible, not rammed down tightly—and the tin partly filled with a teacupful of methylated spirit. Light the spirit carefully, taking care not to fire the paper, and wait until it has had time to heat the air. The balloon will soon begin to tug, and try to get away. You can then let go, very gently, and it will soar steadily upward. Be careful not to let go with a jerk, or the spirit may be overturned, which would be dangerous to yourself as well as spoiling the balloon. To avoid all risk of danger, pour the spirit in at the last moment, being careful not to spill any on your clothes, and when lighting, stand with your face away from the balloon. There is no risk if these instructions are followed carefully. H. J. G.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MANOR.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 396.)

'THE time is getting on,' said Reggie, when they had turned to retrace their steps. 'Just stop a moment whilst I get my watch out. Oh, it is a little after five. I never knew a day slip away as this has done! It is a good thing that the girls won't be home till late; but if we do not find some means of getting out soon, I shall try and swim it, I know.

"Dick rushed forward into the light."

It will never do for them to come and find that we had not been home since the morning.'

With all the speed that the many turns and twists of the passage would allow, the two boys made their way back to the main cave once more. This they reached at last, and here they paused for a moment to regain their breath.

'My, it is a long way, though!' said Dick, as he

sank on to the sandy floor to have a little rest. 'I didn't know that we had gone so far.'

'I don't suppose it is so very far as the crow flies,' said Reggie. 'Only there are so many corners, and so often you come back on your tracks, that it makes the distance about double what it ought to be. I wonder that they made it like that.'

After a short rest the boys set off again, this time along the passage that led away to the left. This was more direct than the other had been, less full of sudden turns, and the way led gradually upwards, a fact that Reggie was quick to notice and point out to Dick. 'This looks as if we are on the right track,' he said. 'You see, to get to the Manor, we ought to be going up. It is a steady ascent, but it should be leading right up through the cliffs on which the house is standing. Hullo, what is this?' he added a second later, stooping down and picking up something that lay on the floor.

Dick paused, and together, by the light of the candle, the two boys examined Reggie's find. It was a small leather pocket-book, containing papers, and on the leather inside were the two initials, 'W. S.'

'Well, keep it. It may be interesting later on,' advised Dick. 'When we get out of this we shall be able to look at it properly. At least it shows one thing—that some one has been this way recently.'

The two boys resumed their walk along the passage in silence. Their main idea was to get out of that passage and back to the Manor as soon as might be, and to this end they turned all their attention.

At last Dick stopped suddenly. 'Here we are,' he said briefly, and looking, Reggie saw that this passage too had ended as suddenly as the other had done. But this time in front of them they saw a crack in the wall of rock that showed there might be a door there. There were no hinges showing, nor anything in the nature of a door-handle, but that the wall of rock could be moved neither doubted for a moment. The chief thing was to discover at once how it might be made to move.

Dick found a little ledge on which he could put the end of candle, and then with both hands free he set to work to help Reggie pull or push at the rocky door.

It was hard work, and they did not succeed in making it move in the least. Of course, both boys knew there was probably some trick in opening it, and Dick had many suggestions to make as to the best way to discover what this might be.

One plan after another was tried, but in vain. The door would not move, and at last the boys were obliged to admit that they were beaten again.

'I'm not going to give it up, though,' said Dick, stoutly, rubbing his bruised hands rather ruefully. 'I will think a moment, and then try something else. I suppose there is room to sit down, isn't there? We can think just as well that way, and I'm jolly tired.'

It ended in their sitting: Dick with his back to what he took to be the door, and his feet stretched out in front of him down the passage, whilst Reggie sat with his back to the cave and his feet towards Dick's. In this position they sat for some little time deep in thought, and in this position they still were when suddenly, without the least warning, a sharp click sounded, and the same instant a flood of light filled the passage.

The boys sprang to their feet in amazement, bruising themselves as they did so.

'What on earth——' began Dick, and then he rushed forward into the light, and seized the hand of a tall, young man, who was standing in a room that seemed strangely familiar to Reggie.

'Stewart, Stewart, old man, where did you come from?' cried Dick; and Reggie, stumbling rather blindly into the light from the darkness of the passage, saw that Dick was shaking hands with the tall young man, and that there was in the room a girl about the size of Muriel, who was looking both surprised and interested at what was taking place.

'What are you doing, and where—— Oh, I see, we are in the secret room,' began Reggie, too much bewildered by all the suddenness of everything to know what he was saying.

'Yes, we are in the secret room,' said the young man, whose name was Stewart Allardyce. 'I might just as well ask what you were doing in that passage, but perhaps I had better wait to find that out.'

'We were trying to get into the Manor,' explained Dick. 'We did it too, but how I don't know.'

'I can tell you then,' said Stewart Allardyce. 'Joan has just been telling me how this door can be opened. No one else knows the secret, and her father, my uncle, when he left his invention to me in his will, gave the keeping of this secret to my cousin. Joan has guarded it well, and no one who does not know the trick can open that door.'

'What a muddle it all is!' exclaimed Dick. 'Reggie is going to have brain fever if you don't explain things quickly. As for me, I'm almost in the same plight myself—though I do know who you are at least, though I don't know how you came to be here.'

'We will soon explain all these things,' said the young man with a cheery laugh. 'Now that I have appeared on the scene, Joan can show herself too.'

'Oh, you are the girl Nora caught, aren't you?' broke in Reggie. 'You lost your handkerchief with "J. A." on it.'

The little girl nodded, and then she laughed. 'Yes, I did,' she said. 'And, oh, Mrs. Thompson was cross with me!'

The door into the passage that led to the caves was closed, and then Stewart Allardyce opened another door in one of the panels of the room. This gave access to one of the passages of the old house, and the two boys and their new friends went downstairs together, for it had been arranged that they should have all the mystery explained to them whilst they had their tea, which had been ready for them some time.

(Concluded on page 411.)

PETER'S FRIENDS.

SAID the Sugar: 'Peter likes me,
I am always sure to please.'
Said the Pepper, with a chuckle:
'I delight to make him sneeze.'
Said the Mustard: 'How I sting him,
Till the tear-drops fill his eye!'
Said the Vinegar: 'He tastes me,
And his face is all awry!'
Said the Milk: 'He loves me truly,
In his coffee or his tea.'
Said the Jam: 'I rather fancy
That he thinks the most of me.'

Said the Butter: 'I'm a comfort
He could never do without.'
Said the Bread: 'My worth to Peter
Is a worth he cannot doubt.'
Said the Toast—
But what the Toast said
It is past my power to say;
For the servant brought the tea-tray
And she cleared them all away.

John Lea.

BILLY.

BILLY was really bought for Baby Rex. He was quite a kid when he first went to Fairleigh Farm, and his duty was to grow up into an obedient, gentle harness goat, and to pull Rex about in a little goat-chaise. But Billy had no intention of doing anything of the kind, and it was only big brother Tom's queer affection for him which prevented Billy from being sold again at a very early date. As for Billy, he was devoted to Tom. He would follow him anywhere, and leave off any of his naughty pranks at Tom's bidding. Still, as Tom's father declared, Billy had been nothing but a trouble ever since he came to Fairleigh Farm.

He was stabled in a stall adjoining the horses, and when Jeff, the stable boy, carelessly left the door open one night, it was Billy who industriously gnawed through his halter, and in the early morning made his way to the kitchen garden. A lot of fresh young peas, juicy lettuces, and a number of asparagus-heads had furnished him with a dainty breakfast—much better, Billy thought, than anything which was ever given to him in the ordinary way.

The next offence was a very much more serious one. Nancy, the beautiful little pony which the children drove about the village, had a long, silky mane, of which both she and her owners were very proud. Perhaps Billy was jealous of her good looks—perhaps he was cross because the night before Tom had called her 'beauty,' and stroked the soft hair, while he fed her with sugar and apples. Perhaps—well, anyhow, Billy dragged his rope that night, and leaning against the wooden partition of Nancy's stall, nibbled off the ends of the mane, leaving it all ragged and untidy, whilst poor Nancy tried in vain to turn and kick him. That was the very last straw.

'I won't be bothered with him any longer,' said Father. 'I will sell him at Hetherley next market-day:' and even Tom, though he pleaded very hard, said, as he stroked his shaggy pet: 'You deserve it, Billy, every bit. But I am awfully cut up about it!'

'To-morrow you go,' said Mr. Denton, curtly, as he looked into the stables at dusk, 'and good riddance.'

All the men had gone home, except one who slept on the farm. Father was three miles away on business, and Tom had just flung down his home-lesson books with a sigh of relief.

'Done! My word, what a smell of burning hay, Mother. Don't you notice it?'

Mrs. Denton and Tom reached the back door together with a sickening fear.

'The barn!' Tom gasped. 'Here, Giles, Giles!'

'What is the matter, Master Tom?' Then he, too, cried out in horror, 'The beasties—the beasties!'

'The stables!' yelled Tom. 'Loose the horses! The cow-houses are safe for the present!'

'Tom, Tom, not you, dear! You mustn't go!'

'I'm man to-night, Mother,' Tom said, giving her a hug. 'I will be careful.'

Not a horse would stir, though Giles unroped them, and tried to lead them out of the stables, which were too near to the burning barn for safety. They had smelled the smoke and seen the fierce glow, and shivered in their stalls.

'Jerry, Blackspot, Lassie,' Giles coaxed, 'come ye along. Nancy, beauty!' Nancy only whimpered in terror.

'All untied, Giles?' Tom shouted from a distant stall. The smoke was beginning to beat in thickly.

'Aye, but they won't stir,' groaned the old man.

Tom thought for a moment, and then dashed away to the far end of the stables.

'Come along, Billy,' he said loudly. Billy rubbed his shaggy head against Tom's arm, and only stopping long enough to butt at Giles in passing, tramped bravely at Tom's side. The patter, patter of his feet made the horses prick up their ears. Something of Billy's unconcern must have passed into them. Possibly they did not care to be outdone in courage by a goat, and to be thought cowards. Anyhow, Jerry, the oldest cart-horse, began to lumber out at Billy's heels, and a dozen others tramped behind little frightened Nancy, who huddled in between for safety.

In a few minutes they were all tethered out of danger, just as Father and two or three willing helpers dashed up in a car, and the farm-hands began to gather from all directions.

'The horses!' Father gasped, as he sprang out of the motor-car. 'To the stables, men!'

'They're all here,' Tom shouted back gleefully. 'Billy led them out, Father, every one of them.'

Billy was standing on the defensive, with his head lowered. He didn't like the fuss and the smoke and the noise at all, especially when all sensible domestic animals were asleep. Still, he determined to stick by Tom.

'Good for you both,' Father said, understanding quickly, and he gave Tom's hand a big grip and Billy's head a friendly pat.

There was very little sleep for any one that night, except the little ones who were already dreaming. Tom went to bed with the dawn, just as the fire was fairly under control, and when he woke again, the midday sun was shining in his window. He got up and dressed, and went downstairs slowly, remembering as he went that it was market-day in Hetherley.

'I wonder,' he said to himself, and he sighed. 'I wonder.'

'Hullo, young man,' said Father, 'so you have got up at last!'

He was looking very white and worried, and Tom shook his hand sympathetically, with a big lump in his throat.

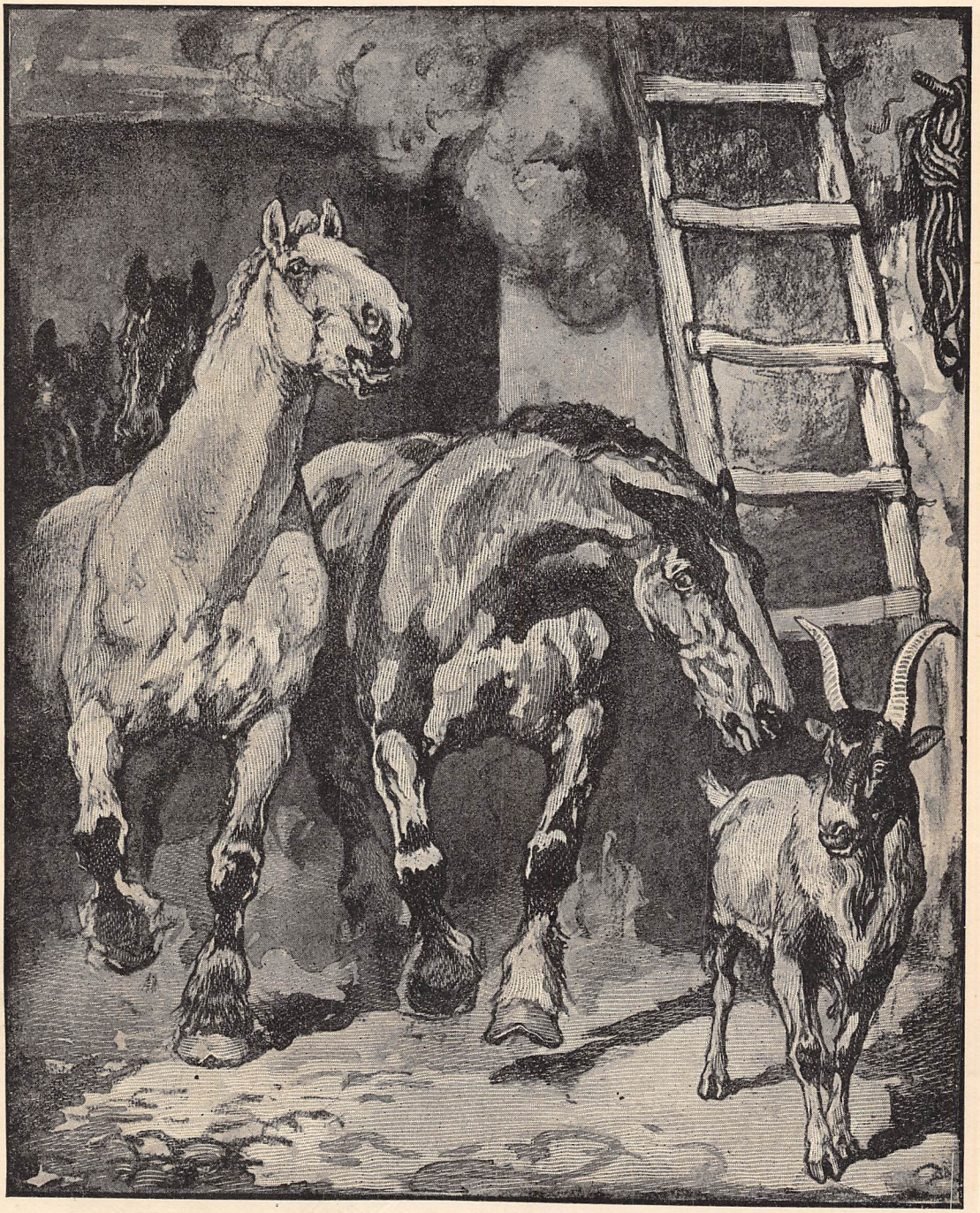
'Very bad, Father?'

'Bad enough, laddie, but not half so bad as it would have been but for you and Billy.'

Tom looked up with a question in his eyes. Father understood, and patted his shoulder.

'Never fear, Tom. We won't part with the old rascal. He has made up for all his bad deeds.'

R. de Witt.



"The horses did not care to be outdone in courage by a goat."

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"The money was put on a dish, and Father took off the cover."

THE SECRET VALLEY.

(Concluded from page 402.)

AND now there but remains the end of the story—to tell of those who arrived in turn that morning at the Englishman's camp to claim his help in searching for the children—only to discover that no search was necessary, since Mary, John, and Arnold had reached that camp before them.

First came Julfu, riding on a pony he had hired from a village, and Ayah running behind. And next Miss Gomez, with Sebastien in tow, for it was to fetch Sebastien she had run wailing into the night.

And there are one or two other matters of which mention must be made. Of how the Englishman took charge of Tarm and Buddha, and promised to make inquiries as to Tarm's former home, and the people of whom he came. And of how Miss Gomez and Mary and John, Arnold, Julfu and Ayah journeyed at last to the hills.

And when they had been in the hill-house for several months, there came one day a man with a big parcel of money, the money for which the Englishman had sold the ivory tusks. And when Father and Mother returned from Paris, very well, and with charming presents in their trunks, the money was put on a dish just as Mary had planned, and Father took off the cover . . . And . . . I think you must guess what he said.

And one day, about a month later, there came a letter from Tarm, and this is what Tarm had written in a big round hand just like a child's, because he had had to learn writing just as a child learns it:

'Dear Mary and John and Arnold,—This is to tell you that it has now been found that all my people did die of cholera, and they lived in a very lonely place where were no other white people. And that Buddha was one of my father's servants, and that he did run away with me into the jungle to save my life. And, since those who died were buried before other white men came, it was not known that there was a white baby yet alive. There is a little bag which Buddha has, and which was once the bag of my mother, and it has been shown to the people of my mother, and thus all has been made clear.

'And now they tell me that in England is a big house which is mine, and a great deal of money. And I shall be called "Tom," not "Tarm," all ugly as Mary says it. And also they tell me that I must go to England and learn to be English. And will you, please, come with me, because I should be very lonely without you? And I am going to take Buddha as well, for though he did try to harm us on that one night, yet does he truly love me, and he would be very unhappy if I left him behind. And I am not any longer afraid of him, because I know now that he is only an old man, and he cannot do the wonderful things that he pretends. And I wish that there was room on the ship for Ganesh also; but I do not think he would like it as much as he likes the forests. And when I have learnt all that there is to learn, I shall come back to this country of India, and I shall talk with Ganesh again.—Your friend, Tarm.

'P. S.—Please come with me to England. Have I not learnt to wirte nicely? Also I can talk some English.'

Thus ran the letter. Father read it to Mary and John, and then he sat, silent and thoughtful.

'I would like to go to England with Tarm,' she said, 'to see his house and everything. But not without you and Mother, Father. Not if John and I and Arnold must go without you.'

And, at that, Father kissed Mary and patted John on the shoulder.

'We will all go together,' he said. 'Every one of us. There is all the money that came from the ivory. We will spend it on a voyage to England.'

E. Hobart-Hampden.

PRIMITIVE TRAINS.

FOR some time after the introduction of railways there were numerous accidents. The engine-drivers seemed not to realise what would happen if one train ran into another; this they had to learn by painful experience. The passengers also, at first, with no idea, it would seem, of the speed at which they were travelling, would jump out to pick up a blown-off hat or a bag or parcel which had fallen on to the line. Many persons were injured in this way, and some by dangling their legs over the sides of the carriages, which had low sides!

The guards must have looked very strange. Instead of having vans to themselves, as they have now, they sat on the roofs of the first-class carriages. (The cheaper carriages had no roofs.) One guard sat at the front of the last carriage looking forward, and the other at the first carriage, looking backward, as if to see that his train was following him.

It did not always follow, because the couplings were so defective that carriages often broke off from the main body of the train, and were left standing on the line!

People who could afford to do so sometimes travelled in their own private carriages placed on a truck at the end of the train. On one occasion, a gentleman who was travelling to Brighton in this way had a very unpleasant experience.

In the middle of a tunnel, the coupling of the truck broke, and the unfortunate man was left there, sitting in his brougham in the dark, afraid to get down on to the line, although thinking that at any moment a train might come along and crash into him.

Happily, upon the arrival of the train at the next station the guard noticed that the truck was missing and sent a light engine to find it and bring it along. So, after all, the traveller arrived at Brighton almost as soon as the train to which he had been attached.

There was no means of communication between passenger and guard until 1869. E. Dyke.

THE TREES OF THE HOMELAND.

X.—HOLLY.

HOLLY bought with berries laden,
Sign of happy Christmas-tide,
Now we love to see around us
Through the country far and wide.

Not for size or forest grandeur
Is the Holly-tree so dear;
Yet we place it first and foremost
Now that Christmas-time is near.

Pagan Rome and Christian England,
Both alike in this at least,
Chose this tree to deck their houses
For their great midwinter feast.

Here is no dark heathen mystery,—
All who think will quickly see
How the choice would fall unbidden
On the cheerful Holly-tree:

Scarlet berries clustering thickly,
Glossy leaves so firm and strong,
Make a lasting decoration
Through the winter, dark and long.

E. M. Haines.

A STORM IN A TEACUP.

A STORM in a teacup is a popular and contemptuous way of describing a quarrel or a disturbance over a matter of very little importance, or some slight unpleasantness too trivial to be taken seriously. It is not generally known, however, that the breaking of an earthenware teapot led to a war in China which lasted for over a hundred years.

It appears that a certain Mandarin was travelling in the North-Western Provinces of China, in or about the year 1650, attended by a retinue including a servant who was in charge of a teapot on which the Mandarin set an especial value.

The servant somehow managed to stray, or got cut off from the rest of the escort by a tribe of rough hillsmen, who laid violent hands on the teapot and broke it to pieces. This so enraged the Mandarin, when he came to hear of it, that on his return he complained to the Emperor, who authorised him to declare war against the barbarians.

G. D. Lynch.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MANOR.

(Concluded from page 406.)

THE boys had a wash, which they were badly in need of, and then hurried to the dining-room. Here, whilst they satisfied their hunger, Stewart Allardyce told them all the story, which was as follows:

He was a nephew of Martin Allardyce, the late owner of the Manor, and had lived with him a great deal at one time. He had been the dead man's confidant, and had alone, of all his friends, shared the knowledge of his inventions, which it was hoped were of considerable importance. Three years ago, however, Stewart had gone abroad, having undertaken some engineering work in British West Africa, and for a long time nothing had been heard of him.

In his will, Martin Allardyce left all his property, including his inventions, to his nephew, to whom he entrusted also his only child, Joan, who was, at the time of his death, eleven years old. She stayed on at the Manor in the care of the housekeeper, until the young heir to the property came home to claim it. Her father, however, was a little eccentric, and he had charged Joan that she must not show herself to people outside the house until her cousin had been home. She alone knew the secret of the cave entrance to the Manor, and the old man was afraid that she might, if allowed to have friends and to see children of her own age, tell this secret to some of them, and that it would in this way come to the ears of his enemies—for Martin Allardyce had enemies who knew something of his inventions, and were always busy with schemes for stealing his secrets from him.

'That's why Joan could not play with us, then!' exclaimed Dick, at this point of the story.

'Yes, it has been rather hard work, Joan, hasn't it, to keep out of the way?' said Stewart Allardyce, with a kindly smile. 'But it is all over now, and you haven't that secret to guard any longer.'

'But how is it that you know Dick?' asked Reggie, still very much puzzled.

'Oh, I happen to be a nephew of his guardian's,' said Stewart Allardyce, with a laugh. 'I have a lot of uncles. This young man used to be a great friend of mine, only I have not had the pleasure of meeting him lately; and I certainly did not expect to find him here to-day. I had only just been in the house an hour when you burst in on me. They let this house, you see, because I could not be found to claim it. Somehow the letters got delayed, and there was rather a muddle. But that will not matter in the least, and I hope that Mr. and Mrs. Compton will continue to stay here for their holiday as my guests.'

'Hurrah! that will be ripping,' cried both the boys, and after that they told all their adventures, and explained that there were certainly some men on the track of Martin Allardyce's secret.

'We will be ready for them, but I do not think they will trouble us,' said Stewart Allardyce, calmly. 'They are probably a pair of unprincipled rascals whom my uncle has helped many times. They know me, and they know that I know their history, and I think that they will leave the neighbourhood now that I have returned. I saw them only this afternoon, and from the way they made off—well, I guessed what they had been after.'

This proved to be a correct guess on the part of the new owner of the Manor. Nothing more was heard of the men; and Clegg, the gardener, disappeared from the neighbourhood at the same time.

When the girls and Martha and Mrs. Thompson came home, all the story had to be told again, and some days later, when Mr. and Mrs. Compton returned, it was settled, greatly to the satisfaction of the children, that they were all to remain at the Manor for the rest of the holidays as Stewart Allardyce's guests.

So ended the mystery of the Manor. Reggie and Dick never tired of telling the story of their midnight visit to the garden when Clegg was signalling, or of their visit to the library, and, with Stewart Allardyce to accompany them, they thoroughly examined all the secret rooms and passages of the old house, discovering that the library could be entered by means of that passage from the caves, and that it was by this that the man whom they had seen on that memorable night had entered. The pocket-book Stewart Allardyce took charge of, and he said that it had belonged to one of the two who had been plotting to steal the secret of the invention. It proved beyond doubt that Clegg had had a hand in the business, and that the men had been along that passage which led to the secret room, only they had not been able to gain admission to it.

E. Lake.

The End.

Stewart Allardyce clears up the mystery.